Frontispiece.

Preaching in the Village.

Dulles, John Welsh

Life in India;

OR,

MADRAS, THE NEILGHERRIES, AND CALCUTTA.

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PREFACE.

The author ventures with much diffidence to make an humble contribution to the stock of public information on India and the Hindus.

It has not been his aim to tell all that could be told of India; this would call for folios. Nor has he attempted to give a popular compend of the whole vast subject; this would demand a volume whose size and style would defeat his object; and, moreover, it has already been ably done by authors in this country and in England. He has rather aimed, by a series of sketches, simply and familiarly drawn, to give some definite impressions on a number of points connected with that interesting land and its teeming millions; and more especially

as seen in those parts of India which have come under his own observation. He has sought to show how the missionary reaches the shores of Southern India; what sights and sounds greet him on landing; how Hindus live, act, and worship; in what ways they are approached by the missionary; and what are the effects of his labours among them.

Though indebted for many facts to those who have preceded him, the writer has thought that reality and definiteness of conception would be most promoted by giving mainly the results of personal experience and the incidents of personal travel. In themselves of slight importance, they yet serve to illustrate the subject, and so to answer the end he has in view.

Though a residence of scarce four years hardly suffices for such an acquaintance with a foreign nation—and that, too, one so unlike our own—as would justify the present authorship, yet he trusts that a

diligent study of the people during that time, with the aid of information drawn from books of known authority, will be found to have prevented the occurrence of many serious errors. The reader should be warned against the very common mistake of taking, as applicable to all India, statements true only of certain districts or provinces. India is an aggregate of nations having many things in common, but being in many things diverse. This should be borne in mind, and a distinction be made between local and general facts.

A scientific accuracy in the spelling of Eastern names and terms has not been sought. The mode most commonly used in Southern India has been usually adopted.

If this humble attempt to give life and reality to now vague and cold conceptions of the "heathen of far-off India" serves to create in any Christian heart a more enlightened and lively zeal for the

extension of the kingdom of Christ in that rich and noble land, (though now impoverished and degraded by sin;) if it helps to swell the tide of Christian sympathy for the Hindu, and of effort for his salvation; if it awakens in the bosom of any of our youth an interest in the welfare of the benighted, and thankfulness for their own happier lot; and, more especially, if it should lead any youth to say, "Here am I, send me!"—then will the writer feel that not entirely in vain has he been removed from a loved field of labour, and deprived of the ability to preach with his own voice the unsearchable riches of Christ.

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LIFE IN INDIA.

Departure.

The hour for embarkation came. Having received our instructions from the officers of the society which sent us forth, and a farewell from the churches, with hearts filled with mingled emotions of sorrow and joy, we repaired to the vessel that was to bear us to our home among the heathen of far-distant India.

Here all was activity and confusion: officers and crew were busy with preparations for casting off from the wharf, the owners of the ship were exchanging last words with the captain, fresh provisions were arriving for the voyage, while a thronging crowd of friends clustered around those with whom they were so soon to part, it might be, forever.

At length all was ready, and missionaries and friends gathered around an aged minister who had laboured thirty-three years in the land to which we were bound, listened to a last ad-

dress, joined in a last prayer, and then turned to take a last embrace. Mothers did not venture there. In the privacy of home they had wept their parting tears and given the parting kiss; but dear friends, fathers and brothers pressed for the last time to their hearts the objects of their love, then left us, and took their station upon the wharf to witness our departure. Hawsers were cleared away, sails set, the single plank that united us to our native land thrown off, and with a favouring wind, we were under weigh. Cheers from the wharf were answered from the ship, the crowd of gazers dispersed, and only some few warm-hearted ones remained in the cold October wind to watch the receding and lessening form of the ship, until, like a white-winged bird, it was lost in the distant horizon.

But we had still a connecting link with America. It was the pilot, who guided our ship down the harbour of Boston through rocks and islets to the open bay. Hurrying below, amid the confusion of boxes, trunks, baskets, bags, and luggage in all its forms, we found places on which to lay our paper, that we might once more write our farewells to dear friends whom we left,—left not because we loved them not,

but because we heard the voice of God crying in our ears, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature!"

And now the pilot has gone. He has borne with him our last words; friends will hear no more from us until oceans have been crossed by us, and re-crossed by some vessel bearing the news. The pilot in his little dancing craft glides lightly up the bay, and leaves us to plough our slow course through fourteen thousand miles of rolling ocean—the last bond to America is severed, and now—FOR INDIA HO!

"The sails were filled, and fair the light winds blew,
As glad to bear us from our native home;
And fast the brown rocks faded from our view,
And soon were lost in circumambient foam."

The Ocean.

"The sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free,
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide region round;
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies;
Or like a cradled creature lies."

OFTEN had I thus sung when little dreaming of ever making my home for months upon the

rolling deep. Indeed, I had supposed that poetry, rather than reality, gave birth to these bright visions of a "life on the ocean wave;" but a few days of sea life, to me all novelty, fulfilled what the poet promised. It was a glorious thing to see the huge billows come rolling from the distant horizon, wave following wave in ceaseless succession, each threatening to engulf us, and yet to feel the deep-laden ship beneath our feet mount to the summit of each as it passed onward in its unchecked course.

The unbounded view of sea and sky, except as each was limited by the other; the loneliness of our ship as it ploughed its way through the trackless expanse of waters; the beauty of the waves, sparkling and glittering in the sunlight, changing from the deep blue of the gulfs from which they rose to green and fleecy white, like hillocks of emerald crested with pearls starting from sapphire beds; sun-risings and sun-settings; the moon obscured by clouds or shining full and mellow on the watery world around, with a thousand changing lights and shades,—are all so full of beauty, that he must be dull indeed who can look on these forms of loveliness and power, and find no gushings of joy and wonder within his soul. How fair must be the mind

of Him who devised and framed this ever-varying scene! How loving, to spread them before the eyes of man! How mighty, to hold the seas in the hollow of his hand!

Within a week of leaving America, favouring breezes had borne us more than a thousand miles up on our way. Steering to the south and east, we daily entered a warmer climate, and left farther and farther behind us the winter that was stealing upon our friends at home. As I suffered very little from sea-sickness, I was able to enjoy the fresh breeze that filled our sails and pressed our ship through the white-capped waves that tossed their heads before, behind, and on every side of us, seeming to long to enter, and now and then succeeding in pitching their crests headlong over our bulwarks. Of our company of fourteen, some sat upon the bulwarks wrapped in their cloaks and basking in the sunshine, too sick to enjoy the romance of ocean life; others walked the deck for exercise; while a few, unequal to any effort, sought deliverance from the horrible nausea of sea-sickness by lying quietly on their backs in their berths.

Our first Sabbath at sea was by no means a quiet one. The weather was squally and the wind high. Our ship rolled from side to side

in a way that was far from agreeable to voyagers so inexperienced as we were. We had a service in the morning, however, conducted by the senior member of our company. The motion of the ship was so great that we dispensed with many of the formalities of more stable churches, the preacher firmly holding to an upright post, while the audience braced themselves against cleeted chests and table-legs.

That night we had our first experience of a gale at sea. We turned into our berths, but not to sleep. The roar of the wind in the rigging, the furious pitching of the ship, the crash of boxes and trunks, thrown from their places and dashed from side to side of our state-rooms, the rush and tramp of men overhead, the quick, fierce orders of the captain, the cries of the sailors, and the swashing of water as it rolled in over the sides and down the deck of our ship, conspired to impress with a feeling of terror all who were not quite insensible to fear. Happy they who in such an hour rejoice to know that a Father's hand controls the winds and waves, making all things work together for their good!

A few weeks at sea made us feel quite at home in our new residence. Our ship was an ordinary merchantman of six hundred and fifty

tons burden. Her deck, extending from the bow to the stern in one unbroken level, gave a walk of nearly a hundred and forty feet; but passengers are not expected on ordinary occasions to go forward of the mainmast, so that only the after half of the ship was ours. Below, we had a series of little cabins against each side of the vessel, separated from each other by partitions of white pine, and a central cabin common to all. The little rooms, appropriated one to each family, were but six feet six inches square, giving just space enough for berths, a trunk, and washstand, both firmly secured. They were lighted, each by a single thick glass bull's eye, let into the deck overhead. But close as were our quarters, we were a cheerful and happy company. Many a pleasant evening did we pass around our pine table, and many a pleasant walk did we have up and down the quarter deck.

Our ship was manned by a captain, two officers, and fourteen men and boys. The officers live aft with the passengers; the men forward in a small cabin in the bow of the ship called the forecastle. Supreme authority is vested in the captain; from his will there can be no appeal at sea. It is the sailor's part to obey.

There is no greater mistake than to suppose that the sailor's life is an idle or an easy one. When on deck he is always at work, (except at night,) either on the rigging or hull of the ship. Shifting the sails is but a fraction of his duty. In a long voyage scarcely a rope or thread is left untouched. The wear and tear of sunshine and storm call for a constant overhauling and repairing. Scraping, scrubbing, painting, tightening, tarring, bracing, furling, and loosening, are continually going on, and there is always something still to be done.

With many of the young there is a passion for sea life. They have read of its stirring scenes of adventure, and dwelt on its excitements till their minds are filled with eagerness for a sailor's berth. How many a lad, captivated by the poetic idea of being a "sailor boy," has left his parents' roof to seek his fortune on the ocean! And oh how wofully are they disappointed! It sounds well; but what is a sailor boy, and what are his duties? They are as truly and really *work* as the duties of the plough boy. His duty is to sweep the deck when dry, and swab it when wet; to feed and water the fowls and hogs, and keep their pens clean; to carry, fetch, and run on errands be-

tween the forecastle and the cabin, the deck and the masthead; to do every dirty job, and be sworn at, and called fool and blockhead, by captain, mates, and men; and through it all to be civil and cheerful, and jump and run with a ready "ay! ay! sir!" at every call.

Across the Line.

Our forty-second day at sea found us crossing the line. To most of our company this was a new era, as few had seen land or water south of the equator. We were not subjected, however, to the ceremonies formerly attendant on a first passage of the equatorial line at sea; we thus escaped the lathering with grease, and shaving with an iron hoop, the sousing in brine, and other penalties which, in old times, were inflicted upon "green horns," to the amusement and delight of the "old salts," who were wont to enjoy a short season of license on such occasions.

This practice is passing into disuse, nor would it have been relished by our captain, who was himself making his first India voyage.

Some new hand may have been told to stand by to push the line under the bows; but beyond a joke or two, the event was as unmarked as the line itself.

We had by this time seen the usual sea sights, so important a variety in life to those who for months plough the endless succession of ocean billows without a change of scene or company. Among these were flying-fish in shoals; like glittering arrows darting from the water, they skim through the air for a hundred yards or so, and drop into the wave that meets them; their enemy, the dolphin, swift as lightning in the pursuit of his prey, arrested by our vessel, stops to play about the moving island, shows us his glittering form, and perhaps tempted by a rag dangling from a hook, falls a victim to his blind rapacity; and porpoises, round-bodied, black, and whale-like in form and nature, come bounding and leaping almost with the regularity of a battalion of cavalry in ranks of four or six, now curving so as just to show their backs, and now springing from the water into the air. These poor creatures, too, fall victims to the hand of man. Our captain twice harpooned a porpoise, and gave us the privilege of tasting fresh steaks at sea. The flesh is red, (for the porpoise is a

red-blooded sea-animal rather than a fish,) and not unlike beef in appearance and in taste.

Quite often the stirring cry of "SAIL HO!" called all hands on deck, and sent every eye glancing over the waters to catch a glimpse of the stranger. Nothing so breaks the solitude of the vast ocean, with its limitless plains of tossing water, as the sight of fellow-travellers upon its bosom. When the stranger barque bears down upon you, and the little birdlike thing, that in the distance was but a speck upon the horizon, swelling as it approaches to a cloud of canvas overhanging the narrow hull, lies side by side with your own sea home, you feel that you are not alone. The voice of the commander, as he hails you with his bluff "Ship ahoy! what ship is that?" and exchanges question and answer, seems like the voice of a friend or brother. This intercourse, however, usually lasts but for a few moments; and the two ships, bowing and curvetting as they rise and fall upon the waves, go each upon its own way, until, losing each other in the distance, each is once more alone upon the deep.

In the North Atlantic we had the usual alternations of winds, fair and foul, blowing from every quarter of the compass. Passing

farther south we entered the wide belt of ocean over which the north-east trade wind blows. These almost unchanging winds, on both sides of the equator, known as "the trades," are remarkable evidences of the goodness and wisdom of God. The beauty of this arrangement cannot but strike a thoughtful voyager most deeply. Without dwelling upon the fact that these and their partner winds are the great regulators of airs, clouds, and rains over the whole earth, we cannot but notice their great importance to commerce. Every seaman knows that for twelve hundred or fifteen hundred miles north of the line he may look for a fresh breeze from the north-east during the whole year; again, south of the equator he will have some two thousand miles of ocean in which a south-east wind always blows. Often for two or three weeks scarce a sail will be shifted. The balminess of the air, and the beauty of the fleecy clouds, make the trades a most delightful part of an East India voyage.

On either side of the equator, and between these two broad belts of easterly wind, lies the region of calms and squalls. It was through this region of light winds, squalls, and calms, that Columbus made his slow way to America,

when he might (had he known this arrangement of the air-currents) have sailed down on the track of the trade wind. Returning, he committed an equal error by working his weary way to Europe against this steady north-east wind. In the equatorial region the atmosphere—impelled sometimes in one direction, sometimes in another, and often almost without motion in the equilibrium of a calm, loaded with vapour, and heated by a torrid sun—oppresses both body and spirit. Drenching showers, gusts of wind, and waterspouts are frequent. The latter, in the distance, are interesting enough; but when too near, are viewed by the mariner with great dread. A whirlwind creating a vacuum in its centre, the water of the ocean rushes up to fill it, while the cloud above descends to meet the ascending column. It passes over the face of the ocean with a rotary motion, and at times crossing the track of a vessel, tears its sails and spars to pieces.

The squalls, or sudden gusts of wind and rain, though less romantic than the waterspout, are more useful, as they afford the voyager an opportunity to fill his empty water-casks. During a heavy shower, the *lee scuppers*, by which the water makes its escape, would be stopped till

the rain was ankle-deep upon the deck ; our fat second mate, then, coolly seating himself on the deck, with the water flowing around him, and washing the tar out of his blue jean pants, bailed it up with a bucket and handed it to the bare-footed men who passed it to the water-cask. Although the first gush of the shower had been suffered to wash the deck and run off by the scuppers, yet, when our "fresh water" was served to us at the table, there was a flavour of salt, tar, and various other elements, that made it plainly a different thing from that which is known as fresh water on shore. In a few days its smell, colour, and taste became so odious, that it was unanimously banished from our cabin.

Our days and weeks were not passed in idleness. Sometimes the motion of the ship was so violent, that it was as much as we could do to hold on to the rail and watch the waves ; but in ordinary weather we found a variety of occupations with which pleasantly and profitably to fill up our time. After our morning devotions and breakfast, we turned to our grammars to make a beginning in the languages in which we were to teach the Hindus. The afternoons were spent in reading, writing, singing, and

walking; then came tea, evening prayers in our cabin, and a closing walk on deck.

Yet we had one great trial: our voyage went on; days not to be recalled were passing; we felt that we were fellow-travellers to eternity with all on board; but we were permitted to do nothing for the seamen. On Sunday morning one-half of their number—that is, the watch off duty—had the privilege of attending worship with us in our cabin, if they chose to do so. But we were forbidden to invite them to come, or to speak to them at any time, whether they were on duty or off duty. Nor were we permitted to have services on deck, as is customary in such voyages. Permission for only one of our number to organize a Bible class for them was refused by the captain, on the ground that it would produce insubordination.

As we had every reason to believe that, from the captain to the cook, not one of the ship's crew feared God, we could not but grieve that the door was thus shut against us. Yet we submitted to the authority of the commander of the vessel. One door he could not close against us, for "the eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous; his ears are open to their cry." To him we could cry, and no man hinder us.

High Latitudes.

Our ship pressed on in her southward course, battling with wind and wave, until the equator had been left two thousand miles behind us. We had now made southing enough, and turning eastward, varied our course but little for four thousand miles. The most southern point of Africa was far to the north of us, and there was no land to stop our progress to the east.

With the tropics we had left tropical heat and languor, and in these higher latitudes found cool air, high winds, and rough seas. We were again glad to be clothed warmly, and to walk the deck briskly, wrapped in coat and cloak. This seemed appropriate to December and the Christmas holidays; but it must be borne in mind that we were in the southern hemisphere, where December and January are midsummer months, and July and August winter months. We were really experiencing a summer in the south temperate zone, in a latitude corresponding to that of South Carolina, or Gibraltar, in the north. These seas, however, some hundreds of miles to the south of the Cape of Good

Hope, are cool, if not cold, in summer as well as in winter.

The wind in these latitudes generally blows freshly from the west; hence those who would go to the east give the Cape a wide berth, and favoured by these west winds sail rapidly on their course. The rough seas we here meet are, to those sensitive to sea-sickness, a drawback from the satisfaction of rapid progress. But the hardy seaman thinks not of this. As he looks aloft at the swelling canvas filled by a favouring breeze, with every backstay, brace, and sheet strained to its utmost tension, and glances over the side at the foaming waters through which his vessel ploughs her way, a smile steals over the most grim countenance, while its owner speculates as to how many knots she makes an hour, and how many degrees of longitude she will have passed when the daily reckoning is cast at noon.

Our captain seemed ill at ease. At times he was cross-grained and surly; but these "spanking breezes" that furled our royals, and sent us foaming through the waters with bending masts and snapping cordage, often charmed the evil spirit away; they were as David's harp to the uneasy soul of Saul.

Christmas week was a stormy one. We now had an opportunity to see the ocean in its angrier moods. On December 23d, we were running at our greatest speed before a fresh breeze; the ship, a pyramid of canvas, dashed proudly through the water. The wind increasing, the captain furled three studding-sails, and went below to breakfast. Before the meal was over, a wave came rolling in at our stern-windows, flooding the cabin, and at the same instant, a boom, unable to bear the strain, snapped asunder, one fragment dropping into the sea. The lighter sails were soon got in, but still every thing creaked and strained. The flying-jib was then furled, and the spanker brailed up; the fore topgallant-sail, main royal, and main topgallant-sails soon followed. Still the wind was not satisfied; order followed order; the courses were got in; the sailors rushed aloft, and lying out upon the yards, took reef after reef in the top-sails, until at noon we were dashing ahead with a few narrow strips of canvas stretched to the gale, and the waves tossing us on their broad brawny backs, or flinging over us their foaming tops.

During the whole day an India-bound ship was in full view, keeping pace with all our

movements. In the heaving sea, she rolled and righted, and rolled and righted, and rolled again, while the brave seamen, cheeriest when work is hardest and danger greatest, were stripping her of her white vesture. At last she was like ourselves, stripped and girt for the battle with wind and wave. It was a gallant and a goodly sight.

Evening came, but not the still quiet of the closing day on shore. The bulkheads and partitions creaked and groaned as if a thousand tortured spirits were writhing in their close seams; the ship leaped as though smitten by rolling hills, and then pitched into yawning gulfs. The wind whistled through the cordage and roared around the sturdy masts, while the dash of waters upon the deck added to this dismal concert.

I had often wished to see the ocean in a rage, but now felt nearly satisfied; a few days later, when, in a much fiercer gale, the ship was hove-to, unable to run on account of the violence of the sea, and rolling her yards and bulwarks into the waves, I should have felt well content if I were never to see a wave again. The driving rain and fierce winds, that seemed tearing mountain masses from the ocean, and

hurling them with intense malignity at us, drove us from the deck to the cabin. Here the only practicable employment was holding on to some fixed object.

At night it seemed still worse, for the violent rolling of the ship loosened all things moveable, sending them rushing across the cabins. The noise beggared description. You might have imagined that all things had long since gone to destruction; but still the crash and clatter went on. At one time the steward's pantry-door was jerked open, and out flew a cheese, a keg of pickles, and other articles; with the next roll of the ship, back they went, entering our room, and tearing down our curtain; another roll, and they are off again, and so on, till captured and secured by the poor distracted steward. Our captain felt this weather sorely; angry with the winds, the waves, and all about him, he chafed, and fretted, and scolded, and swore. A stranger to the wellspring of peace, he attributed his unhappiness to his situation, rather than to its proper source—his want of trust in God. Discontented and grumbling, he declared that he would "buy a monkey, and turn music-grinder," if ever he got to America again, rather than go to sea.

But day dawned, and with it brighter scenes. The wind had abated, and the sea, though still high, was not so violent as to forbid our enjoying its grandeur and sympathizing with the little storm-petrels that joyously skimmed its surface, or admiring the majestic albatross, soaring around us with its sail-like wings (twelve feet from tip to tip) spread to the wind, or settling in easy repose upon the tossing waves.

About this time we began to see some signs of encouragement to persevere in prayer and efforts to benefit our fellow-voyagers. The captain, though often harsh and discontented, frequently came to our religious services. He was evidently ill at ease. A copy of Pilgrim's Progress, which had been lent him, was often in his hands; and his Bible was not unread. One of the crew also, (an English lad of respectable and pious parentage,) was very seriously impressed with divine things. He told our doctor, who daily went to the forecastle to visit a poor sick sailor, that he had resolved to be a Christian.

One Sunday evening, when George was at the wheel, (by which the rudder is turned, and the ship guided,) the ladies seated near him commenced singing hymns. They were singing,

"Guide me, O thou great Jehovah!"

when suddenly he began to turn the wheel rapidly to bring the ship up to her course, from which she had slid off while his attention was diverted by the hymn. This brought a rough reproof from the captain. The poor boy's heart was full. Darkness had come on, but as he stood silent at his post, with his eye upon the compass, we could follow the motion of his hand as with its brown back, from time to time, he brushed away the falling tear.

New-Year's day rose fair and lovely. The waters, so lately tossed in all the fury of the storm, now sparkled gayly in the bright sunlight. It was the day set apart by many Christians in America for prayers for the conversion of the world to Christ, and we resolved to unite our supplications to theirs. Well might we turn to God for aid, when, after eighty-three days at sea, the forecastle was still closed against us, and so little had been done for the precious souls sailing with us in that little barque over the sea of life to the eternal world. It proved a solemn and a profitable day.

A new year was opening upon us, and, with it, new events. The next Sunday, the first Sabbath of the year, was a marked one in our little community. A solemn stillness rested on

all things. Even the winds and waves seemed to respond to our morning song—

> "Welcome, sweet day of rest
> That saw the Lord arise!"

In the afternoon our services had commenced, when the captain came in and took his arm-chair in the corner. The sermon was full of plain earnest truths; and when, at its close, the speaker called upon a brother missionary to add a word of exhortation, all felt that it was a solemn season. The truth was plainly brought home to all, that *no effort was needed to ruin the soul of man;* that he was on the road to death; and that to make his destruction sure, it was only needful that he should do nothing. A ship is under sail, the wind blows fresh, and she is bearing down upon a rock: let her alone, and her destruction is certain. Or a squall suddenly arises: let her alone, shorten no sail, do not put the vessel before the wind, and no effort is needed to insure her ruin. Or she springs a leak: the water gains upon her; *only do nothing,* and she will soon sink to the bottom of the sea, and carry with her to destruction her rich freight of souls. So, sinner, is it with you. Do nothing, and your

ruin is as certain as it is fearful. Hell gapes for you, and if you turn not, you are lost!

The captain's uneasiness was excessive. He could not sit still. His handkerchief was constantly in his hands or at his eyes. In the evening, a tract headed, "The door was shut," which was given to him, seemed to affect him deeply.

The following Saturday we were called together by one of our number to read a note, put into his hands by the steward. It was from the captain, and ran as follows:—

"DEAR SIR:—In the early part of the voyage, you asked my permission to go into the forecastle and talk with the seamen. Permission was then refused you. It is to be hoped that three-fourths of the voyage is past; and as it is never too late to do good, you now have my free permission, for yourself and the other servants of God in your company, to visit the seamen in the forecastle, to warn them to flee from the wrath of God, and to seek their souls' salvation through the intercession of the Lord Jesus. As the men are in the habit of sleeping on deck in the night, I think the watch off duty could spare an hour in the morning to be in-

structed in the way of everlasting life. If you are received by the men, you can arrange with them on the hour of your visits. Your visits must be with the watch below, and not interfere with ship's duty.

"Wishing you success in all your labours,
I remain, very respectfully,
Yours, &c."

How could we but exclaim—"What hath God wrought!" Those only could appreciate our feelings of joy and wonder, who had been like us shut up with an isolated company of their fellow-beings, within the narrow limits of a merchantman for near a hundred days. What could more plainly show the power of God over the hearts of men! If you would know our emotions, when, after this first visit to the forecastle, two of our number reported that they were gladly received by the men, read, as we did, the 126th Psalm:—

"When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream. Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing: then said they among the heathen, The Lord hath done great things for them. The Lord hath done great things for

us; whereof we are glad. Turn again our captivity, O Lord, as the streams in the south. They that sow in tears, shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

Joyful Days.

The following Sabbath was a joyful day with us. Our morning Bible-class, which we held as usual among ourselves, was pleasant and profitable, and our afternoon sermon very solemn. In consequence of a special invitation, five men were present, who, for eight weeks past, had not walked the length of the deck to attend public worship. The captain listened eagerly, and with a visible agitation; afterward he read attentively in "Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul."

Strange to say, up to this time he had supposed his concern of mind to be known only to himself; but the change in his bearing had been for some days too great to pass unnoticed. He was serious in his deportment, and kind

both to passengers and sailors, though he had been greatly tried by the behaviour of some of the crew. At our evening prayers he was regular in his attendance. It was evident that he was burdened with a sense of sin and misery. He also evinced much interest in what was being done for the crew. In a conversation with one of his passengers, he requested that "old Bob," a poor Greek sailor, who had long been ill, might have such instruction as he needed. The missionary took occasion to urge upon him the duty and privilege of *immediate trust in Christ as a Saviour.* The Spirit of God was striving with him, and we feared that if he cast off these solemn impressions, he would be left to go on and perish in his sins.

We were now on our hundredth day at sea. Its evening was bright and beautiful, and our ship dashed nobly through the water. The captain was seated on the ship's rail when I came on deck. He soon came over to the side which I was pacing, and taking a seat, said that he would like to speak with me when I had done walking. After a turn or two, I took my seat upon the rail beside him. He gazed for a few moments at the glittering waters; then turning to me, said, "*I have news to tell*

that you will be glad to hear; I have the assurance that I can say, I know that my Redeemer liveth." I could but grasp his hand and say, "Good news, indeed! This is the Lord's doing; it is marvellous in our eyes."

The conversation of the morning with our companion had deeply impressed him, and he went to his state-room to pray. But here arose a struggle—should he go down upon his knees and pray! His pride revolted from it; he would stand and pray. He did so, but it was of no avail, for he knew that he had not humbled himself before God. A fierce struggle arose in his breast. It was the strong man armed keeping his goods. Satan was loath to leave his seat. But a stronger than he had come to demand entrance. The poor sinner felt that he must yield or perish; that this was the turning-point in his history; that he must go down upon his knees and cry for forgiveness, or be lost. The Spirit of God triumphed! The proud knees were bowed, the hard heart melted into penitency. Angels rejoiced, for a sinner had repented. His burden was gone, and his heart went up in praise and thanksgiving to God.

I cannot repeat all that he said; but, among

other things, he mentioned that after dinner he had gone to his room with the intention of lying down to sleep, as he had a headache. He did not sleep, however; the thoughts of his heart ascended to God, and he felt a happiness he had never known before. It seemed as if he could almost see the light of his Saviour's countenance, and he thought that should he in a moment be taken to heaven, he still would long to see other souls saved. "Yes," he continued, "the souls of those men on board whom I have cursed in my heart and wished ——" but the sentence was not ended. He said that he had determined "to acknowledge Christ before men that day," and had intended to do so at evening prayers, but his heart failed him.

After a long conversation I went below; and, with the captain's permission, collecting our company from their state-rooms, (for the hour was now late,) made known to them these glad tidings. It was an exciting moment, for our anxiety had been most intense. Some smiled, some wept, some wondered; but all rejoiced, while, uniting in prayer, we gave glory to God. The next day had been set apart as a day of fasting and special prayer for our captain; but, having experienced the fulfilment of

the promise, "Before they call I will answer them," we resolved to employ it as a day of thanksgiving.

This was the day of my first visit to the ship's forecastle. Entering by a narrow hatchway, with a sliding door, and descending a few steep steps, I found myself in a close little room in the bow of the vessel. In shape, it was semi-circular, with nine berths against the wall, (only half as many berths are needed as there are men, since one watch is always on deck,) and over against the berths were the sailors' chests, which also served for seats. On entering, I was warmly invited to take a seat, "such as it was," on one of the chests. At first the dim light admitted by the doorway, made still more dim by clouds of tobacco-smoke, wrapped the scene in a misty twilight. Gradually the shape of the forecastle, and the employments of the men, became more distinct. On my right was seated Aleck, an American, very ignorant and very depraved, the worst man in the ship; he was busy with his thread and needle, repairing the damages of the last squall, and saluted me heartily. Next was George, a tall Italian, swarthy and black-eyed, who rolled his long body out of a berth as a mark of respect to the

visitor. Beside him was Irish Jack, a lively, active fellow, but now in disgrace for insolence to the first mate. On my left sat Andrew the Swede, always tidy and clean, gravely smoking his pipe. Boy George, old Bob the Greek, with Irish Jimmy, completed the watch—a motley group of seven men of five different nations. And yet, with much wickedness, profaneness and recklessness, there was so much of the whole-souled frankness of the sailor, that they were a most interesting company. My proposal to spend an hour with them every other morning, when they would have "the watch below," was accepted with a hearty "Yes, sir!" from them all.

Sunday came, and its first sound betokened the change that had taken place. It was a broom sweeping the deck; there was to be no deck-washing to-day. For the first time on the voyage the previous afternoon had been given to both watches, that they might prepare for the Sabbath, and have no work to do upon that holy day. After spending an hour with the crew in the forecastle, I returned to the cabin, leaving almost the whole crew as quietly engaged with their tracts and books as if in a Sunday-school. In the cabin, the usual Bible-

class had resolved itself into a prayer-meeting; and there, in his arm-chair, sat our captain. Two or three had spoken or led in prayer, when, suddenly and unexpectedly, his voice was heard in broken tones of earnest supplication. It was deeply affecting to see the proud man humbled and become as a little child. He praised God for his mercy, besought the forgiveness of his sins, and prayed that all on board might fear God. Nor was his confession general; it was not *our sins*, but "my sins," that he confessed and bewailed.

Permission to have public worship on deck, which had been heretofore steadily refused, was now given unasked, and no one was so busy as our captain in preparing suitable accommodations. Both watches were invited to attend, and three only (all foreigners) were absent. The men, with the officers and passengers, were seated about the preacher, and earnestly listened to the word of God; while the helmsman stood reverently at his post with his head uncovered during the whole service. Rarely have I been one of so solemn an assembly. The sermon was on the folly of delaying repentance, from the text, "Oh that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider

their latter end!" It seemed to sink into the hearts of the hearers. One poor fellow, deeply burdened with sin, was unable to restrain his emotions, and our captain wept often. Before long, the young man alluded to had learned to look to God his Saviour, and rejoice in him.

Death at Sea.

OUR voyage was now drawing to a close. We had passed far to the east of the Cape of Good Hope, and turning northward, entered the tropics. Warm clothing was laid aside, and fresh air and shelter from the burning sun eagerly sought. The experience of the torrid zone in the Atlantic was repeated in the Indian Ocean, and we again had the alternations of light winds, calms, and squalls.

But though these external circumstances were the same, how changed a place was our ship! It seemed to be a new world, and our life a new life. This impressed me, especially at the close of the second Sabbath after the great change in our captain. It was a brilliant evening. The planet Jupiter was shining

brightly in the east, and Venus as brightly over against it in the west, while immediately overhead the moon rode among silvery clouds, pouring a flood of mellow light on the gently-rippled waves. The missionary passengers were seated here and there, or walked the deck; the captain was stretched upon the ship's rail, with his Bible in his hand. In the forepart of the vessel the crew were grouped around two of our company—it was evening prayers forward. The two gentlemen were seated on camp-stools. At their left hand, on a spar lashed to the deck, sat the poor Greek, whose daily wasting frame was a living sermon, the Spanish sailor, the Scotchman, the Italian, the Swede; before them an American boy; on their right the rest of the crew. All were eagerly listening. From the after-part of the ship, I could see in the soft twilight the gestures of the speaker, as, with his Testament in his left hand, he pointed with his right to heaven. I quietly drew near and heard the words, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice and open unto me, I will come in and sup with him and he with me."

Our days now passed more swiftly than we wished. We felt loath to leave the labours just

begun, and to lose the companionship of our captain, now a friend and brother. Some of the men also seemed impressed; and we would willingly have prolonged our voyage to water the seed that had been sown, but the end of our ocean journey was at hand. The end of life's way was more near at hand to one of our fellow-voyagers; it was the Greek sailor, "Old Bob," as he was always called, a weather-beaten, sun-burnt tar, some fifty years of age. His features were those of the Greek, and his costume had something of the air of his nation. The sailor's life is a hard one, and he was a broken-down old man, though far short of three-score years and ten. We had been but a few days at sea when he became sick, and he never returned to his duty. During the latter part of the voyage his breathing was most painful, and so violent as to be heard all over the ship; his limbs were swollen and diseased. The captain, whose heart was now full of love to all about him, lent him his arm-chair, and in this the poor man sat groaning and panting for breath day and night. When conversed with, at first, he showed some emotion, but latterly all feeling seemed to have left him. Kindness and attention were repaid by discontent and

cursing. At times he would drop asleep, and ceasing to think of his breath, would awake suffocating, and break the silence of night with the most awful outcries. Seated in the arm-chair, on our last Saturday at sea, he died. His groans in this world will be heard no more; but where, oh where, is his soul?

The Sabbath morning broke calm and peaceful. At an early hour the body of the poor Greek was brought to the ship's gangway for burial. The corpse, sewed in a canvas winding-sheet, with weights attached to the feet, was laid on a plank at the open port. Every soul on board was present. Amid a solemn silence, a hymn was sung. The oldest of the missionary band, having read select portions from the Scriptures, and led in prayer, made a solemn address to the living; again he read from the Scriptures, and at a fitting moment the plank was raised, and the body launched into the deep. With a heavy splash it fell upon the water; there was a gurgling; a few bubbles rose and broke, and once more all was still as death.

The men resumed their seats, and listened with earnest solemnity to a brief address from another, calling upon them to prepare to meet

their God. We had preached often; but upon this last Sabbath of our voyage God was speaking to all in a manner that could not be misunderstood.

[Note.—Time proved the conversion of our captain to have been no temporary excitement, but a true work of the Spirit of God. About a year after the departure of our good ship B—— from Madras, the same vessel, with the same commander, again furled her sails, and dropped her anchor in the roads. Hardly had the anchor touched bottom before our friend was on shore, and making his way toward the house of his missionary passengers. The warmth of his greeting showed that his heart was true. He had grown in grace, and was full of the deepest interest in our work among the heathen. The native Christians looked with astonishment upon a godly captain cheering them in their efforts to follow Christ, and he with delight upon converts from the idolatry of their nation. Upon his former arrival he had received from his wife a letter of congratulation upon his being rid of the missionaries, who, she knew, would be a source of great annoyance to him. During this visit he heard from her, that she also had resolved to serve the Lord, and with him travel the road to heaven. Again he left us, and again a third year found him in Madras, still growing in grace, and delighting in the society of Christian friends. Again he returned to India, but not to go again to his earthly home. He was cut down by cholera in Calcutta, and has gone, we cannot doubt, to be with Him whom, not having seen, he loved.

Land Ho!

"HAVE a man aloft to look out for land," cries the captain. For more than eighteen weeks had we been at sea, but, by the mysterious agency of a timepiece and sextant, we knew that land was just before us. The order was gladly obeyed; and soon, "Land ho!" comes from the masthead, and "Land ho! land ho!" resounds through the ship. "Where away?" cries the captain.

"On the lee bow," is the reply.

It could not be seen from the deck; but mounting the mainmast, I caught sight of the blue hills of India. Yes! India! *India!* was before my eyes. My heart throbbed, and my soul was lifted up to God with an earnest desire to devote myself to his service in this dark land. Soon the shore was visible from the deck, and all feasted their eyes with the sight. The hills were the "high hills of Madras," but thirty miles south of our desired haven. The deep-sea line was got out, and the lead cast; we were in forty fathoms water. The shore grew more and more distinct, until, with de-

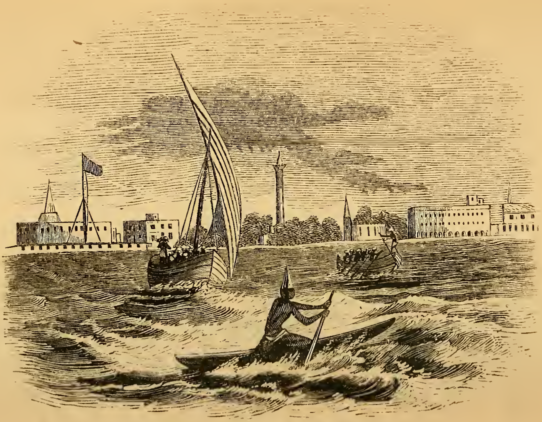
Madras Catamaran. p. 51.

light, we saw trees rising upon the distant horizon. Every moment brought new excitements. Now a native vessel is bearing down upon us with its coarse black sail surmounting its primitive hull; the vessel looking as heathenish as its crew. Soon the cry of "boats" is raised; they are the *catamarans* of the Coromandel coast; one is just before us. It is manned by three Hindus, who stand or kneel, and ply their paddles now on this side, now on that, with great rapidity and skill. Their barque is composed of five untrimmed logs lashed together, (catamaran means "tied trees,") and is sunk to the level of the water by their weight, so that at a little distance, you might imagine the boatmen to be walking on the sea. No matter how high the waves, when all other boats are worthless, the fisherman fearlessly launches his catamaran, and ventures out to sea.

Our visitors (for they boarded us to sell us fish) were dressed in a strip of cotton cloth about their loins, and a peaked and brimless hat of palm-leaf; one of them was more fully dressed, having on a woollen jacket, procured from some ship. As they clambered up the ship's side, almost naked, with their black bodies glistening in the sun, and jabbering in

an unknown tongue, with squeaking voices and eager gestures, they seemed to us more like monkeys than men. Yet we remembered that they had souls as precious as our own, and prayed for strength to labour in faith for India's swarming millions.

As we passed with a light breeze up the coast, new scenes constantly broke upon our gaze, and objects were more clearly discerned as we drew nearer to the land. By afternoon we were abreast of the Seven Pagodas of Malaveram—ancient temples standing upon the shore, and one of them on a rock washed by the sea. A little later, Mount St. Thomé, which is but eight miles south of Madras, came in sight, with its shining-white Roman Catholic Church, the reputed burial-place of the apostle Thomas. At sunset the Madras light shone bright before us. Soon the masts of ships lying in the roadstead could be dimly seen in the darkness, and at half-past eight o'clock our anchor was dropped, and our voyage of one hundred and thirty-one days was at an end.



Madras from the roadstead. p. 53

Madras Roads.

EXPECTATION makes sleep light. Long before daybreak I had left my berth for the deck. No helmsman stood at the firmly-lashed wheel. No sail was set. A single seaman silently paced back and forth. Overhead the stars twinkled brightly, while before us glimmered the lamps of the great city. The smell of land came over the water upon the soft balmy breeze, which brought to our ears the sound of the surf ceaselessly beating upon the shore. All senses combined to say that our voyage was done, and land at hand. At length daylight came, and Madras started into reality before our eyes.

We lay more than a mile from the low, level shore, which as far as the eye can reach is fringed by the graceful cocoanut-tree, and the tall palmyra palm. Before us lay the walled town, and, fronting upon the water, the custom-house and mercantile establishments, with their long ranges of pillared buildings. As these are two and three stories in height, and handsomely plastered with the brilliant chunam (lime) of Madras, their appearance is quite imposing.

To the south stands the lighthouse, in a wide green, and beyond it Fort St. George, with its strong walls, smooth-sodded glacis, deep moats and frowning cannon. The banner of Old England floats from its flag-staff, and proclaims her dominion over these wide realms. Still beyond, tall trees conceal the city, with here and there the summits of pagodas and minarets peeping out above their tops. On our right lay the suburb of Royapooram, almost hidden by the cocoanuts and palms in which the Hindu so much delights, and beyond it the solitary shore and surging sea, over which the catamaran, Masulah boat and the Dhoney, (native vessel,) with its dusky sail, are constantly passing to and fro.

At an early hour the native boatmen were on the beach, launching their boats, and pulling for the newly-arrived ship. As they successively reached the vessel, they made fast their unwieldy boats, and very unceremoniously boarded us. Our deck soon swarmed with Hindus, from the almost naked oarsmen in search of employment to the Dubash (interpreter) in all the magnificence of flowing robes, embroidered slippers, jewelled ears, and massive turban. But fine as these gentry looked,

they were on the same errand as their more homely countrymen in their suits of natural black. All were intent on the one business of making something from the new-comers. The English, which was the stock in trade of the Dubashes, they had mostly learned in mission schools. The pronunciation of some of these conceited linguists made us suspect that their love of lucre had cut short their education at a very early stage.

By ten o'clock two boats were seen approaching, furnished with awnings in the stern, and, with our glasses, we made out that each bore a topee-wallah, (or hat-wearer,) as Europeans and Americans are called. As they come near all eyes gaze earnestly—they wave their hats—a rope is thrown, and soon our hands are grasped in the warm welcome of our countrymen and fellow-labourers at Madras. Salutations over, we lowered a few changes of clothing into the boats, and turned to take leave of our fellow-voyagers, the officers and crew of our ship; nor could we restrain the starting tear, when, standing for the last time upon the deck we had trod so many days, we received the farewell grasp of the rough-handed men. A chair having been rigged, the ladies

were lowered over the ship's side, and in two boats we started for the shore.

The Masulah boat, used upon the Madras coast for landing passengers and freight from vessels lying in the roadstead, is a rudely built boat, some twenty-five or thirty feet long, ten feet wide, and seven deep. The planks of which it is made are not fastened with nails, but sewed together with twine made from the husk of the cocoanut; and straw is stuffed between the seams. The bottom of the boat is covered with brushwood, on which you lay your trunks secure from the water that constantly enters by the seams, and swashes below. The peculiar advantage of their construction is, that the boats, (in taking the beach,) give and twist and bend in the often terrific surf of Madras, when an English boat would be dashed to pieces. The men, ten or twelve in number, sit upon cross beams at the top of the boat, pulling away at long oars, or rather poles, with heart-shaped paddles *tied* to their ends. In the stern, the tindal or steersman, with a long, blade-shaped oar, stands on a boarded space just back of the awning which screens the passengers from sun and spray. With grunts and groans and discordant songs, the half-naked

boatmen plied their rude oars in obedience to the pilot, who, by the loudness of his tones, seemed fully aware of the responsibility of his post. When we neared the breakers that make the Madras coast famous, they commenced in earnest. With loud yells, and cries of "*Allah! Allah! Allah! Allah!*" the oarsmen responded to the fierce cries and stamps of the steersman. As we mounted the first of the three lines of breakers that roll in upon the beach, they pulled and shouted with a fury that might well alarm a new-comer; the boat, with its head to the shore, slid rapidly onward with the foaming billow, and the first breaker was passed. At the second and the third the scene is repeated, and the boat comes grinding upon the beach; the men leap overboard, haul it higher up, and bear you in their arms, or on a chair, to the dry sand. At our landing, the sea was unusually smooth, and gave no idea of the Madras surf as I have often since seen it. After a gale its power is terrific, and the scene upon the beach, when catamarans and Masulah boats attempt to cross it, most exciting. Over and over again they will be hurled back upon the shore; but the hardy fellows manage at length to pass the barrier, and go to the assistance of

stranding vessels. At times, however, even they fail, and whole crews perish within a cable-length of the gazing crowds upon the beach.

Just beyond the sandy beach runs a fine road parallel with the water, with the custom-house and stores upon its farther side. Here the whole scene was full of life; all was new and strange. Wagons and turbaned men, bullock-carts, palankeens, and bearers thronged the road, and all were at our service. Escaping from the pertinacious crowd of natives, who, with jabbering tongues, claimed our acquaintance, and demanded payment for imaginary services, we entered a carriage, and were driven, by a road full of novel sights and sounds, to the house of Mr. Winslow, our honoured senior in the mission work, who, for thirty years had laboured in the land on which we now first trod.

PART II.

Chintadrepettah.

The devoted and lamented Henry Martyn, when touching at Madras, on his way to Northern India, in 1806, made the following entry in his journal:—

"*April 26th.* Towards night I walked out with Samee, my servant, in a pensive mood, and went through his native village of Chindaput. Here all was Indian; no vestige of any thing European. It consisted of about two hundred houses; those on the main street connected; and those on either side of the street separated from one another by little winding paths. Every thing presented the appearance of wretchedness. I thought of my future labours among them with despondency; yet I am willing, I trust, through grace, to pass my days among them, if by any means these poor people may be brought to God. The sight of men, women, and children, all idolaters, makes me shudder as if in the dominions of the prince of darkness. But what surprises me is the change of views I have here from what I had

in England. There my heart expanded with hope and joy at the prospect of the speedy conversion of the heathen; but here the sight of the apparent impossibility requires a strong faith to support the spirits."

It was in this suburb of "Chindaput," or, more properly, Chintadrepettah, that we found our first Indian home. At the present day, more than forty years since Henry Martyn visited Madras, and walked in the streets of Chintadrepettah, a great change is seen to have taken place. From a village of two hundred houses, it has grown into a large and flourishing district with fifteen thousand inhabitants. On the corner of the main street (through which he so sadly walked, seeing nothing but unbroken and unopposed heathenism) now stand, in a well-enclosed compound, (or enclosure,) a neat Christian church, a commodious school-house, and a small open bungalow* for preaching.

Not only Chintadrepettah, but the whole city, is rapidly increasing in population. Rather more than two hundred years ago, (in 1639,) a company of English merchants received the grant of Madras, as a spot of ground

* The term *bungalow* is variously applied by the English, in India, but mostly to buildings one story high.

upon which to build a fort and factories, from the Rajah of Chandgherry, a petty prince of the interior. It was then a small fishing village. But as the power of this company of English merchants increased, and its influence widened, it acquired more territory. The little village, with its fort for the protection of traders, grew into a walled town, the centre of extended possessions. As the work of acquisition went on, its importance rapidly increased, until now it is a city of seven hundred thousand inhabitants, the great and growing metropolis of the possessions of the East India Company in Southern India. The native princes who then held courts and ruled in these lands are forgotten; and their descendants, sunk into insignificance, live upon pensions granted them by the English rulers of the realms of their ancestors.

Madras lies upon the Coromandel or eastern coast of Hindustan, thirteen degrees north of the equator. It stretches for several miles along the shore of the Bay of Bengal, upon a flat sandy plain, raised but a few feet above the level of the sea. The old walled city is known as Black Town, from its being densely populated by Hindus. On its southern side, the

large and strong Fort St. George takes the place of its wall. Around this central town and fort, an unoccupied and beautifully level space, seven hundred yards wide, is kept as an esplanade. Stretching around the city from north to south, it prevents the approach of an enemy to the walls under cover. The rapidly-increasing population finding no room within the walls, has spread itself in a continuous semicircle of suburbs beyond the esplanade and around the old town. The residences of the English are without the town, and almost entirely in the districts south of the fort.

Chintadrepettah is the suburb lying south-west of the city. A few hundred yards from the church, which stands upon the main street, is the American mission-house, with school-bungalows, houses for native teachers, and out-houses. Driving up to the door upon the morning of our disembarkation, we found ourselves in front of a neatly-plastered house, one story in height, with a verandah (portico) supported by pillars; mats hanging between the pillars, defended the house in front from the glare of the sun. The carriage door was soon opened by Chinnatamby, a Hindu servant, and with a profusion of salutations we were welcomed to

India. Lifting the tat, (mat-screen,) we entered the central hall, and found ourselves in an airy room, with a lofty ceiling, in which the brown rafters were uncovered, but neatly painted. It was plainly furnished with chairs, tables, and sideboard. This is used as a dining, sitting, and receiving room; on each side of the hall are smaller apartments, used as sleeping-rooms and study. On the floor was a rattan mat, neat and cool, though rough; and over the table hung the Indian punkah, a swinging fan suspended from the ceiling. After our little six-feet square apartments on shipboard, it seemed a luxury indeed to have room enough to turn in, and to be able to raise our arms without fear of striking the ceiling over our heads; and, after tossing nineteen weeks upon the deep, doubly pleasant was it to be shown to a quiet chamber, with a little bath-room attached, to be all our own. And when we sat down at our table to send to anxious friends the news of our safe arrival, with a cup of tropical flowers before us; the margosa-tree, waving its branches without our venetian blinds; the loud cawing of crows, and the plaintive whistle of the Brahminee kite, coming to us from a cocoanut-tree hard by; the squirrels

shrilly squeaking in an adjoining room, and the voices of Hindu men and women sounding in our ears,—we felt that of a truth we were in India.

The first call we received, after the salutations of the dwellers in the compound, was from a company of jugglers, who are always on the alert for new-comers. They were four in number, dressed only in the indispensable turban, and a piece of cotton cloth wrapped around their loins. Approaching the house with two or three baskets and bags containing their apparatus, they, with low salaams, (made by raising the united hands to the forehead, and bending the body,) begged permission to exhibit their wonders before their royal highnesses, the gentlemen and ladies. Having received permission, they seated themselves cross-legged upon the brick floor of the verandah. Opening their bags, they produced a few trumpery articles, balls, covers, knives, &c., and commenced their performances. They had no distance and darkness to help them; no tables with false tops and drawers with false bottoms; yet, seated on the floor, and under our very eyes, they fully equalled the wonderful magicians who astonish the youth of our

cities with their feats. Balls put upon the floor disappeared and were produced from their naked arms; pigeons, emerging from empty baskets, lit upon their shoulders, and many other wondrous things were shown. Among others, the dried skin of a *cobra di capella* (a snake whose bite is death) was laid down before us, and a small piece of dirty cloth thrown over it; on removing the rag, a huge living cobra lay coiled at our feet. They piped to it, and the venomous serpent, rearing itself, gracefully balanced and undulated before us with glistening eyes and head flattened to the shape and almost the size of a tea-plate. It seemed just ready to spring and plant its fangs; but the juggler, coolly stroking it, took it up, wound it about his neck, and then put it away in his bag. A few cents paid them for their trouble.

These visitors had not been long gone, when a loud and doleful cry of "Awkey ma! Awkey ma! fine things got, ma!" told us that some new friends were at hand. "What is this?" we asked. "Oh! the hawkers have found out that there is a new arrival, and have come to exhibit their goods," was the reply. The hawker (travelling merchant) drawing near, respectfully raising his right hand to his fore-

head, which is bowed to meet it, in broken English asks leave to show his stock of goods. He is far too great a man, pedlar-like, to carry a pack himself; rustling in white robes, he calls with a lordly air to the almost naked coolies (hired men) who follow him, streaming with perspiration, and bending under the huge green trunks which they carry on their heads.

"Well, hawker, what have you?"

"Plenty fine things, ma'am; mistress only look," and the trunks are lowered from the coolies' heads to the floor. They are opened, and the merchant begins to take out and show every article, enlarging upon its beauty and excellence. The lady interrupts him with—
"Have you any jaconet muslin?"

"Plenty got, ma'am! mistress only wait! mistress don't want any collar? very fine collar, this! only ten rupees; very fine, this!"

"No! no! hawker; I have no time; let me see the muslin." But Mr. Hawker well knows that temptation enters by the eye, and he exhibits all things supposed to be attractive to a lady's heart, until the customer's patience is just exhausted, when, with wonderful quickness, the desired article is produced. The next thing is to settle the price; no easy mat-

ter. "Two rupees," says the hawker. "How much?" cries the lady. "Two rupees yard, ma'am; plenty cheap, ma'am."

"Two rupees! I will give you eight annas." (Sixteen annas make a rupee, which is worth a little less than half a dollar.)

"Mistress shall have for rupee and half; very cheap, that; cost price, one rupee quarter;" (*i. e.* one rupee and a quarter.)

"No! hawker, no! half rupee is plenty."

"Can't give," says the hawker, and begins to repack his goods, quite accidentally, of course, leaving the article under discussion for the last. "Mistress, give one rupee?" he asks in his most insinuating tone. "No! I will give eight annas," answers the lady, rising to go. "Take, ma'am! take!" cries the hawker, and the sale is made. The great chests are packed, tied, and remounted on the coolies' heads, the hawker makes his salaam, and with his suite departs.

These men are a great convenience, not only to persons residing in the city, but also in the inland towns, as they make long journeys with their goods, calling at every station in which there are foreign residents. In Madras, not only clothing, but glass, china, fruit, fowls,

stationery, and a great variety of useful articles, are thus brought to your door, and sold at very reasonable prices. As they always ask three or four times the proper price, the purchaser must offer what in his judgment is fair, and stick to it. If it is too little, the hawker goes off; if too much, he profits by your ignorance. They are as provoking and amusing as useful. In some cases their superstition gets the better of their craft. If they come to you in the morning before making any sale, you can make your first purchase pretty much at your own price; this insures them good luck through the day. Receiving the money from your right hand, (they will not take it from the left,) they strike it on their box, crack all their knuckles, and go off quite contented.

As a race, the Hindus are devoted lovers of money. It is commonly said, if you would touch a Hindu, you must touch his pocket; it is strictly true. They will do almost any thing for money, and suffer any thing rather than give it up. But it ill becomes the American or Englishman to upbraid them with this. When a Hindu was once taunted by an Englishman with their love of money, and told that they would do any thing for a pice, (a small copper

coin,) he replied, "The English are a great people, a very great people; they do not care for the pice; oh, no; *they do not care for the dirty pice;* WHAT THEY CARE FOR IS THE RUPEE!"

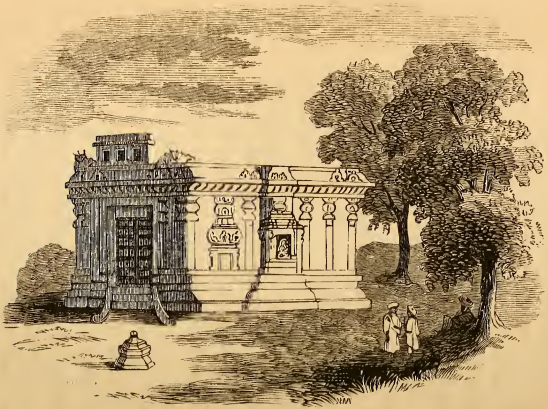
A Morning Walk.

EARLY the next morning we left the house, impatient to have a look at the new world into which we had entered. The sun had not risen, and the air was soft and cool. The somewhat straggling oleanders and jessamines that adorned the compound bloomed bright and fragrant, and the soft green drapery of the margosa-tree had a peculiar charm for eyes that for months had seen no vegetation more brilliant than sprouting potatoes and turnips. Passing through the gate and by a few houses, we entered the main street of Chintadrepettah, with the mission church on our right.

Immediately opposite to it stands a small temple—a temple of the elephant-headed Ganesha or Pullyar; and a poor little house he has, not more than twelve feet square, built of brick

plastered and whitewashed. Yet it is quite large enough for its purpose, and for the merits of the black stone whose abode it is. At a window-like opening in the front of the temple, sits the hideous misshapen block, ever ready to receive the adorations of passers-by. The poor god has an attentive priest who twines a robe around his black shoulders, greasy with oily libations, adorns his face with paint, and presents to him flowers, prayers, and incense. Beyond this he attracts little notice, except that now and then a wayfarer of more than ordinary piety stops, unites his hands before his forehead, mutters a prayer, and goes on his way, or, it may be, falls on his face to offer more humble worship.

As yet it was too early for men to think of the gods; in fact, few were thinking of any thing. Stretched at full length on their porticos, or on the beaten ground in front of their houses, they were enjoying their morning sleep as well as if decently tucked in a bedstead, like civilized creatures. With their upper robe turned into a sheet, and their turban beneath their heads, they lay stretched, completely covered, and looking exactly like corpses laid out for burial. We took the first sleeper we saw



Small Temple to Ganesha at Chintadrepettah. p. 70.

for a dead body, and had some appropriate reflections upon the heathenish indifference with which the wife pursued her work around it.

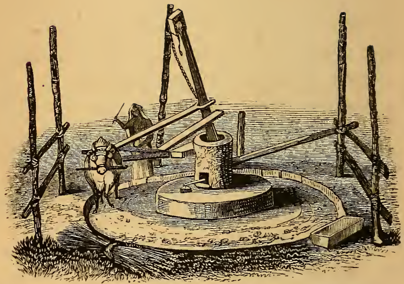
Though their lords were sleeping, the wives were busy enough. One was sweeping out her dwelling, another her verandah, and another, having done her sweeping, was purifying the hard-beaten earth floor with a mixture of water and cow-dung—the best of all cleansing agents in the eyes of the Hindus, as a product of the holy cow, and really useful in keeping off vermin. After the purification is finished, the verandah is ornamented with white lace-like patterns of crossed and waved lines made with powdered lime, which is taken in the hand and suffered to run in narrow streams between the fingers, and when carried rapidly back and forth produces the desired figures. These are sometimes pretty and ornamental, and afford an opportunity for the display of female taste. By this time the men are up, and the sheet (resuming its duty as a coat) is loosely thrown over the shoulders, or wrapped around the waist, while the owner moves off to the tank or river side for his morning ablutions.

Near the church is a police station, and at the door stand the peons (native constables) in

a little knot, discussing their last arrest. They wear wide Moorish pantaloons of red silk, and a white close-fitting robe, ending in a flowing skirt; over the shoulder they wear sashes as marks of office, and red turbans on their heads. They are usually tall fine-looking men, and very well dressed; their behaviour, however, does not commonly tally with their looks and pretensions. A rupee or two has a remarkable effect in blinding and deafening these ministers of the law. The poor, who cannot afford the bribe, have but a sorry chance in the race for justice, as the peon's eyes and ears are only open on the side that pays him the best fee.

Beyond the police station the streets are formed of connected rows of houses, usually but one story high, with a narrow portico in front, and a door, but no window opening on the street. The houses have a mean appearance, when compared with those of our cities, but are not devoid of neatness; they are plastered and whitewashed, and frequently have seats of brick-work, covered with polished chunam on the verandah, where, in the evening, the men lounge and smoke. Several of the streets are bazaars, consisting of long rows of shops; but at this early hour they only show empty stalls

Peon, or Policeman, p. 72.



Castor oil mill. p. 73.

and bolted doors. The owners, if up, are dreamily squatting on their hams, cleaning their teeth, scraping their tongues with silver scrapers, or chatting with neighbours. The scavengers, a poor degraded caste, are busy with long wooden hoes, removing from the gutters the accumulated filth of the preceding day. There are no sidewalks, and man and beast go on their several errands together in the middle of the street. Cows going to pasture, donkeys bringing grain, men and boys, buffaloes, dogs, and peons jog quietly along in one track.

But the sun is up, and no sooner up than powerful. Turning back, we meet a long array, some going to the river for their morning duties, others starting for their business. The last lazy householder has been thawed out of his public bedroom, and the streets assume an air of life. The bazaar men are opening their shops, and in the lot over the way the creaking of the castor-oil mill has commenced. As the oxen move slowly round and round with the cross-beam, the great pestle grates out harsh music, and grinding the beans against the wooden mortar, expresses the oil. Castor-oil, as well as cocoanut-oil, is here used for burning in lamps. The priest is at work adorn-

ing his idol, as we turn into our dwelling to unite with our friends in a morning tribute of praise to the one true God, maker of heaven and earth.

Mount Road.

Mount Road is the favourite evening drive of the foreign residents of Madras. It leads from the city to Mount St. Thomé, a few miles to the south, the reputed burial-place of the apostle Thomas, and a holy place of the Roman Catholics of India. The road is hard, level, and smooth, and has been made with great labour by the English government. Leaving the fort on your left, you pass between rows of tulip-trees, dotted with yellow flowers, which have been planted for shade to foot-passengers. The first object of interest is a colossal bronze equestrian statue of Sir Thomas Munro, a distinguished governor of this presidency. It stands upon a lofty stone pedestal, and is an admirable work of art. The natives of the land, both human and brute, however, seem somewhat to have mistaken the object of its

erection; for the simple countrymen from the interior may often be seen stopping to lift their hands in reverential worship before the noble statue, certainly more godlike than their gods; while the crows, imagining that the gallant general and great governor has been placed there for their accommodation, use his head as a look-out station, and build their nests in his ample lap.

Leaving Sir Thomas, and crossing a bridge over the Coom, a small river passing through the city, we have a fine view of the sea across the open green; and reaching the Chintadrepettah bridge, have the government-house upon our left. This is one of the dwellings provided for the governor of Madras. It is a large, half-oriental, half-European palace, with verandahs and Venetian blinds protecting each story from the glaring sun of India, and is surrounded by a spacious park, with sentries at the gates, and herds of antelopes grazing under the trees.

After passing the government-house, the sides of the road are occupied for a short distance by the shops of jewellers, milliners, confectioners, and tradesmen, often extensive and standing in large compounds; they are kept

by Englishmen or by East Indians, (as persons of mixed blood are commonly called,) and are filled with goods of every description.

But, as new-comers, we found far more to interest us in the crowds walking, riding, and driving over the hard red surface of the road. Single coolies, with boxes on their heads, or baskets heaped with fruits and greens for the markets, or three in company pulling, like horses, a heavy, awkward, two-wheeled cart, meet you, with the perspiration streaming down their black bodies and limbs. Foot-passengers walk in groups, joking, laughing, gossiping, or puffing their segars. Countrymen and travellers from neighbouring towns go gazing at every new sight; their wives, with bundles on their heads, following after, with little boys holding to their skirts. The poor women and girls of the city are gathering dung from the road into baskets, to be mixed with straw and dried for fuel. The grass-cutters (usually women) are coming in from the country, each with a bundle of grass on her head, one day's labour giving one day's food to the horse she tends. The letter-carrier next trots by, with his mail-bag hung over his shoulder on a staff jingling with pieces of iron to frighten beasts of prey

from his lonely path at night. Apart from all, as far as may be in such a crowd, walks the old Brahmin, followed by his two gray-haired wives.

With this varied stream of foot-passengers comes as varied a crowd of vehicles. English officers of rank roll along in their barouches, with coachman and footman, and a groom running beside each horse. Ladies loll back in their phætons, while their horsekeepers, running before, clear the road with loud cries of "Poh! poh! Appaley poh!" (go! go! away! away!) or help out of the way those who are too careless or too surly to give place soon enough to the splendid English trotters of their mistress. People of less pretension drive past in buggies and palankeen coaches with a single horse, and its constant attendant, the *syce*, or running groom. Here comes a strange pyramidal affair drawn by two white bullocks; it is a native bandy, with its Hindu occupant sitting cross-legged upon the floor, and the driver at his feet urging on the bullocks by cries and kicks and pokes of his whip-handle, ever and anon bestowing an excruciating twist of the tail upon the more stubborn of the pair. After it comes another bandy, closely covered, with the eyes, and jewelled noses of Hindu wives and mothers

peering through the curtains. Next you will see a fat goldsmith seated on a little affair, the size of a wheelbarrow, drawn by a single red bullock no bigger than a Newfoundland dog; and then a wagon crowded with five or six lank bearded Musselmans, and a driver in front urging on a miserable starved pony with merciless blows.

Nor is the variety of riders much less: army officers and gentlemen on blooded horses from England, Australia, or the Cape of Good Hope; Mohammedans, on ambling ponies; Arabs, on spirited steeds from their native land; Hindu body-guardsmen, in their splendid uniform; young cadets, with the fresh blood of England blooming red in their cheeks,—pass in quick succession; while now and then a camel, with its long, swinging gait, or an elephant loaded with camp equipage, add to the novelty of the scene.

As you get farther from the city, the throng diminishes, and you have leisure to turn your eyes from the wayfarers to the many handsome dwellings that skirt the road. They commonly stand in large parks, surrounded by a wall or a cactus hedge, and planted with palms, mango-trees, margosas, and tamarinds, or with the

sacred and far-famed banyan, sending down from its branches long fibrous roots, to become in their turn trunks supporting the parent branch. The houses are many of them magnificent dwellings, combining the height and comfort of English homes with the porticos, Venetians, terraces, and balustrades of the East; nor do they give a false idea of the mode of life of the Englishman in India, combining, as it does, the luxuries of two hemispheres, and grafting the furniture, equipage, meats, and wines of Old England, upon the stock of Oriental ease and elegance.

Chintadrepettah Schools.

A NEW-COMER at Chintadrepettah would hardly fail, when seated at breakfast, to ask the meaning of the hum and hubbub from without that saluted his ears; and on being answered, would conclude that there must be strong lungs among the pupils of the mission schools. Such, certainly, was our conclusion when we heard the clamour of youthful voices; nor was it unfounded, for few spots can exceed in noise

and confusion a Hindu school in full blast. The popular belief seems to be, (so far as we can judge from popular practice,) that as learning is received by the brain through the medium of the ear, the improvement made will be in a direct ratio to the strength of the impression upon the tympanum. The lesson thundered out by the teacher is re-echoed by the class, and as every pupil studies at the top of his voice, the din is prodigious. In the native schools the method is to learn certain books by heart, with very little reference to their meaning, and very little profit aside from as much reading, writing and arithmetic as will serve to carry the owner through the ordinary business of life. Geography is entirely unstudied, except some primary facts, such as the shape of the earth, which is said to be that of the lotus or water-lily, with seven seas and intervening mountains surrounding it; these seas are of various fluids; first, salt water; then sugar-cane juice, wine, melted butter, milk, curdled milk, and, beyond the last ring-like mountain, a sea of fresh water. Their teachings as to the size of the globe correspond with their views of its shape: thus the earth is four thousand millions of miles in diameter, with the

vast Mount Meru in its centre towering up six hundred thousand miles in height, with a base one hundred and twenty-eight thousand miles in circumference. On my once remarking to a well-educated Brahmin that it was singular that no traveller had ever caught sight of this vast peak, he answered that they probably had never travelled far enough to see it.

In Christian schools this din is modified as far as possible; but when the teaching is by natives, trained in the native way, there must and will be noise enough to deafen civilized ears. On Mr. W.'s invitation, I accompanied him in his morning's visit to the schools upon the mission compound. We had to walk but a few steps to the bungalow in which the vernacular school for girls is kept. The school-bungalow is a long low building, with unglazed windows, large doors, a tiled roof and hard-beaten earth-floor spread with mats. As we drew near, the noise subsided, and the girls, about eighty in number, rising from their mats, saluted us with a loud "*Good morning, sir*," and then stood quietly in two long rows. Behind the second line stood the teachers, each with his turban on his head, one hand holding a serviceable rattan, and the other enveloped in

his flowing robe. They gravely bowed and salaamed as we entered. The missionary, glancing his eye along the array of girls, gave a signal to the first, who repeated in a strong, clear voice a text from the Tamil Daily Food. The second and the third followed, and so on down the line to the little creatures four or five years old, who could only lisp out a fragment of the daily text.

It was a pleasant sight to see these poor girls, children of idolaters, forbidden by their sex, according to Hindu law and custom, all the advantages of education, thus gathered by the hand of Christian love to be refined in mind and heart, and taught the way of life. Though they rarely remain after eleven or twelve years of age, and may at any moment be taken away by the jealousy of heathen parents, yet before that time they may receive impressions for good that even the corrupting and deadening influences of Hindu social life will not obliterate. If the influence be not apparent in this generation, it may be in the next, when these girls have become wives and mothers.

The girls of this school, though of good caste, are from the poorer classes of society; for those

of the highest caste may be as poor as beggars without affecting their standing. Their very presence upon the compound of a Christian missionary is one of the evidences of the change that is stealing over the face of Indian society. Their complexions, though dark, are soft and smooth, and their features by no means devoid of beauty; indeed, they often are very pretty; their hands and feet are small and well-formed, and their figures graceful. To our eyes, the marks painted upon their foreheads and the rings in their noses are no great additions to their beauty, and the frequently dirty state of the clothing of the poor is far from attractive; but intelligence beams in their sparkling black eyes and bright faces. Culture of mind and holiness of heart only are needed to fit them for their duties as daughters, wives and mothers; their need of both cannot be exaggerated. Sad indeed is the state of woman in this land. By Christian effort only can she be raised to fitness for her high calling.

The dress of the smaller girls in the school is simply a petticoat of figured calico, tied by a tape at the waist; *even this* they would not need at home. The larger girls, in addition to the skirt, wear a short-sleeved jacket or bo-

dice, and over it a light white robe. Their jet-black hair is braided, or gathered into a mass back of the left ear, and adorned with flowers, of which they are passionately fond. In quickness, they are equal to children of the same age in any land. Every day the native teacher or his assistant goes to the houses of his pupils to send or bring them to school.

The missionary himself does not attempt to teach in these schools, but oversees and instructs the teachers; if married, he has the assistance of his wife in the management, instruction, and oversight of the girls. Their studies are largely scriptural. After learning to read, and at the same time to write, they commence with simple catechisms and Scripture narratives, advancing to the Gospels, Psalms, arithmetic, and geography, with sewing. The teachers, generally men, because the women of the present generation are untaught, are paid from two to four dollars a month; the assistants or monitors, from one to two dollars.

When the text for the day had been repeated, a few questions were asked, to see that its meaning had been understood, a few words of exhortation were given, and prayer offered in the Tamil language. The school then divided into

classes, and commenced their studies and recitations with the native teachers.

We now went to the church compound, and entered the two-storied building in which the high school meets. Here, some one hundred and fifty boys and young men were seated on wooden benches, almost filling the principal room. A monitor (assistant teacher) is calling the roll; and, "Ramasamy," "Rungasamy," "Chinnappah," "Rungappah," "Chinnasamy" and a host of "Samys" (*i. e.* gods or lords) are answering to their names with a loud "*present*," or receiving a mark for absence. It is worthy of note that almost all Hindus bear the name of some one of their gods. This is a most economical arrangement in a religious point of view, as every utterance of the boy's name is an act of great merit, and secures the favour of the god. Thus, when the father exclaims, "Come here, you Narayana-samy!" or, "I will give you a good flogging, Narayana-samy!" or, "You lie, Narayana-samy!" he is increasing his stock of religious merit by repeating the name of Narayana, one of the names of the god Vishnu. The roll-caller, if this were true, would certainly be a favoured mortal, for he daily utters

the names of all the more important and honoured members of the Indian Pantheon.

A general "Good morning, sir!" salutes us as we enter the hall and take our seats on a slightly raised platform at its upper end; the teachers show their zeal by moving through the ranks, and brandishing their rattans threateningly at the scapegoats of their flock. When all are composed, English Bibles are produced, and the place found. Mr. W. reads the first verse in Tamil, and is followed by a scholar reading the same verse in English. After asking any questions suggested by the subject, he reads the next verse, followed by the next boy in English. Thus some twenty verses are read, the Bibles closed, the passage explained and enforced, and prayer offered in Tamil, during which all present stand. The daily text is next repeated, both in Tamil and English, and any matter requiring public comment receives attention. The classes are now called, and the boys file off with their respective teachers to different rooms to study and recite. The instruction is by a head-teacher, who is an East Indian, and several Hindu assistant teachers and monitors. Of these some are Christians, and some heathen. Of course, good

Christian teachers would be preferred for every department; but they cannot always be procured in the present state of education in India, and we must use the best tools we can get until better ones can be prepared.

In addition to the study of the Scriptures and of the evidences of the truth of Christianity, the lads of this school go through a full course of English studies, in which they use the English language. They study arithmetic, algebra, geometry, trigonometry, and surveying, English composition, the history of Rome, England, and India, with general history and natural philosophy. It must be borne in mind that they are not carried through these branches by the missionary himself, but that the instruction is carried on by hired native teachers, while he is engaged with matters more strictly religious. After leaving the school, the young men, if nominally heathen, and conforming to the customs of the countrymen, are almost universally at heart convinced of the folly of idolatry and its attendant superstitions. They are qualified for stations of responsibility; and some remain as assistant teachers, while others enter the medical, engineering, and surveying departments under government, or engage in other

useful callings. They are from more respectable classes of the community, and generally of higher castes, than the pupils in the vernacular or purely Tamil schools. All castes, however, are freely admitted. Here you will find high-caste Sudras, Rajpoots, Mohammedans, and even Brahmins, sitting beside the abhorred and despised Pariah. Many of the boys are both handsome and highly intelligent. Some of the Brahmin boys, especially, are exceedingly engaging in their appearance. They are generally well dressed, wearing either the usual male costume of a cloth around the waist and hanging down below the knees, with another over the shoulders ; or the scholar's dress—a long-sleeved white pelisse extending to the knees and covering the inner cloth. On their heads some wear turbans, others high-peaked, starched linen caps that have a very absurd appearance. Their heads are shaven, except a tuft on the crown called the Coodamy. I was not a little amused when two young *shavers*, not ten years old, gave as an excuse for absence from church on Sunday, that "the barber did not come in time to shave them !"

What, it will be naturally asked, induces these lads thus to come to a Christian school,

where they are taught that Hinduism is false, and where they are required to drop all distinctions of caste? And why do bigoted parents permit them thus to go where their faith in the religion of their ancestors will be destroyed and their caste endangered? The motive is a desire to obtain a knowledge of the English language. At present there is in India a wonderful passion for the study of English; this is the language of the rulers of the land, of its courts and officers, and a knowledge of English is a stepping-stone to place, honour, and wealth. Christian missionaries lay hold of this circumstance, which makes fathers willing to risk the conversion of their sons if they may but get an English education. The missionaries of the Scotch churches, especially, have directed their entire energies to this branch of the mission work; and in Madras, Bombay, Calcutta, and other great cities, are exercising an immense influence over the youth of India. Of their scholars, several have become teachers, preachers, and ordained ministers of the gospel, while others have lucrative situations under government. The University supported by government, in which English is taught without the Bible, has been far less popular than the mission-

schools with the Hindus themselves. The often-repeated assertion, that the use of the Christian Scriptures would be offensive to the Hindus, is an absurdity. Nothing could be more in accordance with their ideas of propriety than that youth should be taught in the Shastres or holy books of the language they are studying.

There are about six hundred young men, boys, and girls receiving instruction at the station under the care and influence of the missionary,* at a very small expense—the whole cost being but $1200 a year. Of this sum, nearly the whole is given by English gentlemen residing in Madras or its vicinity. The Church of England, the London and Wesleyan Societies, as well as the Scotch churches, are engaged in similar labours for the idolaters of Madras.

Triplicane.

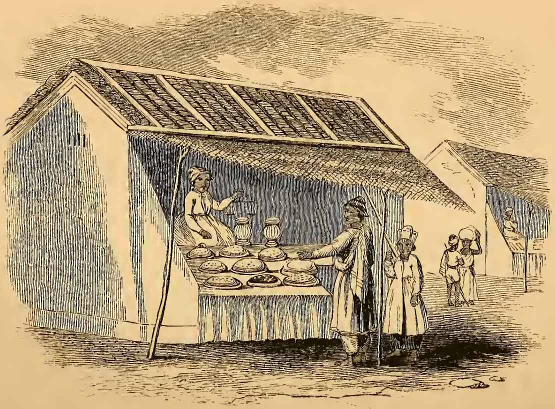
Not having yet visited Triplicane, a suburb quite near Chintadrepettah, I started on foot, in the evening after the sun had gone down, on a tour of exploration. Passing for a short distance over the dusty red road that leads to

* The Rev. M. Winslow, who has laboured in India since 1819, now (1855) thirty-six years.

Mount St. Thomé, amid the crowd of conveyances that continually throng it, I turned to the right at the Tanna (police station) and entered the main street of Triplicane. There is one pleasant thing about these native policemen, and that is their love of flowers. Wherever, in Madras, you see a Tanna, you see a little flower-bed at the door, or a few pots with a rose-bush or two, or if nothing better can be had, a crop of holyhocks; and the peon will be twirling a flower in his hand. On either side of the Triplicane road stretches a continuous row of low houses, plastered with chunam, and roofed with tiles. The palace of the nabob of the Carnatic, a temple or two, and a few mosques give variety to the street, which is met by cross streets also closely built. The palace of the nabob has no beauty to boast, as it presents only a bare wall to passers-by, and a gate guarded by native soldiers of his own troop. They are dressed in an imitation English uniform, and have a very cheap and shabby appearance, far inferior to that of the native troops or sepoys of the East India Company. The nabob, though the descendant of the former rulers of the land, and always received by the governor with a royal salute, and honours

given only to crowned heads, is a mere pensioner of the Company, without authority beyond his palace bounds. A previous nabob, then an infant, in 1802, transferred to the Company his rights, on condition of certain pensions being paid to himself and others. The present nabob is a contemptible creature, living only for senseless and sensual pleasures, having no ambition that goes beyond horses, wives, and dancing-girls; he is flattered by his parasites, but honoured by none. It is probable, as it is to be hoped, that he is to be the last of his race. India will be no loser when the whole of these debauched lines of rajahs and nabobs have passed from the scene of action.

For a long distance, the Triplicane road is a bazaar, each house having in front a stall-like shop, in which the owner sits with his goods before and around him. As the sun had set and night was drawing on, they were lit by earthen or brass lamps fed either with cocoanut or the cheaper castor oil. Here is an old woman with a stock of Indian substitutes for doughnuts and gingerbread; there one with betel-leaf, areca-nut, and lime for chewers—a preparation universally used, and which stains the mouth to a blood-red colour. The next shop is devoted to



Bazaar Shop. p. 92.

the sale of crockery ware, and pots and pans are piled about the owner. Here is a man making and selling sweetmeats, of which the Hindus are very fond; and there a money-changer with his bags of gold, silver, and copper. On the opposite side is a row of dry-goods men, each with his stock of goods in the ten or twelve feet square before and behind him. Thus the street stretches on, and this is a bazaar.

In our illustration (from a painting by a Hindu artist) we have a representation of one of these little bazaar shops, which only needs to be continued by an indefinite number of similar structures, to give an idea of a bazaar. The salesman sits on a level with his goods, which are arranged before him to the best advantage, with his scales in hand, intent on a sale. The father is engaged in the arduous work of reducing the price to the lowest possible amount, while his son stands by in his starched linen cap and school dress, an interested spectator, as the purchase is of confectionary, a class of wares in great esteem with Hindu boys.

Farther on, you come to the Triplicane Mosque, one of the favourite places of worship of the Mohammedans, who live in great num-

bers in this district. It is a large building, standing some two hundred yards from the street, in a spacious enclosure. Beside it is a neat tank for ablution. The front of the mosque is entirely open, and the whole interior plastered with lustrous milk-white chunam ; and being now illuminated with a multitude of lamps, its appearance was very beautiful. Yet, when the eye turns from the beauty of the edifice to the stream of men pouring in to worship in the name of Mohammed, the thought of a whitened sepulchre of souls was forced upon the mind. Though not idolaters, and less debased by superstition, they are, as a class, as deeply debauched, and as deceitful, and more bigoted than the idolatrous Hindus. The power has passed from their hands, or the Christian missionary would not now be preaching at his will in the towns and villages of Hindustan.

In my former views of Madras I had seen much that was *new, and strange, and interesting*, but it was in my walk through Triplicane that I was first *astonished*. Here I was astonished, and not astonished only, but astounded and oppressed; and that not so much by the novelty of the scene, as by the denseness of the mass of immortal men that thronged its streets.

Never had I seen or imagined such a hive of human beings; it was an unbroken tide of souls. Greater crowds I had seen on gala-days in great cities, but this was no unusual gathering; it was a daily scene. When I reached a cross street, in which was a grain bazaar, the whole way was blocked up by men buying, selling, and conversing. Just at this moment a wedding procession was passing through the mass. First came musicians, furiously playing on tomtoms (the native drum) and horns, making the most horrible and ear-torturing discord with the greatest zeal. Then came a numerous train of friends, marching in no particular order; and after them the bridegroom on horseback, between two files of attendants. He was covered with gilt and finery, and supported by two men on the right, fanning him with silvered fans; and on the left, by another bearing a silvered umbrella over his head, though it was night. After him came the bride in a palankeen covered with red cloth, and again a train of attendants with baskets containing gifts and dowery on their heads. As they slowly pressed their way through the crowd, it closed behind them like water in the wake of a receding ship. Looking upon the multitudes, I asked myself,

Whence do these people come? Whither do they go? Where do they sleep? How are they clothed? How do they live? Nay, more, how do they die? In all Triplicane I had not seen one white face, probably not one Christian. All wore the distinctive dress of the Mohammedan, or the mark in the forehead that proclaimed their adhesion to some one of the sects of Hindu idolatry. But this is only one of the suburbs of Madras. Upon another evening I was taken to another quarter, and again to another and another; and again and again did I see similar masses of heathen men, swarming like ants through the thoroughfares of this populous city. As a Christian missionary, my mind was overwhelmed with the power of this one thought of countless masses of men hurrying on unprepared for the awards of eternity.

And yet Christians, professing to believe the Scriptures which declare that no idolater can enter the kingdom of heaven, ask, "Why go abroad?" Would that such could see India or a mere fraction of India in its moral darkness and desolation! Could they do so, they would sympathize with the cry for labourers to enter this vast harvest-field. Reader! let the mil-

lions of India have a place within your heart! Remember their darkness and their degradation! Remember that they have immortal souls! Remember them at the mercy-seat; and when you thank God that you were not born in a heathen land, cry to him to send the gospel to them, and ask him what you can do to hasten the day when the kingdoms of this world shall have become the kingdoms of our God and of his Christ.

The Sabbath at Chintadrepettah.

Our first Sunday in India broke upon us with the bright hot sunshine of the tropics; but before the sun was up we were awakened by the loud cawing of hordes of crows. They were soon followed by the scarcely less numerous and more insolent Pandarums, or religious beggars, who live upon the superstitious fears of the people. They were at this early hour passing up and down the rows of huts on the other side of the compound wall, before the inmates were abroad, chaunting the praises of their patron gods. They accompany their noisy music with castanets or small tomtoms,

(Hindu drums,) and carry brazen pots to receive the gifts of the people. They are seldom entirely refused, as a handful of raw rice will dismiss them to the next door, and the curses they invoke on those who will not pay them this tax are greatly feared. The perseverance, importunity, and impudence of these so-called holy men is such, that they are like bands of locusts devouring the fruits of the poor labourers. They do not ask because they are poor, but because this is their calling, and they confer a favour upon those from whom they receive. To give to them is an act of piety; to refuse, of impiety. Their blessing gives riches and prosperity; their curse brings loss, sickness, and misfortune. Believing these things, the people will not refuse, though they may hate them.

Without, were discordant noises; within, all seemed still and Sabbath-like. The Christian may carry his Sabbath with him to India. Even here are some who delight to keep holy-day, and to meet to worship God among the heathen. On going at half-past eight to the school bungalow, we found the higher classes of the girls' and boys' Tamil schools assembled as a Sunday-school, and busily reciting catechisms and

Mission church, school-house and Bungalon at Chintadrepettah, p. 99.

Scripture lessons. Our captain was with us, and great was his surprise at hearing a translation of some of the questions and answers. "Why," said he, "these heathen children know more about the Bible than I do." And indeed in many a school in Christian lands questions on Scripture truth would be far less correctly answered than by the Hindu boys and girls of the Madras schools. Going to the high school, we found the pupils similarly engaged. As they study the Scriptures in English, we each of us took a class of bright boys, and for the first time had the pleasure of commending the religion of Jesus Christ to these intelligent and engaging youth.

At half-past nine o'clock both schools adjourned to the church,* and public services commenced. The building is sixty feet long and

* Our illustration gives a fair representation of the Chintadrepettah church, school-house, and preaching bungalow. On the right is the *church;* next to it the *school-house,* (the high school,) two stories in height, with Venetian doors in the first story and Venetian blinds in the second. The back part of the school-house is but one story in height, with a low roof. Beyond the school is the open *bungalow for preaching* on week days, so stationed as to attract persons passing along the street, who will not enter a church. In Burmah, such a building would be called a *Zayat.*

thirty wide, and plainly but neatly built of brick, plastered within and without. The floor is matted, and the half of the room next to the door furnished with settees. These were filled by the youth of the high school and adults from the neighbourhood; in front of them the floor was completely covered with children from the Tamil schools, the teachers being seated here and there on chairs, like watchmen, to preserve order. The native Christian men sat on one side of the house, and the mission family on the other. The native women who were members of the church, as they entered, modestly took their places on the matted floor, first wrapping their faces in their white or coloured mantles, and spending a few moments in prayer.

When all was still, the services commenced with singing a hymn in Tamil, one of the natives leading; then followed prayer, reading the Scriptures, the sermon, and other parts of worship, as in our own country. Though it was all unintelligible to us, yet it was most pleasant to see so large a number gathered to hear the gospel in their own tongue in this heathen city. Nor was it less pleasant and interesting to hear the quick answers to ques-

tions from the pulpit, showing the preacher that what he said was understood. Now and then a sleepy boy would be awaked by a rather loud tap on the head from his teacher, or a group of men from the street make audible remarks; but on the whole the decorum was great, and the scene very pleasing to a new-comer.

In the cities of India few adults from among the heathen will attend at a place of Christian worship. The Sabbath is not to them a day of rest. All are busy with their ordinary duties. The carpenter is at his work, the merchant at his shop, and the teacher in his school. While the missionary is preaching at Chintadrepettah, the creaking of the castor-oil mill across the street is constantly in his ears. Nor is this the only obstacle. The people fear that they will in some way be injured in their caste, or perhaps by some sorcery made Christians against their will, if they enter the church. Still, as they pass to and fro on their own business, attracted by the singing or preaching, they crowd around the doors and windows, and some venture in. They thus learn something about Christianity and the order of Christian worship. But the masses will not come to us; we must go out to them.

Car-Drawing.

I HAD now seen Christian worship in Madras; and before long an opportunity occurred of seeing idolatry in one of its most common forms—that known to us as CAR-DRAWING.

Juggernaut is a name familiar to the Christian world. The huge car in which this "Lord of the world" (as his name is by interpretation) is drawn, the multitudes who flock to his temple at Cuttack, and the horrors there enacted, have been made familiar to us by Buchanan and others. It is not so widely known that though this is the most famous, it is not the only scene of the ceremony of car-drawing. On the contrary, almost every temple has its festival day, on which the idol-god is treated to a triumphal ride by its votaries.

A car-drawing was to take place at Mailapur, a suburb of the city. With a friend, I started for the scene of the celebration. Our road lay through the crowded streets. Passing the bazaar with its busy buyers and sellers, the nabob's palace and the mosque, we drove through a vast grave-yard—a city of the dead,

with its crowded acres of Mohammedan tombs. Some were old and falling to decay; some, freshly sodded with green turf: some were lowly; others, large buildings with domes and minarets. The inmates of all were returning to dust; their spirits had gone to the judgment-seat of God. I could not but ask, What has the church of God been doing that the gospel was not preached to them?

But the living were about us. As we drew near the scene, troops of men and women, flowing all in one current, showed that we had not missed our way. Here would be a company of young men with the marks of their gods painted fresh and bright upon their foreheads, jesting and laughing, and evidently well pleased with their white robes and jaunty turbans; there, a father leading his boy by the hand, followed by the mother (who always walks behind, and not with her husband) with a babe in her arms. There came other groups, and now and then a pandarum or sunyasee (orders of religious mendicants) with holy ashes not merely on his forehead, but all over his face and person, striding on to the festival as the carrion-vulture speeds to his banquet.

As we came nearer, the road was lined on

both sides with rows of the most hideous deformities stretched on their backs and bedaubed with ashes. The poor wretches added to the horrors of their appearance by horrible outcries and writhings. The blind, the maimed, the footless and handless leper, the hunchback, and the cripple lay stretched upon the ground begging for alms. The crowd now grew still more dense, for we were drawing near the temple. A broad street runs beside a noble square tank, with stone steps on every side descending to the water's edge, and below the water to the bottom of the tank. Many Brahmins were standing in the water, busy with their ablutions. Entering and muttering prayers, they took the water in their hands, threw it behind them, crossed themselves, and washed out their mouths; then clapping their fingers to their nose and ears, ducking under the water so as to immerse the whole body, they washed away the impurities of both body and soul in the most orthodox manner. Along the street were temporary sheds and porticos erected for the festival. These were hung with pictures in honour of the god, who was to pass that way, and to be gazed at by the crowd. In one I saw a picture of Christ healing the sick.

I longed for the ability to proclaim him as the only Saviour to the ignorant idolaters about me, but the language was yet to be learned. Not far off were exposed to the gaze of all, men, women, and children, paintings of the actions of their gods—pictures too vile and filthy to be described, shamelessly shown as the deeds of the beings whom they worshipped as gods!

Turning into the street upon the opposite side of the tank, we found ourselves before the temple. Here the mass centred, and the religious beggars and devotees were most numerous. Near the temple-gate sat some, wearing the *cavi* or yellow robe of their order, besmeared all over with ashes, and with their filthy, uncombed hair hanging in clotted strings to their shoulders. Others went through the crowd with wires run through their tongues or cheeks, mincing and dancing with a disgusting air. Attendants carried small brass plates for alms, which they thrust into the faces of the people. Here, too, stood the car, the centre of attraction. It is an unwieldy structure, square and pyramidal, and resting upon four great solid wooden wheels, six feet in diameter. Above, it consists of several stories, growing smaller

as they near the top, and ending in a large gilt umbrella. The whole was decorated with bands of coloured cloth, garlands of flowers, streamers, and gilding, so as to have a gay and imposing appearance. In front, green carved horses stood rearing on the platform, and blue elephants, with monsters and gods of every colour, filled up the vacant spaces. Upon the first story of the car was the throne of the god. Here, seated in state, was the senseless idol, to adore which the multitude had come together. Wrapped in costly robes, and adorned with jewels and flowers, it could scarcely be seen for its ornaments. Beside it stood Brahmin priests fanning the silver thing with cow-tail brushes, lest it should be molested by flies or heat.

The firing of a small cannon announced the hour of starting. The Brahmins in the car shouted to the mob, and waving their sacred brushes, incited them to their work. The men, rushing forward, seized the great cables, each as thick as a man's thigh, and laid them on their shoulders. Arrayed in two long lines, they attempt to start the ponderous car. But it does not move. Again the Brahmins shout and cry to the mob, and again the mob, answer-

ing to the cry, put forth their strength; they tug; they strain; they yell. The priests urge them on, and now another strain, and the towering pile, grating harshly on its wheels, moves slowly through the street. Their god is propitious; he is moving on his way, and a cry of joy and worship goes up from the labouring and the gazing crowds. Old men, who cannot help, lift up their hands in homage; and mothers, rushing forward, hold up their babes to catch a sight of the god.

In former days, Englishmen high in station did honour to such scenes. They attended them, while their subordinates drove the people to the ropes, and forced them to drag the car. Those were happy days for the Brahmins; but it is so no longer. Those times have gone, we trust, no more to return. The connection of government with idolatry has almost wholly ceased, and soon will be entirely severed. The priests and gods must take care of themselves, for English Christians will no longer suffer them to be propped up by English influence.

Devotees, as is well known, were accustomed to throw themselves under the wheels of the car to be crushed; this is no longer permitted.

The police have orders to prevent these suicides, and they now rarely take place. On one occasion, a pilgrim who had thrown himself down before the approaching car, that he might expiate his sins and gain heaven, was spied by an English officer. Riding up, he began to lay his whip upon his naked back. The devotee was ready for martyrdom, but the flogging he had not bargained for; so, betaking himself to his heels, he was soon out of danger. The government tax, formerly paid by pilgrims at the shrine of Juggernaut, is not now collected. It is a great cause for congratulation that England has determined that her great name shall no longer give lustre and dignity to the hideous, cruel, and debasing idolatry of India. The Brahminic priesthood see in this fact one of the symptoms of their approaching downfall. Soon may it come, and JEHOVAH OF HOSTS alone be known and worshipped as God and Lord of this and every land!

Youth of America! scenes far different from these surrounded you in childhood. Influences far different from these were made to bear upon your opening minds. Lessons far different from these were those you first learned. Remember, then, that to whom much is given of them will

much be required; that for all the high favours you enjoy at the hand of God you must render an account. May your lives answer to your light!

Housekeeping in Madras.

AFTER a two months' residence at Chintadrepettah, during which we pursued the study of the Tamil language with a native teacher, Royapooram, a district three miles distant, was assigned to us as our station, by the mission. We had hitherto been guests, but this decision set us busily to work preparing for the new undertaking of housekeeping in Madras. It was the month of April, here one of the hottest months of the year; and it proved warm work going from bazaar to bazaar with an interpreter, in pursuit of gridiron and spit, pestle and mortar for rice-pounding, stone and roller for grinding curry stuffs, and the numerous essentials of an Indian house. Furniture can be had in Madras at a reasonable rate at the auctions held for the sale of the effects of Eng-

lishmen who are returning to England, or who have been cut off by death.

On the day appointed for our removal from Chintadrepettah, a crowd of *coolies*, (hired labourers,) both men and women, were in waiting at an early hour, anxious to secure a job. These poor creatures, who live by such work as they can get from day to day, can always be had at a very short notice to go anywhere and do any thing, whether it be to go one mile with a note, or to carry a piano five hundred miles upon their heads. They need but a few hours warning for a journey that may occupy many weeks or even months. Part of the stipulated pay is given in advance for the support of their families and of themselves while the work is being done. This is necessary, for they never have any thing on hand; and the trust thus reposed in them is rarely betrayed, although in most other matters they are very dishonest.

Before seven o'clock our goods and chattels were all off. Four men, naked except a piece of cloth around their loins, mounted the bookcase on their heads; four more the clothes-press; two seized a settee as their portion, while the women snatched up the chairs and lighter articles. Our newly-engaged *matey*

(house-servant) was all life, activity, and zeal, seeing that each cooley had a fair load, so that "master might not be cheated." Soon all were off, laughing, talking, and joking, happy to earn five cents each by carrying their burdens three miles in a broiling sun; a sum, small though it be, sufficient to support a Hindu family for a day. Following the coolies, we took possession of our new home. After turning out a scorpion or two, some mammoth roaches, and a goodly quantity of dust, we installed our goods in their proper places, and entered upon the duties of housekeeping at our own station.

Royapooram is the most northern suburb of Madras. It lies without the city wall, and upon the sea. Through its centre runs an English-made road, on each side of which are densely-packed masses of houses, threaded by narrow lanes. At the extremity of this road, and facing you as you pass out from the walled town, stands our neat little church, with a belfry near it, in which is hung a good church bell. Close by is the mission-house, in the centre of a compound prettily laid out with flower-beds. The house is one story in height, with a brick-paved verandah, and a flat roof guarded by a ballustrade. Back of the house,

and quite separate from it, stand in a row the kitchen, godowns, (storehouses,) school-bungalow, and stable. Although the soil is sandy, (for it is but a little distance from the sea,) yet, when well watered and cultivated, it yields flowers and fruits abundantly. All the year round the rose, the crape-myrtle, the pomegranate, the oleander, and other shrubs fragrant or beautiful, made our compound attractive and homelike. A few fruit-trees, the custard-apple, the papaw, and the banana, furnished additions to our table. The *banana* or *plantain*, which is well known in our Atlantic cities, being brought from the West Indies, is the fruit of a plant which, in about two years, attains a height of ten or twelve feet, when from amid its large, glossy, and delicate leaves, it throws out a long spike of flowers; these are succeeded by comb-like clusters of yellow fruit. Then, having fulfilled its mission, as each stalk bears but once, it is cut down, to be succeeded by suckers from its root. The fruit is cheap, wholesome, and pleasant, and forms a staple article of food. The small yellow species is, in the East Indies, called the plantain, while the term banana is applied to the large red fruit of the same species. Though the house

Plantain in fruit. p. 112.

has a bare aspect from the want of trees, which are here thought to be unwholesome when too near the house, and though India is in some respects truly a weary land, yet many a less pleasing spot may be found than the mission station at Royapooram.

Some romantic persons, looking upon missionaries as heroes, and their work as one of unmingled toil and self-denial, may be surprised that they should value the beauty and fragrance of flowers or seek for the comforts of life. We have known of visitors to India condemning missionaries as lacking in self-denial on account of the sweetness of the gardens with which (after many years of residence) their houses were surrounded. Such persons mistake the aim of the missionary: it is not to deny himself for the sake of denying himself, but to be willing to deny himself for the sake of doing good; and to encounter whatever self-denial he is called to by God in his providence, for the sake of making Christ known among the heathen. It is not to degrade himself to a level with idolaters, and to despise the gifts of God, but to convert, elevate, and refine those who are degraded, that he leaves his home. Such persons, astonished that Christian mis-

sionaries do not live like the heathen, returning to Christian lands, spread reports often as foolish as they are false. Even our predecessor in Royapooram, though the very last person chargeable with caring for show or luxury, did not escape the imputation of self-indulgence. An American sea-captain, after dining with him, looking out from the verandah on the blooming flower-beds, exclaimed, "Ah! this is the way the modern St. Pauls live!" Would such persons be better satisfied were they to find the missionary seated on the floor of a mud hovel, and eating with his fingers from an earthen pot, in true Hindu style?

Housekeeping in India is in many respects a different thing from housekeeping in America. The activity and laboriousness habitual to dwellers in a temperate climate cannot be maintained by them when in a tropical country. New-comers are not commonly willing to believe this. Full of the vigour of their home constitution, and with the ardour of youth, they are slow to believe the "old Indians." They are tempted to waste on matters of minor importance the strength that should be husbanded for work that cannot be done by others. The Hindu can cook, wash, iron, and run on

errands; but he cannot preach. Better pay five or ten cents to a cooly or servant to do a half or whole day's work, than exhaust yourself, and take from the strength that should be devoted to study and missionary duties. Many a young missionary rebels against this necessity of being served, and of conforming in India to Indian ways; and often have they paid the penalty in broken health and an early death.

More especially are you compelled to conform to the customs of India in the matter of servants. The Hindu is immovably set in the way of his fathers. He will do what it is "custom" for him to do, and no more. The *matey* who waits at table, cleans the knives and lamps and dishes, and does your shopping, would no more think of feeding or harnessing a horse than of preaching a sermon or painting your likeness; and the *syce* (horse-keeper) would laugh at the idea of his undertaking the duties of the *matey*. The *cook* goes to market, but must have a cooly to carry home his purchases, and a woman to bring water, pound rice, and make curry for him. The *ayah* who takes care of the children will not sweep the floor; and the woman who brings water and sweeps would be horrified if asked to make a

bed or dress a babe—"What does she know about such duties! She is turney-katchy, not ayah!" It would be like asking a horse to catch mice and the cat to draw a carriage.

It will be readily understood that you must have several servants, or give up your time to household cares. The pay of servants is small, and they board and lodge themselves away from their employer's house. A cook (a man) can be hired for three dollars a month, (though more is given to an accomplished cook by English gentlemen;) and his female assistant, the turney-katchy, receives a dollar and a half a month, with which she will support a husband and children. The simplicity and cheapness of their food, and the small amount of clothing, fuel, and protection from weather needed in this climate, enable them to live on these very small sums. So few are their wants, and so great their preference of idleness to labour, that a whole family will depend upon one member for support, without troubling themselves to seek employment while he can give them rice and curry.

The trial of Indian housekeepers does not consist in the lack of suitable furniture, food, and dress, so much as in the deceit and dis-

honesty of the people. This is truly indescribable. You cannot take it for granted that a thing is true because a Hindu says that it is true, even though it may be probable. It may or it may not be so; you need further evidence than his word, especially if it be a matter in which he has any interest. You doubt at times the evidence of your senses when you hear the clearness and vehemency with which they will deny what you have seen with your own eyes, and the earnestness with which they will call the gods to witness the truth of their assertion. But what else can we expect, when they believe that the gods themselves are liars and thieves? A nation will not be better than its gods; the Hindus are not.

The lady of the house, if she cannot afford to be cheated, must be constantly on the watch. Coffee, sugar, tea, oil, and other stores, must be weighed in her presence. Bundles of wood, grain, potatoes, salt, &c. must be measured or counted before her. The cow must be brought by the milkman to the door, his pot be turned upside down to show that there is no water in it, and the cow be milked in the sight of some of the household. Every day the rice and other articles of food must be unlocked and measured

out to the cook. If you buy a store of sugar, of coffee, or of any thing else, you must not send it to the godown (storehouse) by the cook alone; you must go with him, and then see that nothing is abstracted while you are there; something, pretty certainly, will be, if your back is turned. Grain for the horse must be measured out to the horse-keeper in the morning, and when cooked must be measured before you to show that it is all there; and then the horse must be brought to the door and fed, that you may know that he has had his full meal. In short, you must everywhere, at all times, and with every one, be on the alert to prevent innumerable little thefts. Even servants whom you esteem most highly, and whom you would trust with large sums of money, seem to be unable to resist the universal custom of pilfering. The moral sense of the whole nation is degraded by a hundred generations of heathenism, so as almost to destroy the reproving power of conscience. Their souls are *dead* in trespasses and sins.

One of the customs of the country is that of taking a percentage on every thing they buy, charging each article a fraction above its actual cost. So universal is this, that they hardly

think it wrong. A cook in Royapooram, who had been a Roman Catholic, but became, I think, a truly Christian man, remarked that he had formerly been in the habit of taking four annas in the rupee* as a commission on his marketing; but that, on consultation with his friends, he had come to the conclusion that this was wrong, and that hereafter he would only take one anna in the rupee; this, he thought, would be about fair.

The washing and ironing are done by two persons, and these not women, as with us, but men. The *dobey* (washerman) is responsible for the clothes, and usually receives pay for both operations; but the ironing-man is commonly in his company on pay-day, to see that the dobey does not cheat him as to the amount of wages received. They do their work well, but must be watched to see that the articles taken away are not kept back for their own benefit. They call for the clothes with poor little donkeys, and go off bending under great bundles on their own backs, driving before them the poor donkeys staggering under still greater loads, seemingly enough to crush their slender

* There are sixteen annas in one rupee.

legs. The washing is done by sousing the clothes in water, and beating them on large, smooth stones. It is certainly an alarming sight to housewives to see garments swinging over the dobey's head and descending again and again with no small force on the washing-stone. Though the first washing is usually enough to greatly reduce the number of your buttons, and to reveal any weakness in sewing or in fabric, the damage is less than might be expected from such harsh treatment.

Our ironing-man was quite an elegant-looking personage, always well dressed, and with the mark of his sect handsomely painted on his forehead—with his fine turban, gold ear-rings, white robe, and stately mien, he would have passed for something better. Mrs. D. was a little amused one day with his reply to an inquiry as to how many children he had. "No children," he replied with a doleful shrug of the shoulders, "no children; only three girls!" Girls were not to be counted as children, in the estimate of the Hindu, and this is the sentiment not of our ironing-man alone, but of the whole community, both male and female.

The cares of housekeeping in India are at first discouraging. You seem to be spend-

ing your time to no purpose. But it is not lost time. It is a good apprenticeship to the new-comer, and serves to make him acquainted with the modes of thought and action common among the people. Every question asked or order given to a servant or workman, and every answer received, is a lesson in the language. Every blunder made and corrected is a preparation for your work among a people so far removed in all their ways from us as are the Hindus.

The housekeeper in India soon finds that he is not to enjoy his dwelling alone; that he must consent to the society of many a family of fellow-lodgers, who do not wait for invitation or introduction, and make up in numbers what they lack in size. The *insect tribes* of India must not be overlooked in our chapter upon housekeeping. At your first meal you discover that whole armies of ants are hurrying back and forth on the floor with the crumbs that have fallen from the table. Nor are they too honest to enter the meat-safe, if its legs do not stand in vessels of oil or water. The mosquito-netting which surrounds your bedstead must be well tucked under the bed, and carefully lifted when you get in, or hordes of hun-

gry mosquitos will give you their company; with all your care a select band will manage to find some place of entrance, and torture your ears with their music as well as your body with their bites. In the morning you must shake out your shoes, so as not to intrude on any stray centipede, roach, or scorpion that may have ensconced himself there for the night. In the evening, at certain seasons, while taking your tea, a swarm of winged ants will make their appearance; they drop into your cup, become entangled in your butter, fill your plate, and enter your mouth; there is nothing to be done but to beat a retreat, leaving the table with its lights to the enemy. In the morning you will find the table strewn with wings which the ants have left behind them, marching off upon more humble limbs.

A small gnat, known as the *eye-fly*, is exceedingly annoying, especially to children. They manage, notwithstanding all your efforts, to get into your eyes, causing much irritation. A very distressing ophthalmia is supposed by the natives to be carried from one person to another by these minute creatures. The cockroaches which swarm in this country, though less trying than the eye-flies, are destructive to

clothes, and compel you constantly to look over your drawers and trunks.

The ants, mosquitos, and other insects are thinned off by active little *lizards*, that live about the furniture and pursue their prey on the walls and ceilings. Sometimes, when unwarily darting upon a mosquito or fly, the lizard will come dropping upon your table or yourself—more to his fright, however, than to yours, for they are harmless creatures and the allies of man, as they attack his enemies of the insect tribe. Lizards of a larger kind inhabit the gardens, and a still larger species is by some classes eaten, and accounted a delicacy.

The *scorpion* is a small creature, from three to five inches in length. In appearance it much resembles a little lobster. The smaller species is of a brownish-white colour, and is more venomous than the large black scorpion, though less repugnant to the eye. They are found under the corners of mats, in storehouses, on shelves, and in other unswept places. When disturbed, they run over the floor with their jointed tails arched over their backs, and ready to strike with the hooked sting in which it ends. The sting is severe, but scarcely dangerous.

A more pleasing class of visitors are the little

gray *squirrels* that abound in Madras. These pretty little creatures live on the house-tops and in the verandah blinds, and claim a right to eat of all that grows upon the premises. Not content with injuring the fruit, they make inroads upon the provisions of the house when an opportunity occurs.

The *crows* are innumerable. They are not useless, for they clear the streets of garbage that might produce disease, but their impudence is quite provoking; they perch upon the house-tops and trees, with their shining heads outstretched, and their keen eyes on the watch, so that nothing can be left uncovered with safety that suits their very accommodating appetites. When a fair opportunity occurs, they dart into the house, (which, it must be remembered, is almost without closed doors or glazed windows,) thrust their bills into the butter, or take the bread from the plate. They do not hesitate to snatch a biscuit from a child's hand, and flying off, coolly to eat it on a neighbouring house-top.

Add *bats*, *mice*, *muskrats*, *sparrows*, and *monkeys* to the list of a Madras housekeeper's visitors, and you will believe that some care is needed in housekeeping, house-cleaning, and house-walking. Yet the evil is greater in ap-

pearance than in fact. Habit soon makes these sights and sounds so familiar that they are almost unnoticed, and caution becomes so habitual that accidents are rare. Against the minor insect tribes and other depredators you adopt precautions, and you think before you unroll a mat or thrust your hand into a dusty corner, and so avoid a sting. But one case of stinging by a scorpion occurred in our household, and no case of injury by a serpent.

I must not omit to notice a most formidable, though apparently insignificant insect, not yet mentioned — it is the *white ant.* This is a small, semi-transparent insect; in appearance most harmless, in reality most destructive. The habits of the white ants are peculiar. They live in houses partly under the earth, but frequently built up in hills two or three feet above it, and pierced in every direction with halls and galleries. They issue from their home in long lines, each one carrying a load of mud; with this they form a covered way about the size of a pipe-stem, under which they pass to and fro, extending their gallery. They do not cross a floor or climb a post except under this cover. In the morning you will find a line of hard brown clay commencing at an unseen hole in

the mortar floor, and extending, it may be, up a door to the ceiling. You break away this gallery, and find a troop of white ants hurrying back and forth, extending their road and boring or furrowing the door. But as soon as they are exposed, they run hither and thither in great terror, seeking for their hiding-place. If they cannot reach it, they are lost. The red ants attack them, and seizing their soft bodies with their nippers, after a short struggle bear them writhing away to their holes. The lizards, too, prey upon them, and fowls eat them with eagerness. Thus one tribe is kept in check by another, so as not to increase beyond endurance.

The white ants frequently do much mischief before they are discovered. A woollen rug carelessly left upon the floor but a single night, was brought to us the next morning with a great slit, three feet long, cut down its middle. It was the *kareyan* had done the mischief. Coming up through the plaster floor, they had in one night furrowed the rattan-mat and spoiled the rug. In the mission printing establishment the boxes of paper are kept upon raised frames which are swept under, and inspected with care. On opening a box, however, its contents were found to be completely riddled with small holes.

On examination, it appeared that one end of a piece of rope thrown on the box rested on the ground; along this they had advanced and done their destructive work.

Many a resident in India can sympathize with the worthy Carmelite friar, San Bartolomeo, who thus narrates his first acquaintance with these little intruders, when at Pondicherry: "I had put all my effects into a chest which stood in my apartment; and being one day desirous of taking out a book, as soon as I opened the chest, I discovered in it an innumerable multitude of those white insects which the Tamulians call *kareyan.* When I examined the different articles in the chest, I, to my sorrow, found that these little animals had perforated my shirts in a thousand places, and gnawed to pieces my books; my girdle, amice, and shoes fell to pieces as soon as I touched them. The ants were moving in columns each behind the other, and each carrying away in its mouth a fragment of my goods. My effects were more than half destroyed, but it was very fortunate for me that cotton goods were sold exceedingly cheap at Pondicherry."

A Scotch gentleman once assured me that on opening an almirah (wardrobe) he found his

glass tumblers cut in ridges by the white ants; but as he was noted for telling wonderful stories, I had my doubts whether it might not be a fellow to the account of the Hindu cashier, who, when a deficiency of some thousands of silver rupees was apparent in his books, charged it as "Destroyed by the white ants!"

The Language.

"Is the Hindu language difficult?" and, "How long does it take to learn to speak it?" are questions frequently addressed to the returned missionary. Such questions are founded on the false notion that India is a single country, and the Hindus a single nation with a common language. It is as if one should ask whether the European language is difficult? At the present day India may be looked upon as an empire; for it is almost in its entire extent subject directly or indirectly to British rule; but until the present day this has not been the case. What we call India, or Hindustan, has never borne this name among its own inhabitants. It has always been composed

of a number of states, differing in language as well as in government, although, at times, several of these states may have been subjected to a single conqueror. As on the continent of Europe there are various languages, with a more close relationship between some, as the Portuguese and the Spanish, than between others; so, it should be remembered, are there in India various languages with greatly varying affinities.

India proper is a vast territory, extending from the eighth to the thirty-fifth degree of north latitude, a distance of nineteen hundred miles; and from the Bay of Bengal on the east to the Arabian Sea on the west, a distance of fifteen hundred miles, containing an area of 1,250,000 square miles. In this wide range it embraces climates, scenery, soils, and products varying as greatly as do the languages of the nations that inhabit its different provinces. It will be readily understood that what is said of the Hindus by a writer in one part of India may not be true of the inhabitants of other portions of the country. What is said of the Bengalis may not be true of the inhabitants of Madras or Bombay, and the converse.

All the languages of India have been affected

by intercourse with conquering nations, who, pouring down from the north-west, have in successive ages made themselves masters of great portions of the land. In all of them Sanscrit, the sacred and classic language of the Hindus, forms a large element, but in a constantly diminishing proportion as you journey from the north to the south. Persian and Arabic also enter largely into the composition of the languages of the north and north-west.

The most important languages of India may be briefly mentioned:

The *Hindi*, and its cognate dialects, composed of Persian, Arabic, and Sanscrit, with an ancient Hindu tongue, is spoken by the inhabitants of a great part of Northern India. Including the several dialects, it is spoken by about 50,000,000 of people.

Bengali is spoken by the 30,000,000 inhabitants of the valley of the Lower Ganges, including Bengal, of which Calcutta is the metropolis. It is almost wholly Sanscrit.

Mahratti is the language of about 10,000,000 of the inhabitants of the Bombay presidency in the west.

Oriyah, spoken in Orissa, south of Bengal, contains much Sanscrit, but less than the Bengali.

South of these again is the *Telinga* or *Telugu*, spoken by some 8,000,000 of people.

And still farther to the south is the *Tamil*, spoken by about 10,000,000.

In the south-west we find *Canarese*, *Malayalim*, and other languages of less importance.

It will thus be seen that India must be thought of as a continent rather than as a country; and as an assemblage of nations with certain common features in religion, manners, and character, rather than as a single nation.

The tongue which we were called upon to master, that we might make known the way of life, was the Tamil, the language of the ten millions of souls inhabiting the country stretching from fifty miles north of the city of Madras to Cape Comorin, the most southern point of Hindustan, and embracing the districts of Arcot, Tanjore, Coimbatoor, Madura, Tinnevelly, &c., as well as of the inhabitants of Northern and Eastern Ceylon. This country has been familiarly known as *the Carnatic*, and the language, though improperly, as *the Malabar*.

Tamil appears to have been the original language of Southern India, and was highly cultivated before the Brahmins introduced the

Sanscrit language into this remote part of India. At present, about one-half the words are derived from Sanscrit roots. This has been a gain to the language, and an assistance to the preacher of the truth; for the Sanscrit is rich in words expressive of such ideas as faith, repentance, sin, holiness, love, sorrow, joy, &c. Although a heathen signification is attached to such terms by the people from long use, so that when the missionary speaks of sin or holiness, they may understand that which he does not mean, yet he can by explanation and example make the Christian idea of these abstract terms to grow around the words. Though Satan has depraved such words, he has not been able to destroy them. It is the work of the missionary, with the blessing of God, to restore to them their proper meaning, and by them to convey to the Hindus the commands and promises of the Bible.

The acquisition of an Oriental tongue is no light task. In the study of French, German, or Spanish, we enter upon languages very closely related to our own. But the languages of India have very little in common with English. It requires an inversion of all former modes of speech, pronunciation, and even of thought. If you would speak in a Tamil chan-

nel, you must also think in a Tamil channel. The young missionary must at once plunge in, not resolving never to speak till he can speak well—like the simpleton who would not enter the water until he could swim—or he never will speak at all. He must be willing to make mistakes, to be corrected, and, if needs be, laughed at, and told, as the writer has been more than once, "You had better learn our language before you come to preach to us." He must get new words every day, and use them as fast as he gets them; and he will find, month by month, that it becomes less a task and more a pleasure to make known to these poor dying heathen in their own tongue the way of forgiveness and everlasting life. An interpreter is a miserable substitute for your own tongue, and, to most men, a damper to all enthusiasm. To speak to a strange people in their own language warms and delights the speaker, while it pleases, conciliates, and attracts the hearers. Five words of love from your own lips are worth fifty from those of an interpreter.

The Tamil language has a highly-wrought grammar, is refined and accurate, and possesses a literature which it would take a lifetime to read. Though difficult of acquisition, it is

agreeable when acquired, and gives scope for eloquence and pathos in speaking or in prayer. The missionary who speaks it with ease and propriety will always command a crowd of attentive hearers. There are grammars, dictionaries, and other helps now ready for the student; all that is wanting is the response to the cry for preachers in this tongue—"Lord! here am I; send me!"

The Verandah School.

A MISSIONARY in India, at the present day, need not wait until he has fully mastered the language of the people, before commencing his labours. In almost any mission station, while engaged in study and preparation for future increased usefulness, he may, in the distribution of tracts, in schools, and in other ways, to a limited degree, make Christ known to the people. To some persons this fact has proved a snare. In their haste to enter upon immediate efforts to do good, they have neglected a proper devotion to the study of the language, the foundation of the missionary's chief work, the preaching of the gospel. A moderate amount

of such engagements, however, rather aid than injure his progress in this respect, by leading him to hear and use the language, while they relieve the weariness of continual study.

Upon taking charge of the Royapooram station, we found a small day-school for girls taught on the mission premises, and two boys' schools in neighbouring and populous parts of the city. In the care of these schools we found something to do at once, and, in our desire to instil the all-important truths of the gospel into the tender minds of the pupils, a stimulus to increased efforts to acquire the Tamil language. Our girls' school, to which the name of "Verandah school" was given from its being held on the portico of our house, was under the care of the missionary's wife. Though an humble and unpretending agency by which to benefit this heathen people, such schools must not be overlooked. They are one of the means by which the Hindus are to be raised from their degradation. The females are thus reached and influenced by the female missionary, when they could not be reached by the minister of the gospel.

Any one entering the house between the hours of eight in the morning and two, if he

did not see, would certainly hear the group of girls, some thirty in number, that occupied one end of the brick-paved verandah. All, whether seated on the floor, or standing to recite, use their lungs most faithfully, and almost without cessation. The little ones, five or six years old, dressed simply in a skirt of calico reaching to the ankles, with their jet-black hair neatly combed, sit tailor-wise on the floor, with white sand from the beach spread on the bricks before them. One of their number sits opposite to them, and with her fore-finger writes a letter of the Tamil alphabet in the sand, at the same time singing out its name in a loud monotonous chaunt. The class then take up the sound and repeat it, as they write with their fingers the same letter in the sand. The monitor, with the palm of her hand, rubs the letter out, and smoothing the sand, writes the next letter, calling out its name. The class follow, and so the lesson goes on, the girls keeping time with their voices while they form the letters with their fingers, thus learning to read and write at once. Hour after hour, the sound of

Ānă, ănă, ā-ā-ā-n-ă; ānă, ānă, (*short a,*)
Ā-vĕnă, āvĕnă; ā-ā-ā-vĕnă, āvĕnă, (*long a,*)
Eē-nă, eē-nă; eē-eē-nă, eē-nă, (*short i,*)

and so on with the other letters of the alphabet, comes ringing in your ears, mingled with the voices of the spelling-class, and those of the readers, until you wonder what these little throats are made of, that they do not wear out with the constant strain.

The teacher sits cross-legged before the girls, giving the most of his attention to the upper classes, and appointing the more forward of these to hear the little ones. The studies in schools of this grade are to a very great degree religious—much more so than in any schools in America. The pupils read and study Scripture catechisms, the Gospels, Psalms, Scripture history, and hymns, with arithmetic, a little geography, and sewing.

Among the Hindus, learning is not a female accomplishment. "Why should women read," say they? "They can boil rice, make curry, and take care of the house without reading. Moreover, if you give them learning, it will make them proud and wicked; they will not be obedient to their husbands, and we shall have no peace at home." When we point to females from Christian lands, and show them their superiority to Hindu women, they reply that learning may answer for white women, but it

does not for their wives. Poor creatures! degraded they now are truly, and degraded they must be while kept in ignorance, and treated only as if made for the pleasure and service of man. They will not have self-respect, while even their own sons are taught to revile and disobey them; and they cannot have that delicacy of sentiment, refinement, and gentleness so characteristic of the Christian female, while treated as drudges, both by husbands and sons. The power of Christianity alone can raise them from their degradation. It is the privilege of the Christian female in heathen lands to gather into Christian schools the young of her own sex, who could not be reached by the missionary if alone, and to infuse into their tender hearts the elevating, purifying, and refining principles of the gospel.

The boarding-school, which removes the child from the influence of heathen friends for a series of years, and places her constantly under the influence of the Christian teacher, affords the most favourable opportunity for training girls to ways of piety. But this involves a necessity of expense, accommodation, and teaching which cannot be incurred at every station. Yet, the day-school, though an humble, is not a useless,

effort to benefit the women of India. Certainly, no Christian could look without pleasure upon the group of girls daily collected upon the verandah at Royapooram. Gathered from the houses of the poor, and stimulated to cleanliness and neatness by little rewards, their appearance formed a pleasing contrast to that of the girls of the same class met in the streets. In their faces, too, there was a brightness, vivacity, and refinement that showed the blessing of God upon the teachings, conversation, and prayer of a Christian woman. On the Sabbath, the higher classes of girls, dressed in clean skirts and jackets, and a light white robe thrown over one shoulder and wound around the waist, with their glossy black hair neatly turned up and filled with flowers, formed a most attentive and intelligent part of the missionary's audience.

It is a matter of great regret that these girls are taken from school usually before they are twelve years old, and often are no more heard of by their teachers, as they are married at about this age. Yet the seed sown will not wholly perish; though we see not the fruit in them, it may appear in their children. We cannot doubt that God will use the truth thus

sown in the tender heart of childhood, and bless it to them and to others.

We know not how many of these little ones enter the kingdom of heaven. In many instances they give good evidence of a simple faith in Christ. In the school just described, a pleasing instance of this occurred. Two daughters of a poor woman living in a mud-walled hut near us were regular attendants at the verandah school. One of them, Sevaley by name, had been noticed by Mrs. D. as very constant in her attendance, and uncommonly gentle and mild in her demeanour. Unlike many Hindu girls, she was retiring and modest. When unkindly treated, instead of the vulgar abuse and revilings common among them, her answer was sorrow and tears. One day, while we were at dinner, little Sevaley came to us, leading a blind beggar by the hand. When we asked her what she wanted, with infantile simplicity, she put one finger on each eye, and said, "*Pitchey-kăren eiyah! erey pitchey-karen eiyah!* (*a beggar, sir! a poor beggar, sir!*") and looked at us imploringly, but without asking us to give any thing to him. He had come to her mother's house for alms; but as they were too poor to help her, Sevaley had brought

him to us. She went away with a light heart, leading him by the hand, delighted at finding her hopes realized.

We were naturally interested in the little girl, and when she was absent from school for several days through sickness, we went to see her. We found the family living in a street near us, in a little hovel with mud-walls and a thatched roof of palm-leaves. Her father was out of employment, and her mother, a coarse, complaining woman, showed us the handful of rice she had received for a day's labour. Sevaley came out of the house, looking thin and weak, but greatly pleased to see the minister and the lady. After some conversation, we left the mother, promising to aid them. We sent Sevaley little comforts from time to time by the catechist, (native preacher,) who said that "she spoke very well."

Returning one morning from the examination of a boys' school, I found little Sevaley lying upon a mat that had been spread for her on our verandah, with Mrs. D. seated beside her making her a jacket. She was now much swollen with dropsy, and very weak; she also coughed very badly. When asked whether she

read at home, and what, she answered that she did; that she read "Matthew, and Psalms, and Scripture history, and 'Spiritual Milk.'" She told us too, with much simplicity, that when sick at home she loved Christ, and often thought of him; that she was going to die, but was not afraid, because Christ died for her. How astonishing to us, the thought that this poor diseased child, now pining away, almost destitute of food and clothing, in a miserable hut on the shores of heathen India, might soon be casting a crown of gold at the feet of her Saviour God in the kingdom of glory!

It was but a few days after this that her mother came to ask us for money to bury her daughter. Little Sevaley was dead. Released from sin, sorrow, and suffering, she had gone, we trust, to that world where the inhabitant shall no more say, I am sick. Females of America! it is not in vain that Christian women dwell among the heathen! Remember your happy lot, and do what you can for the daughters of sin and sorrow in other lands. And, youthful reader, let me ask you, will this little child in the judgment rise up as a witness against you, and ask, *Why you, in this Chris-*

tian land, never forsook your sins and gave your heart to God? Unto whom much is given, of them will much be required.

Sanjuvarayan-pettah.

One of my most common walks, while at Royapooram, was to the boys' Tamil day-school at Sanjuvarayan-pettah, a suburb at some distance from the mission-house. An appointment having been made over night with the native preacher, before sunrise he was at the house ready to accompany me. Our start needed to be an early one, for a late return in the hot sun would be dangerous to health. The catechist, dressed in a long, close-fitting white robe and white muslin turban, carried in his hands a good supply of tracts, while the missionary bore, in addition to his books, a stout doubly-lined umbrella as a protection from the glare of the sun during the return walk. Leaving the well-made street of Royapooram, we struck off to the west along a sandy road. The Mohammedan families living here stared at the missionary most perseveringly, while the boys

cried "*Padré! Padré!*"* after us. At the corner of this road, by the side of a small native house, a slowly-burning rope-match hung from a tree; this showed the piety of the householder, who was laying up treasure in heaven by his benevolence on earth in furnishing a light for segar-smokers! One and another would come up, perhaps making his cheroot (a Tamil word, meaning a roll) as he walked, from the tobacco-leaf in his hand, stop, light his segar with all the gravity of a philosopher, and go puffing on his way.

We did not stop, having a different use for our mouths; but making another turn, passed a vegetable garden. Among its beds of spinage, beans, and egg-plants, stood little posts crowned with earthen pots, painted with white and black stripes. These were to protect the crop, not against thieves, but against devils and *the evil eye*. It is a popular belief that if malicious persons cast an "evil eye" on their fields, in some mysterious way the crop will be destroyed. These pots are stationed prominently among the vegetables, that such noxious glances might

* Padré, meaning *father*, is a term first borrowed from the Portuguese, and applied to priests—now to all European and American clergymen.

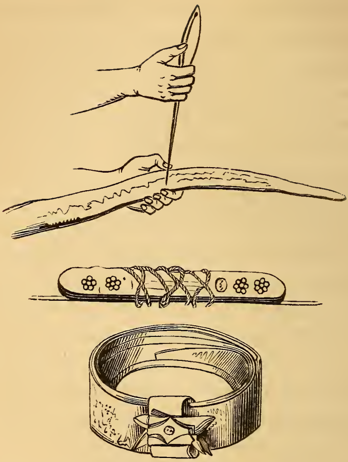
first fall upon them, and no damage come to the harvest. They are also esteemed highly efficacious in keeping off the demons, of whom the Hindus stand in constant dread.

It is not their crops alone, but life and health also are supposed to be in danger of misfortune from the glance of evil eyes. They are especially careful to guard their new-born children from such a misfortune. For this purpose a lamp is made from a paste of rice-flour, filled with oil, and lit. It is then waved in circles before the babe, and placed by its side. Visitors will naturally first look at the lamp; and the harm which might result, as they in their superstitious fear suppose, from the glance of sorcerors or evil-disposed persons, will be averted. This is but one of a thousand imaginary dangers of which the heathen inhabitants of India stand in constant dread.

But, having passed through a grove of cocoanut-trees, under which were the huts of poor toddy-drawers from the south, we now entered the street of Sanjuvarayan-pettah. The peon who stood at the police station, making a low salaam, asked for a book. One was given him, and after a little conversation, we passed on. The women stopped their brooms and tongues

to have a good look at the padré as we passed; and the monkeys grinned at us from the walls. Even the dogs knew that we were entering a territory to which we had no right, and barked at the white intruder. The boys, early as it was, were at their books in the heathen school, and the dye-men were stirring their pots, and fishing up from the blue indigo long pieces of cotton cloth. The bazaar-men were opening their stalls, and in one a shrivelled old man was showing his charity by breaking a rice cake into morsels and throwing them to the crows. This is esteemed a most meritorious act, and highly pleasing to the gods. It certainly was to the crows, who clustered around with loud caws, and caught the fragments in their bills before they reached the ground.

But here we are at the school: a boy has caught sight of us, and announced the approach of the missionary. The news produces a wonderful state of studiousness in the boys and earnestness in the teacher. The pupils roar out their lessons so as to be heard through all the neighbourhood, and the master is too busy to see us until we are within the door of the school-room. Instantly he commands silence, makes a profound salaam, and gives an account



Writing on palm leaf, a palm leaf book, and a Hindoo letter written on the palm leaf, p. 147.

of his school; the boys who are out are called in, and reasons given for the absence of others.

The classes are now called up and examined. The little ones spell and repeat their catechism, and the older classes answer to questions in Bible history, read, and recite from the higher Tamil school-books, that we may know whether they have been properly instructed. It is the custom to hold the teacher responsible, and to pay him in proportion to the amount taught the boys. The little fellows, when reciting, stand up in rows, with their arms crossed upon their naked breasts, for a cloth around their middle is their only dress; their heads are shaved except a little tuft upon the crown, which is suffered to grow long, and is a mark of Hindu nationality.

The more advanced pupils use books printed by the mission or the tract society; and the little ones have the sanded floor for primer and copy-book, writing, as in the girls' school, with their fore-finger, and reading as they write. They still, however, in many lessons, adhere to the Hindu custom of writing with an iron style or graver upon strips of palm-leaf, as in the days when Alexander the Great invaded India. The leaf of the palmyra-palm is cut into pieces

a foot or two in length, and an inch or more in width. They hold this firmly between the thumb and fingers of the left hand, and taking the sharp-pointed style in the right hand, rest it against the thumb nail of the left, which is notched for this purpose; and thus guiding it, cut the letters into the surface of the *olla* or palm-leaf. The writing is then made more plain by having powdered charcoal rubbed into the leaf.

By practice, they become so skilful that you may see men writing thus on the olla as they walk along the streets. In church they take notes of the sermon, and in business draw up accounts in this way, both neatly and rapidly.

A book is made by cutting a number of ollas to an even length and breadth, and fitting two pieces of thin board to them; it is bound by a string passing through a round hole in the boards and ollas, and wound around the whole. The covers are often carved and ornamented in accordance with Hindu notions of beauty. By loosening the string, the leaves may be separated, and the book read. When not needed, it is tied up and laid away.

The boys in this, and other schools taught only in Tamil, are generally of the poorer

classes; for it is only the desire for acquiring English that will induce those of wealth and rank to attend a Christian school and mingle with boys of inferior caste. Yet we are glad to bring the poor as well as the rich under the influence of the gospel; and although such schools are defective in many respects, they are better than nothing at all. The boys study the Scriptures and Scripture catechisms, attend church on Sunday, and come to the missionary station monthly, or oftener, to be examined. They thus acquire a knowledge of Christianity, and are prepared to understand the preaching of the gospel, as it cannot be understood by one who has been nurtured in complete heathenism. Moreover, we thus get a foothold in the centre of populous heathen districts. We hire the house, and pay the teacher; hence, all feel that it is our school. We go there when we please, and the people seldom complain, for it is now the "Padré's school." Thus the school becomes a point for preaching, without greatly alarming the prejudices of the people; and the whole cost will only be about five dollars a month, the pay of the teacher included. Imperfect as is the teaching, we feel very sure that could our Christian friends on a Sabbath

day enter the mission church, and see the rows of boys seated on the matted floor, and from the pulpit look down upon their upturned faces, they would feel as did our Saviour when he said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." We cannot believe that the seed thus sown in tender soil will all be lost.

The school-house at Sanjuvarayan-pettah is a single room with plastered brick walls, tiled roof, and earthen floor. It stands immediately on the street, and so answers well as a place for preaching during the day. Formerly evening services were held here by the missionary at the station, and the attendance was very large. Just opposite to the school, however, stands a heathen temple. As will be supposed, it was far from agreeable to the priests that hearers should be flocking into the little school-house to learn that idols were vanity, and idolatry sin. They therefore managed to have special services when the missionary preached, and made so hideous a noise with trumpets, drums, and cymbals, that not a word could be heard. I frequently addressed the people here by day, but was never troubled by the keepers of the temple. The wonder is, not that they oppose

us so much, but that they should submit so readily to the intrusion of Christians into their strongholds.

Leaving this pettah, (district,) we turned our steps toward Vanara-pettah, or Washerman-town, probably so named from having been first settled by that caste. Now, it is a large, populous, and intensely heathen district. In one portion of it the old trade is still briskly plied. A number of wells have been dug, and these are all day long surrounded by groups of washermen hard at work. Dipping the various garments in their waterpots, they swing them above their heads, and bring them down on the washing-stones with a force and rapidity that keeps up a perpetual succession of reports, rivalling a discharge of musketry. Threading the streets, we passed long trains of foot-passengers, engaged in the various callings of life—some busy, some lazy, some noisy, some quiet; but alas! all heathen, all going in one way, all living without God and without Christ. It is a sight to call forth compassion, to make the heart bleed. The harvest truly is plenteous, and the labourers are few! But while you pity the mass, you cannot but feel a measure of indignation at the disgusting tyranny and

insolence of the religious mendicants who deceive and oppress them. I cannot forget the look of sensual hardihood and brazen impudence of a Vishnuvite whom we met in this walk. He wore the usual robe of his order, and a showy turban. In one hand he bore a fan, in another a bright brass vessel for alms; around his neck was a rosary of beads. The mark of Vishnu, a stripe of yellow between two of white paint, was painted conspicuously on his forehead. And, not only on his forehead, but on his arms, throat, chest, fan, and pot also, was this emblem of his god vain-gloriously displayed. As he passed the houses, he sang from the purannas (holy books) the praises of Vishnu in a loud, insolent tone; nor would he go from one to another until something had been contributed by its inhabitants. We spoke to him; but our words only excited the most contemptuous and scornful derision. "What was religion to him! what did he care for heaven or hell! He filled his belly, and that was enough for him!" and again he commenced his Vishnuvite hymns. Miserable creature! for such there is little hope. Of a truth, "Their God is their belly!"

But let us enter the dingy room on our left; we shall see a more pleasant sight: it is our

Vanara-pettah school. A group of boys are conning their lessons. The monitor is writing on an olla-leaf, with his iron style, a lesson for a class. The teacher appears from behind one of the wooden posts which support the roof, and making a low salaam, inquires with oriental politeness after the health of "his reverence" and family. The examination of the classes was not satisfactory, and led us to think that Jair had left the school to the teaching of the monitor, while he was engaged in money-making elsewhere; but excuses abounded, as they always do in the mouth of a Hindu, and a good reason was given for every deficiency. A stranger would have noticed that one boy had his feet fastened by an iron chain to his waist. He had run away from home and played truant, and now his father had padlocked his feet to keep him at home; this is a common punishment. Another little fellow has his hair matted in long filthy locks all over his head. Why is he not shaved like the rest? His parents have made a vow to present his hair as an offering to the god at Tirupathy, and hence it is not cut or combed. At the next annual festival he will ask for leave of absence, to go and present his locks to the god in his temple.

We had yet another use for our school. The highest class was arranged near the open door for examination. Standing on the *Piol* (portico) outside, we questioned them in a catechism called "The Spiritual Lamp." This, as was intended, soon attracted a crowd of listeners around the door. By question and answer the boys were made to preach the great truths of Christianity to them, until, at a favourable point, the discourse was turned from the boys to the assembled group of men, and the worth of the soul and the way of salvation declared to them. Thus, through the school, the truth finds an entrance into the minds of those who would never come near a mission church, and that not in an obtrusive way.

Roman Catholicism in Madras.

At the close of a warm day in July, our attention was arrested by an illumination which lit up the sky at a short distance from our Royapooram residence. Flashes of brilliant flame shot up from torches and rockets, and other fireworks threw glittering globes into the

air with loud explosions. From the clangor of the Hindu music which accompanied the explosion of fireworks, I at first took it to be a heathen wedding procession. The merry ringing of the bells of the Roman Catholic church, some five minutes' walk distant, chiming in, led me to ask myself whether this could be a Christian ceremony on the Christian Sabbath? Having seen but little of the practices of the Romish Church, I was slow to believe it, and yet these sights and sounds evidently came from the compound of the Catholic church. To satisfy myself, I walked to the church. It is a large, substantial edifice, standing in the centre of an enclosure of some fifteen acres, with a belfry close by well supplied with large bells. As I drew near, the music became more noisy, and the light more brilliant; and when the gate of the outer wall was reached, all doubt as to the scene of these sights and sounds was dispelled. It was a religious service of the church which proclaims itself in India, as well as in other lands, the only true church of Christ, the only channel of salvation.

Entering the gate, I found myself in a throng of Roman Catholics, Mohammedans, and heathen, who were gazing at the passing procession.

First came a band of native musicians, making horrible discord with tomtoms, (Hindu drums,) pipes, and other instruments; next a wooden figure, two feet in height, with wings, borne on mens' shoulders,—this represented an angel, and was preceded and accompanied by flaming Roman candles;—next came a canopy glittering with tinsel, glass, and gilding containing a male image of the same size, (the common size of the idols borne about in their processions by the heathen of India,) but this was not Krishna or Ganesha—it was St. Peter. This canopy, which was also borne on mens' shoulders, was modelled precisely after those on which the idols of India are paraded by the Hindus. Next came the great centre of attraction, a pyramidal structure with a female image, adorned, according to Hindu ideas, with great splendour: this was Mary, the mother of Christ. Two men with fans attended, one on either side, waving their fans to cool the idol, as it advanced amid the glitter, hiss, and flash of fireworks; and immediately after it walked a European priest, chanting prayers to the saints. With him followed a choir of young men with violins, and boys singing over and over again, "*Ora pro nobis*," (pray for us,) adding each time the name

of a different saint. Thus they made the circuit of the grounds and advanced to the church, when, with a burst of glittering wheels and fireballs, the saints turned off, while the priest, and the multitude, entering the church, fell down before a female image clothed in red, and bearing an infant in her arms.

My heart sank within me and my soul turned sick at the thought that this gross idolatry, differing in nothing but in title from the idolatry of the heathen around us, was done in the name of Christ; and that for three hundred years this had been set before the Hindus as the religion of Jesus Christ and of that God who has said, "Thou shalt not *make* unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not *bow down* thyself unto them nor serve them; for I, Jehovah thy God, *am a jealous God*, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me, and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments."*

* The writer would gladly pass by these sad and painful facts. But he would be false to his duty to truth

A few weeks after this, my attention was called to the church by the erection of lofty canopies or sheds, supported each by four posts wound around with white and coloured cotton-cloth, placed in the streets which adjoin the church-compound. The flag of St. Anthony was unfurled from a high flag-staff; and at sun-down, the noise of music and the reports of firearms announced the commencement of the services. At eight o'clock, I walked to the church, and found the workmen still busily at work upon the canopies erected in the street. The ceilings and pillars were wrapped in cloth, and from them hung lanterns, moons, stars, and angels, while the ground was strewed with flowers. The church was brilliantly illuminated with lamps, and the altars glittered with wax candles. On the floor many natives and East Indians were bowed before an image placed at the opposite end of the building; it was a full-length representation of our Saviour upon the cross; the blood was represented as streaming from his head upon his breast, and trickling

and religion, did he not bear witness against the fearful and degrading idolatry in India of that church, by which Christianity is misrepresented before the heathen, and multitudes deceived to their eternal ruin.

from his hands and feet. On each side stood a tall female figure clothed in black, in an attitude of wo. As the words of the second commandment involuntarily flashed across my mind, two church officials bowed before this graven image and passed on. Near the door was stationed a band with drums and fifes, and farther off natives were beating their tomtoms.

At the other extremity of the compound, a crowd was assembled before the residence of the priests. They were preparing for the procession, overlooked by two European priests who stood in the verandah of the house. Several images, brilliantly but tawdrily decorated, were placed upon pyramidal forms. The most conspicuous was the figure of a monk, holding a book in his left hand, on which a child was seated. The platform on which he was placed and the umbrella over his head were completely covered with flowers. A native woman was explaining the figures to a man, whether heathen or Christian I know not. I asked her who the images were. "This," she replied, pointing to the monk, "is San Antonio, and the one in his hand is the Lord. Yes, that very one is the Lord." Upon this the man made a worshipful obeisance. On being asked why the

festival was kept, the old woman told us that the cholera was among them, but that if these images were taken outside and carried round the church, the cholera would go away, and all would get well. Two intelligent heathen lads, standing by, asked me what god this was. On my replying that it was no god, but an idol, that this was not Christianity, for our Scriptures commanded us to make no graven images—the older of the lads said to me in English, "Do not speak so! Many evil men flock to this place. Do not speak so in this place!" But now, with the noise, confusion, and wrangling seen in every Hindu crowd, where everybody directs everybody else, the images were raised on the bearers' shoulders, and moved off in procession. It was much as in the former case—fireworks, music, the angel, Peter, the Virgin Mary, closing with the chief actor, St. Anthony, followed by crosses and banners, the priests and choir-singers.

Scarcely a month or week passed without some such idolatrous scenes being enacted in the Romish church of Royapooram, under the eye and with the countenance of European priests. The identity of their practices with those of the heathen is so complete, that we

felt no hesitation in telling them that they differed very little from the heathen around them. The fact is so palpable, that it cannot be denied; nor do I remember to have seen a Roman Catholic at all resent the charge. They have answered, "We do not worship the image, but the person represented by the image;" "But," say the heathen, "neither do we: we are not fools, to pray to a stone." They sometimes attack us as heretics, when preaching to the heathen; but the reading of the second commandment (especially from the Latin vulgate) to the audience is sufficient to overthrow their claim to the assumed title of "*Sattya-veda-karer*," or true Bible men.

The difference between the Roman Catholics and the heathen Hindus is so small, that both are alike considered idolaters by the Mohammedans; while many Hindus, knowing no other Christianity than this, look upon all Christians as worshippers of wood and stone. They see but little difference between their own worship and that of Roman Catholics, except the change of names in the objects of worship. Hinduism finds almost a full reflection of its own customs in the religious observances, rites, and ceremonies of the members of the Roman Catholic

church who live beside them. Have the heathen lamps burning before their images, with the ringing of bells and wavings of censers? so have they. Have the heathen their holy places, their pilgrimages, their miracle-working shrines? so have they. Have the heathen their processions, images, music, fireworks, fans, holidays? so have they. Have the heathen hosts of inferior gods? the Roman Catholics have their saints. And as in Hinduism inferior deities have crowded out the worship of the Supreme Being, so in Roman Catholicism the Virgin and the saints have eclipsed the only true God and the only Mediator, Jesus Christ. When crossing the surf in a Massulah boat one day, a Roman Catholic asked me, "which we ought to worship, the Father or the mother?" adding, "We worship the mother."

In a little work on the "Identity of Heathenism and Popery," by a Hindu Christian, the close relationship of the two systems in one respect is illustrated by the following story: "In a certain town, a Hindu and a Roman Catholic, getting into a dispute, began to revile each the other's gods. The abuse ran high on both sides; and upon the Hindu's sneering at the other's St. Anthony as being only a *tamby*,

or younger brother, of his god Ganesha, the exasperated Catholic commenced more forcible arguments, and the debate turned into a fight. They were carried before a magistrate, who, hearing the story of the Catholic, demanded of the Hindu why he had thus insulted the Catholic saint. In his defence, he replied, that on a certain occasion the Hindus, wishing a new image of their god, had gone to the carpenter to contract with him for the job. Finding that he had a fine solid piece of timber, they engaged him to make them an image from it. Shortly after, the Roman Catholics, wishing a new image of St. Anthony, went to the same artificer and made similar inquiries. Thereupon, the carpenter brought out the remaining half of the same log for their inspection, and, as it was satisfactory, carved for them from it a new St. Anthony; 'And now,' concluded the defendant, 'will not your highness admit that I was right in saying that their god was younger brother to our god Ganesha?'"

For a Hindu to become a Roman Catholic involves no great change. He may keep his worship of visible, tangible idols, his processions, his feasts, his theatrical plays, only substituting Christ, Pilate, Herod, and Judas for

the old heroes of Indian story; and, above all, he may retain his caste. To become a Christian, he must renounce all these. So great is the passion of the people for an external religion, that of a truth unto them "Strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." The priest Bartolomeo remarks, that "The native Christians (*i. e.* Roman Catholics) are fond of the images of the saints, processions, and in general of the ceremonies of the Catholic Church; and, as the Protestants lack all these things, it may naturally be conceived that their simple religion can have very few attractions for the Indians." Yet, blessed be God! this "simple religion" of Jesus Christ, so unattractive to the natural man, debased by idolatry and sin, is to fill the earth, for God has given to him the heathen for an inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for a possession. Even the Roman Catholics of India have in many places turned from these vanities, cast down their idols, and are now serving the living God.

Street-Preaching.

The Hindus will not come to the missionary; he must go to them. Caste keeps them out of our houses, and superstition makes them fear our churches. If we desire to preach the truth to the thousands who dwell in city, town, and village, we must go forth from house and church into the highways and byways of the land. In the streets of the city, and under the pepul-tree of the village, multitudes will give him a ready hearing. He may go almost anywhere, if he be courteous and discreet, and address the people on the way of salvation. He may take his stand at the street-corner, or in front of the village temple, in the rest-house, or before the school-house door, in a portico, or on a shop-step, and preach to those who will soon cluster around him.

Street-preaching in a great city like Madras is far from being a romantic work. In place of the simplicity and deference of a country population, they are noted for keenness, boldness, and vice. Spirituous liquors, now sold at almost every corner under the auspices of a

Christian government, often add to the missionary's difficulties. From the arrack and toddy-shops come half or wholly drunken men, to interrupt his discourse with obscenity and abuse, so as sometimes entirely to break up his audience. Yet, even in Madras, the audiences are generally well-behaved and attentive. When it is remembered that the missionary comes as a foreigner, to tell them that their gods are no gods, and their religion a fable, that they must turn from the sinful ways of their fathers, and be saved by One in whom they do not believe, it will be no cause of wonder that the depravity of their hearts should at times rise in anger against the preacher, and lead them to acts of violence. Their violence rarely goes farther than the hurling of dirt and dust, more rarely of stones, at the bearer of these unwelcome truths.

Of late years, the organization of a regular anti-Christian society has increased the blasphemy of the Hindus in the Madras presidency. This society has published tracts filled with misrepresentation of the Scriptures and with low abuse of missionaries; it also hired men to go through the Tamil country, preaching and scattering books intended to arrest the progress

of Christianity, and as they said, to make "the padrés soon retreat from the country." As a specimen of the style of argument employed, we may give a paragraph or two from "*The Dawn of True Wisdom*," written by their poet and editor, Kathirvelan:—"Luther, in order to fill his stomach of a span long, gratify his lust, give vent to his indecent rage, and indulge in drunkenness of stinking liquor, fabricated a book, called it the Bible, and sent it abroad into the world. Through revenge it was that the vile sinner sent it abroad into the world. In order to cast a great number of people into hell, he gave them a new religion, and threw a stumbling-block in the way of wise men of many sects. It is a religion full of ten millions of devils, a religion which makes many people catch many more; a religion which destroys the inhabitants of the world. If, my friends, you fall into this religion of the Christians, who have already proved the ruin of their own families, you will surely have to roam about with a beggar's hand and cup. If you fix and detain the Triune and Eternal one, who is called Vishnu, Brahma, and Siva, in a post, a water-jar, or an image, and believe with all the affection of your heart that the idol itself is very God, you will

obtain a clear perception of the heavenly Being. They who, with tumultuous noise, deride the idol, are a stupid race. Forsake these hellish padrés, (missionaries,) and follow the six sects. (of Hinduism.) Attack and drive from you the mouthings of these vagabonds. If the padrés come to seduce you to your entire ruin, regard them as so many crocodiles which seize and devour men, and keep aloof from them."

At the instigation of the emissaries of this society, heathenism made an effort to rally its strength to resist the preaching of the gospel; but in a short time the enthusiasm of the friends of idolatry was exhausted; the society became insolvent, the poet a drunkard, and a Brahmin, who had been one of their hired opposers of the truth, came to me, asking for employment in a mission-school. He was willing to teach Christianity for three dollars a month; but failing in that, he for awhile resumed his old trade, and preached against Christ over against the place in which one of our missionaries* daily preached the way of salvation by Christ.

The heart of the missionary will shrink at times from the thought of going forth into the

* The devoted Dr. Scudder, since deceased.

street to meet such blasphemy, and from pressing upon these hardened idolaters a salvation at which they will scoff; but in this way only can he reach the present adult population. It is a duty from which he cannot draw back; and though he may go forth with shrinkings, he returns rejoicing that he has borne witness for Christ before the heathen, and made known to them the way of life.

At first, this is doubly trying; for the beginner knows that an imperfect knowledge of the language will lay him open to attack and ridicule, and may injure the cause he advocates. And yet the beginning must be made, or the work be left undone. Sallying forth at sunrise, tracts in hand, about the time of my first going out to meet the idolater and heathen on his own ground, I stopped at a street corner, and soon had an audience. My topic was heavenly bliss, and the way to attain it. I spoke of man's sinfulness, his consequent unfitness for heaven, and the worthlessness of good works as a means of atoning for sin. Attracted by the sight as they passed along the street, one and another added himself to the crowd, and all listened attentively. I tried to make Christ known to them as the Saviour who had provided

a way by which voyagers sinking in the sea of sin might reach the heavenly shore. As I told them of his incarnation and his works, his atonement, and the hand outstretched to save the lost, an aged man in the crowd, who knew something of Christianity, took up my discourse and carried it on for me—"Yes! yes! the Lord, becoming man, suffered and died for us. He is now glorious in heaven; he can never die. He suffered for our sins; he atoned for all sins—they are all wiped out; he is the Saviour, we are saved, our sins are gone: I need not be anxious: you need not be anxious. What then do you come here and talk for?" Confessing that my imperfect Tamil did not do justice to the theme, I said that on so great, so vital a matter as that of salvation, I could not be silent; that as far as I was able, I must speak. Answering his question, I again spoke of the deliverance brought by Christ; it was to tell of this that I had come to them; that this was not my country, it was far distant; why then should I leave my native land and my father's house? "Yes, why did you leave your father's house?" broke in one of the company, in an insolent tone. "I will tell you," I replied." "No! I can tell," he again broke in. "Do you not

get paid for it? Have you no wages? You came to get money, to have a house, and wife, and children! How old are you? Whence did you come, that you set yourself up to teach us? You do not know how to speak. You have a church; go there and preach!" Then brandishing his fingers insultingly and threateningly within an inch of my face—

"Get out of this street! What are you doing here! Go! go! Be off!"

Though this torrent of abuse, with the laughter of the crowd, was far from inviting, I waited, yet with a tingling face, until he became tired and went away. Then again briefly addressing the people, and distributing some tracts, I turned homeward. Every such encounter adds to the experience of the missionary, and prepares him for future labours. He learns to avoid offence and to anticipate objection, and also the best modes of meeting the arguments they advance. He learns to feel his own helplessness, and to go to God in prayer that his great name may be vindicated and glorified, and that hard hearts may be softened by the Spirit of grace.

The too common notion, that "Any one is good enough to preach to the heathen," that

any well-meaning pious man, especially if he be rough and driving, is qualified for the missionary work, is a most mistaken one. If there is a place where the preacher needs to be keen in intellect, ready in wit, apt in study, versatile in debate, it is India. Though not learned in the studies of the West, the Hindus are far from being the stupid creatures many imagine them to be. Though the labouring classes in the country are often dull, the people, as a body, and the higher orders especially, have minds of great subtilty and acuteness. When they engage with you in debate, they give you no reason to wish your mental powers less. On the contrary, the missionary needs all the wisdom and skill he possesses to avoid being entrapped and put to shame before the people. At times he is forced to lift up to God a silent prayer for an answer wherewith to silence the blasphemies of these Goliaths of Hindu idolatry.

The early morning and the afternoon toward sunset are the times given to out-door preaching; at other hours it would be unsafe to be exposed to the tropical sun of India. Going forth with your books, you can choose your ground, and take for your text any passing

scene or familiar occurrence. You go to the bazaar and enter into conversation with a shopkeeper, turning it upon the interests of the soul when a little company has gathered around you; or, sitting down upon a verandah, you discourse upon your theme, which is in this land always a proper one; or, going out in a bandy, (carriage,) you draw up by the wayside, and calling a passing traveller to you, make him a nucleus around which your congregation will cluster.

It is a bright, balmy morning in January, and the air fans your cheek with a soft, refreshing coolness as you leave your compound. Women, with their robes thrown lightly about them are passing, bearing baskets of vegetables to the market; and men are going to their ablutions on the shore, or to their business. The funeral-pile, where last night a body was burned, now smoulders, and sends up a thin cloud of smoke, while a solitary female watches the spot where some brother or son is returning to ashes. Brahmins, elegant and dainty, pass with their brazen pots to the well, for they cannot use water drawn by any of lower caste; and the buffaloes saunter lazily along to the tank to bathe their ungainly slate-coloured

forms. You reach a favourable spot, and take your stand on some slight elevation—a house-step, a plank, or a block of wood or stone. The passing throng stops to hear what the padré has to say. Some rude fellows try to make sport; but the respectable old gentleman with the big turban and white robe bids them be silent, or go about their business. The cooly, with a load on his head and the drops of perspiration standing on his brow, and the scholar with his books under his arm, the shop-keeper, the mechanic, and even a Brahmin or two, stop to listen to your discourse. Your theme is the folly of idolatry; you expose its absurdity and impiety, you deride the senseless block in the temple just before you, and ask them why immortal, soul-possessing men should bow down to a soulless, senseless, tongueless idol. The cooly grins; the carpenter nods approbation. "Why, indeed!" says the bazaar-man; "this is the iron age." "It is our folly," exclaims the scholar.

"But," asks the stout, oily Brahmin at your right, "do you not believe that God is everywhere?"

"Certainly."

"Then, if he is everywhere, is he not in the

idol? and if he is in the idol, shall we not worship him as in the idol? It is not the idol, but God in the idol, that we worship."

The poor cooly did not before know how philosophic a thing idolatry was, and nods his approbation; so do others. This logic, however, does not satisfy you. You remark that if, because God is everywhere, he is to be worshipped as in the idol, for the same reason they must worship every stone in the street, every tree in the tope, (grove,) every dog in the street, and even the polluted leather shoes to which they would not touch a finger. Moreover, if God be everywhere, and hence in the idol, why is it that you, my Lord Brahmin, must be called, after the image has been made, to bring the god into it with your *Prana Prathishta?** Truly it is a waste of money to pay you for thus getting the god in, when he is already there."

The cooly and his fellows smile again at this cut at the Brahmin. He, however, is in no wise disconcerted. "Ah!" says he, "you are labouring under the mistaken idea that we worship the stone. Are we fools? Do we not

* Prayer by which the divine beings are brought into the images.

know that stone is stone, and God is God? Idiots may worship blocks—we do not. But where is God? Will you show him to us? Who can see him? How, then, shall the unthinking mob, the untaught, grovelling mass, worship him whom they see not? The idea of an unseen, intangible God is too abstract for them; they cannot grasp it. Devotion will die unless we give the vulgar mind something actual on which to rest. Therefore we give them idols. The mind is concentrated on this, and thence ascends to God."

"And how, pray, is the worshipper to get an idea of God by staring at such a thing as that?" you rejoin, pointing to Ganesha, with his gross body, and head black with oily libations. "Will you fill your eyes with dirt, that you may see the glorious sun? Has God, the creator of all worlds, the Eternal and Infinite One, an elephant's head and such a misshapen body as that? Who has ascended on high and studied his untold glories to paint his picture or carve his likeness? Hear a tale. In a city of the South lived a kummarlen, (artisan,) a man of wonderful skill in carving images; whether it were wood or silver, stone or brass, he cared not. The land was filled with the

fame of his skill. One day a missionary sent for the image-maker. He came. Said the padré to the kummarlen, 'I have a job for you; I want you to grave me an image.' 'Let the gentleman give his order, and it shall be done,' said the kummarlen. 'Not now,' replied the padré; 'I will call you when I am ready.' The next time the missionary met him, he asked, 'Can you carve me the image of which I spoke?' 'Only let master tell what is to be carved, and it shall be done,' answered the man. 'But,' said the padré, 'it must be like the original; if it is, you shall be well paid; you shall have a hundred rupees, if you wish it.' 'Never fear! cried the kummarlen; 'it shall be done.' 'Very good!' answered the missionary; 'just carve for me an image of my immortal soul, and bring it to me.' '*Arda-appah!*' exclaimed the man, clapping his hand upon his mouth in astonishment—'*Arda-appah!* your soul! how can I do that?' and turning, he was soon out of sight.

"And now," you continue, "casting a searching glance around the attentive crowd, "if you cannot make a likeness of the soul of a poor pitiful worm, yesterday born, to-morrow gone, how, how will you make a likeness of the

infinitely glorious, the eternally omnipotent Lord God, the Creator of all things, whom no man can see and live!"

"True! true! This is the iron age. But thus our fathers did before us. It is custom. Your religion is good for you—ours is good for us. There are many roads leading to one city; there are many paths to the heavenly shore."

The Hindu now is in his stronghold; *custom*, the custom of their fathers, is to them immutable law; but from this you drive him, and force him to acknowledge that the example of his ancestors is no excuse for wrong-doing, and then you seek to make him feel the weight of sin, that he may turn to Christ as a Saviour of sinners. But this is of all things the most unpalatable to the depraved heart of man. Ridicule their idols, and they will laugh with you; lash the Brahmins, and they are delighted; tell them that there is but one true God, and they agree with you; but bid them receive the Lord Jesus Christ as their Saviour and king, and they turn from him with anger and blasphemy. Salvation, not by good works, but by the confession of vileness, with faith in Christ, is offensive to the carnal heart. By the Spirit of God only can depraved men in India

be brought to submit themselves to the righteousness of Christ, that they may become new creatures.

An account of a conversation of a missionary in Bengal with a Brahmin, whom he fell in with while preaching, gives a good idea of their mode of argumentation, and also of the importance of understanding their belief, that we may not be put to silence by them.

The missionary, in answer to the question, "What do you preach here?" replied, "We teach the knowledge of the true God." "Who is he? I am God," said the Hindu.

The missionary thought it would be an easy matter to confute him, but he soon discovered his mistake. "This is very extraordinary," said he; "are you the Almighty?"

"No," he replied: "had I created the sun I should be almighty; but that I have not done."

"How can you pretend to be God, if you are not almighty?"

"This question shows your ignorance. What do you see here?" said the Brahmin, pointing to the Ganges.

"Water."

"And what is in this vessel?" at the same time pouring out a little into a cup.

"This is water, likewise."

"What is the difference between this water and the Ganges?"

"There is none," replied the missionary.

"Oh! I see a great difference; that water carries ships, this does not; God is almighty; I am only a part of the Godhead, and therefore I am not almighty; and yet I am God, just as these drops in the cup are real water."

"According to your teaching," said the missionary, "God is divided into many thousand portions; one is in me, another in you."

"Oh!" said the Brahmin, "this remark is owing to your ignorance. How many suns do you see in the sky?"

"Only one."

"But if you fill a thousand vessels, what do you see in each?"

"The image of the sun."

"But if you see the image of the sun in so many thousand vessels, does it prove that there are a thousand suns in the firmament! No; there is only one sun in the heavens, and it is reflected a thousand times in the water. So likewise there is but one God, and his image and brightness are reflected in every human being."

The missionary, instead of trying to point out the falsity of the comparison, wished to touch his conscience. "God," he continued, "is holy; are you holy?"

"I am not," replied the Brahmin, "I am doing many things that are wrong, and that I know to be wrong."

"How, then, can you say that you are God?"

"Oh!" said the Hindu, "I see that you need a little more intellect to be put into your head before you can argue with us. God is fire—fire is the purest element in creation; but if you throw dirt upon it, a bad odour will arise; this is not the fault of the fire, but of that which is thrown upon it. Thus God in me is perfectly pure, but he is surrounded by matter, (that is, by the material, corporeal body;) he does not desire sin, he hates it; the sin arises from matter."

It is often a shorter and surer way to answer these sophistical pantheists and transcendentalists with ridicule. To argue with them is an endless undertaking; a good-humoured cut at their pretensions is far more efficacious; and if it be a fair hit, will secure to yourself a hearing and the sympathy of the audience. Thus a missionary, when preaching, was met by a

Brahmin with this same assertion that he was God. The missionary, too wise to enter upon an argument to prove that he was not God, thrust his hand into his pocket and then asked him, since he was God, how many fingers there were on his hand. "Ah! that is nothing," answered the Brahmin; "every man has five fingers on his hand." "Confess now," said the missionary, "that thou knowest nothing, and therefore art not God; for on my hand I have not five fingers, but only four fingers and a half!" He then drew from his pocket his hand and showed it to the people, with part of one finger cut off. The poor Brahmin was compelled to retreat amid the derision of the crowd.

To the weary labourer, street-preaching often seems like water spilled upon a rock. At times, cast down by the grovelling spirit of the people, or pained by the blasphemy he is constrained to hear, he is ready to cry out, "Who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed!" At other times he finds it a delightful duty to make known Christ and his salvation to listening multitudes, and to feel that these glorious truths are entering intelligent minds. Yet, whether they will hear, or

whether they will forbear, he goes forward in his work, resting upon the precious promises of God, that his word shall not return unto him void. The false belief of the Hindus is undermined by degrees; and here and there a word fitly spoken, or a tract given, is made the means of leading some precious soul to the cross, or of raising up a preacher of the gospel to labour among his countrymen. BLESSED ARE THEY THAT SOW BESIDE ALL WATERS!

Black-town.

THE Black-town of Madras is not, as friends at home seemed by their dread of it to suppose, the Black-hole of Calcutta, but the walled part of the city, and takes its name from the fact of its having been the residence of the natives when the English lived within the walls of the fort.

It is, in fact, a city in itself, surrounded on three sides by a fortified wall, (the fourth being commanded by the batteries of the fort,) and contains some two hundred thousand inhabitants. The great mass of these inhabitants are

Hindus; but, on two or three streets next the seaside are the dwellings of Portuguese, Armenian, and East Indian (or half-caste) families. Upon the beach are the offices of merchants, the court-house, custom-house, and other large and imposing buildings. A large Armenian church gives its name to a street running parallel with the beach; and in this street we had for a time a very comfortable dwelling-place.

The streets of the Black-town are regular, commonly crossing each other at right angles. They are wide enough for the wants of the community, and some of them well-built. Most of them, however, would have a mean appearance to one from a more enlightened land, (as the houses are ordinarily but one story in height,) did not their completely Oriental and Indian look give them an air of pleasing novelty and romance.

One of the main streets, known as Popham's Broadway, is semi-European in its appearance, as the houses, though built partly in Indian style, are used as shops, and residences by Englishmen and East Indians. Some of them are large establishments, with valuable assortments of European and Asiatic goods; and their doorways are thronged every afternoon

with the carriages of ladies enjoying the female luxury of shopping. The English Church Missionary Society, and the Wesleyan Missionary Society, have each a neat chapel on this street. On the next street is the "Davidson Street Chapel" of the London Missionary Society, of which Henry Martyn, on his first Sabbath in India, writes: "Went to Black-town, to Mr. Loveless's chapel. I sat in the air at the door, enjoying the blessed sound of the gospel on an Indian shore, and joining with much comfort in the song of divine praise. This is my first Sabbath in India. May all the time I pass in it be a Sabbath of heavenly rest and blessedness to my soul!" These chapels are provided with comfortable rattan settees, lamps for cocoanut-oil in Indian shades, and punkahs (large swinging-fans) kept in motion during the services by men stationed outside of the doors. These, with the brilliant white of the chunam plastering, strike the stranger's eye, but soon are so familiar as to be unnoticed. The preaching at these places is mostly in English, to English-speaking congregations; during a part of the day, however, they are used for services in Tamil.

Hard by the Davidson Street Chapel stands

the American mission-press, where more than a hundred Hindu compositors, type-casters, binders, and pressmen are constantly engaged, under the superintendence of a missionary printer, in all the varied departments of book-making, from the cutting of dies and casting of types to the binding of the printed volume. Hundreds of thousands of pages in Tamil, Telugu, Sanscrit, and Hindustani, issue every year from this press to carry the truth into thousands of Hindu families. The street-preacher, who can have the ear of the idolater from a distant province for but a few moments, is thus enabled to put into his hand a portion of the Scriptures or a religious book, which will be read in the quietness of his native village, and deepen the impression which the words of the missionary may have made. The aid of the press is invaluable in such a work.

Immediately in front of the press is the public market. Here the scene changes. While, within, the printers are with nimble fingers distributing the types in entire silence, the street without is a scene of confusion and Babel-like hubbub. The racket and noise of men, women, and children are aided by the cawing of innumerable crows, and the shrill cries of the hosts of

kites who hover in the air, watching for an opportunity to secure their fair proportion of the articles exposed for sale. If scraps of meat are thrown in the air, the kites, swooping down, catch them in their bills; and should they miss them, the crows will not. One is reminded of the chief baker's dream, in which he thought he had three baskets on his head,—"and in the uppermost basket all manner of bakemeats for Pharoah, and the birds did eat them out of my basket upon my head,"—when he sees the kites darting down upon the meat carried on coolies' heads through the streets of Madras, and carrying off a portion when it is not well secured.

A visit to the beach, at Madras, never failed to excite my admiration and interest. A hard, red road runs parallel with the open sea, and just above the sandy beach on which the waves are ceaselessly breaking. No one, with the least susceptibility to impressions of beauty and grandeur in the works of God, could fail to look with delight upon the endless succession of billows that rolling onward from the horizon of waters, swell, comb, and burst in green sheets, to form again and roll onward still, again to burst and again to advance, till they dash with a hoarse thunder on the sparkling

sand at your feet. But it is not inanimate nature alone that catches your eye. The beach is all life, bustle, and business. Fat accountants, with white turbans and flowing robes, ear-rings and finger-rings, are giving domineering commands to poor coolies. Boats are being unloaded, logs of mahogany and bags of grain carried to storehouses, and conveyances passing to and fro upon the road. The peons, with their belts and canes, are swaggering among the concourse to preserve order, and guard against smuggling. The water scenes, however, have a more lively interest. Here are three men launching a catamaran. The heavy raft of logs is dragged, first one end being carried forward, then the other, until it reaches the water's edge. A wave runs up the beach, and almost floats it; another comes, and the men, thrusting it forward, leap upon it. But quick as thought, another furious breaker is upon them, and hurls catamaran and men upon the beach. They wait their opportunity, and now, with better success, they push out again into the surf; the first wave is passed, and the second is upon them. You think they must be washed off; but no! it rolls over them, and plying their flat paddles vigorously, they reach

the third line of breakers, push through it, and are beyond the surf. One of the three, fearless of sharks, leaps into the water, mounts a billow, and rides on its foaming crest toward the shore; another and another bear him onward, and he lands, sparkling with brine. As his clothes are but a strip of cloth of the size of a pocket-handkerchief, he has no need of a change, and is ready to go to work again. The masullah boats, which ply between ship and shore when the sea is not too violent, carrying goods and passengers, pass through the surf more cautiously, as an upset would be a more serious matter to them and their freight than to the fisherman or his catamaran.

The surf, almost always grand and beautiful, becomes terrific when driven before the fierce gales of the north-west monsoon, and then breaks with a violence that forbids intercourse between ship and shore. When such gales are betokened by the barometer, a signal is hoisted at the flag-staff for all ships to weigh anchor, or slip their cables and put to sea. Sometimes, however, the warning comes too late, and the vessels are driven upon the shore. I have seen the wrecks of two ships and fifteen native vessels strewn at one time upon the

beach, all lost within two or three hours. In some cases almost whole crews perish within a stone's throw of those who, standing upon the shore, see all, and yet can give no assistance.

Leaving the beach and taking a drive through the purely native parts of the city, you feel somewhat troubled by the fact that, as there are no sidewalks, every one is walking in the middle of the street. It seems quite impossible to make any progress without running over some of the easy, careless, heedless men, women, or children who throng the way. Your horse-keeper, however, with his shrill cry of "Hey! hey!" gives warning of your approach, and they side off toward the houses. Occasionally, he leaves his hold upon the buggy, and running before, clears a way for you through the thick groups of pedestrians. The *cavady-man*, with his two earthen water-pots balanced from a bamboo pole upon his shoulder, is on the look-out for you, lest his *paneys* (water-jars) should suffer by a collision. But there is a poor woman, so intent on gathering cow-dung, (to be mixed with chaff and dried for fuel,) that she does not hear the horse-keeper's outcries. You are just upon her, when he nimbly leaps forward and gives her a helping hand, and a hint

Cavady-man with water-pots. p. 190.

to take care of herself the next time, or she will be run over. A palankeen meets you, with a native merchant stretched on his broad back in conscious grandeur, the bearers dolorously grunting, and shining with perspiration: "Varndy! varndy!" (carriage! carriage!) they cry, and veering off, shove the walkers against the wall.

The houses, usually one story in height, have neat little verandahs in front, sometimes painted red or with white and red stripes, and are adorned with rude paintings by Hindu artists. Tigers, soldiers, gods, and other objects are represented in flaming colours upon the front walls. A favourite representation is that of their god Krishna in the top of a tree, with the garments of a number of women, with which he had run off while they were bathing. This gives a fair idea of the character of the gods of the Hindus; they are mere men, with some increase of power and wickedness.

If it be about dusk, you will meet all the cows belonging to the street returning from the pasture to which they were driven in the morning. Each cow, when she reaches her master's house, leaves the herd, ascends the steps, and enters the front door, as if quite at home. This

is the way to the central court in which she is stabled.

Here and there, either in the middle of the street or at one side, you see wells dug for public use. These wells are usually circular, and protected by a wall two or three feet in height, and surrounded by a plastered chunam floor, where, as in our illustration, a bath can be had by pots of water being poured over the head. At these wells, no rope, bucket, or windlass is in readiness, so that each must bring his or her water-pot and rope. The water is drawn by lowering the earthen or brazen vessel, the drawer standing beside the well, or, to avoid the risk of striking the fragile *chatty* against its side, standing with one foot on the well-wall, and the other on a plank, laid across it for this purpose. Women may at all times be seen clustered about these wells, chatting, laughing, and gossipping, each with her water-jar and a cord suited to the depth of the well. One is forcibly reminded by these scenes of the reply of the woman of Samaria to our Lord, when, weary and wayworn, he sat down at noon beside Jacob's well, and told her of living water that he would give: "Sir, thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is deep."

Hindu women at a well, p. 192.

The male figure in the engraving represents a pakkali or water-man, with his bullock loaded with a skin-bottle of water. His own "loins are girded" for active labour. His leathern bucket hangs across the bullock's back.

Although the city has no great temples, it has a large number of small ones. On a single street, through which we constantly passed, there are thirteen temples, each with its attendants and its idol-god. As you pass and look in, you see a hideous, oily, black stone, cut in the shape of a human figure, or of some imaginary monstrosity, wrapped in muslins and silks, adorned with paint and jewels, and surrounded, in his windowless recess, by lighted lamps. If it is the elephant-headed Ganesha, the god of wisdom, you will often see arranged before it a group of boys from four to fourteen years of age. These are scholars, come upon their examination-day or on some festival, to make offerings and sing praises to this poor thing, —the patron of learning. Some of the temples will be closed. At others, the *puja*, or worship, will be in performance by the priest, who lights his lamps, tinkles his bell, burns his incense, offers his flowers and cocoanuts before the idol, mumbles his prayers, and makes his

genuflexions, with the business air of a man who has something to do and is getting through it as fast as he can. The idea of the offering of love, thanksgiving, and heart-service is a stranger to his mind. His only thought is of certain ceremonies which are in themselves pleasing to the god, without any regard to the holiness or unholiness of the worshipper. It is a religion, not of life and heart, but of forms and ceremonies: to god, how utterly worthless! for man, how completely unavailing!

With such notions of the worship that is acceptable to the gods, the commands of the Bible sound strangely to the Hindu. When told that God is a Spirit, almighty but invisible, he asks, "Do you pretend to say that we are to worship God?" When you answer that you do, he triumphantly exclaims, "Here is a man who says God is invisible and intangible, and yet that he is to be worshipped! How can you put flowers before him? How can you wash and paint him, if he is an invisible Spirit?" His idea of worship is to *do puja*, (worship;) that is, offer incense, flowers, and sacrifices, to adorn with paint and shawls, to wash and carry abroad, &c. He conceives, therefore, that to speak of worshipping an invisible being is absurd.

There is one thing, at least, which somewhat startles the new-comer to Southern India, with his Anglo-Saxon notions as to cleanliness and utility; and that is the estimation in which *sharney* (in plain English, cow-dung) is held by the people. A substance almost unmentionable to polite ears in America is here one of the staples of life, beauty, and cleanliness. Every morning the floors of the houses and verandahs are washed with a mixture of *sharney* and water. Has your neighbour been killing a sheep? Instead of soap and sand, he cleanses his hands with *sharney*. Do you, in your Christian defilement, sit awhile upon the *piol* (portico) in front of his house? *sharney* will remove the pollution. Does he contract uncleanness in any manner? *sharney* must wash it away. Is a floor newly paved? *sharney* must be scrubbed into it, to keep out the vermin. Is a bamboo *moram* (tray) bought by the *turney-katchy* for your rice, salt, and curry stuffs? it must be well rubbed with *sharney* before it is fit for use. Does the cow get a galled side? a plaster of *sharney* will cure it. In every street you see girls and poor women gathering *sharney* into baskets; beside their houses they knead it with chopped straw or chaff, and stick it in flat cakes

against the wall to dry in the sun. Thus prepared, this useful *sharney* serves for fuel, and cartloads of such cakes are brought for sale from the country to the city. The ashes of *sharney* are holy, and are sprinkled on the verandah and rubbed on the forehead, and, by sanyasees (ascetics) and such holy men, daubed all over the face and body. But we must cease to enumerate the virtues and uses of this wonderful article, so little appreciated with us, lest the catalogue of its excellencies seems to surpass belief; to the Hindu, its praises cannot be overdone.

The bazaars or trading-streets of Madras present scenes of much life and novelty to a foreigner, more especially toward afternoon, when they are most thronged. With us, the business of the merchant is transacted within his shop; but in India the shop is a mere recess or stall open to the street. The purchaser sees the goods and wrangles over the price with the owner without leaving the common thoroughfare. Hence, the whole passage-way will be an unbroken mass of men, in all the gay colours of Oriental dress, sending up a complete Babel of discordant voices. And not only are sales carried on thus publicly, but mechanics do their

Silversmith at work. 197.

work, while they sell their goods in the same open place and way. The tinmen are busily at work with solder and red-hot iron; the blacksmith plies his hammer on the rude anvil, while his assistant blows the bellows, which are merely two inflated skins, pressed and lifted alternately, one by each hand; and the silversmith forms his bracelets, or it may be his gods, with his little portable anvil (which he is ready to carry to your house, if the work is to be done under your eye) stuck into the earth on which he squats while at work. Though their tools are few and rude, they turn out articles of a workmanship astonishingly delicate and beautiful, by the peculiar dexterity with which these rough implements are handled.

The cotton cloths of the Hindu bazaar have, almost down to the present day, been unsurpassed by the products of the mechanical ingenuity and scientific knowledge of European nations, even when aided by the wondrous power of the steam-engine. Herodotus, the ancient Greek historian, (when treating of India, tells his countrymen,) that, "The wild trees of that country, bear fleeces as their fruit, surpassing those of sheep in beauty and in excellence; and the Indians use cloth made from

those trees." The wise Grecians may have thought this a traveller's tale; but from that day to this, the half-civilized Hindu has woven in his mud-walled hut, muslins and other fabrics, from the fleece of the wonderful cotton-plant that have been sought by every nation of the commercial world. Now, however, the tide is turning, and the weavers of India find themselves hardly able to compete with some of the manufactures of England and America. The bazaars show not only an array of Arnee and Dacca muslins, and Madras handkerchiefs, but also of English calicoes and American long-cloths; while hardware, china, stationery, glass, and other articles of trade from Europe, entirely fill some of the shops.

The money-changers, seated on their counters with piles of gold, silver, and copper before them; the sellers of areca-nut and betel-leaf for chewing; the confectioners; the sellers of bangles, (glass-bracelets;) the potters, and others, draw their stock in trade purely from Indian sources, and wear a purely Indian appearance.

At certain festival seasons, as in the Holi, celebrated in honour of their god Krishna, when the men sprinkle each other with a red fluid

from syringes made of bamboo, and engage in other frolics in imitation of the god; and at the Mohurrum, when they parade through the streets, disguised as Africans, savages, and tigers, with chains about their loins, springing from side to side, and it may be, with a piece of raw meat in their mouths,—the streets are a scene of great, though not very refined, merriment.

At night, these scenes of bustle, business, and amusement give place to others of a different character. The temples are lit up with rows of lamps, which cast a glittering light upon the image in its deep recess; and, if it be a feast-day, fireworks and music resound within the court. The story-teller, at the city-gate, with his audience seated on the earth around him, has gone; but on the verandah of one of the houses of the better sort, you will find the minstrel chaunting the praises of the gods, with a picture before him, a lamp or two to make it visible, and his virney, or guitar, in his hand, he screams out in doleful notes the wondrous deeds of Rama, Hanuman, or Krishna, to the admiration of the bystanders. They do not, however, escape without criticism, as is shown by many stories told at their expense among

the people. Perhaps the reader will excuse me for giving from memory, a brief one, as a specimen:

"A wandering minstrel had heard that a certain king was very liberal in his gifts to artists of merit, and having a profound conviction of his own abilities as a vocalist, set out for the royal city. Having reached it, he took lodgings, and every evening, seating himself on the verandah, sang in his most captivating style, hoping that the fame of his skill would come to the ears of his majesty, and that he would be summoned to perform in the royal presence, and bask in the sunshine of the royal favour. While thus regaling the passers-by, he noticed that the wife of the washerman who lived next door, was always melted to tears by his music, and as he proceeded, sobbed and wept profusely. Flattered by this tribute to his musical powers, the minstrel said to her, one evening, 'My friend! do not be thus overcome! Why should you weep when I sing?' To which she replied, 'Ah, sir! I had such a fine donkey, and so useful, too; but he died, and now I never hear your voice without thinking of my poor lost donkey,' and again she broke out into uncontrollable grief. The minstrel concluded,

after this, that it was hardly worth while for him to continue his concerts in that neighbourhood."

There is nothing, however, which creates so great a commotion in the streets at night, as the occurrence of a wedding in a wealthy family. For several successive days and nights, the ceremonies are kept up, and the streets filled by the procession; horsemen and footmen, with bands of music, and a train of men bearing huge torches, accompany the bridal palankeen, which is completely covered with garlands and tassels of fragrant or showy flowers. The procession is followed by one or more carts loaded with great skin-bottles, or rather casks of oil, from which the torch-bearers replenish their vessels. Fireworks, too, are let off from time to time, greatly to the discomposure of your horse, when you meet such a procession in the narrow streets. This show and feasting is at the expense of the bride's father; and such is the tyranny of fashion, that a man will often impoverish and embarrass himself with debt for years to come, to be able to give his daughter a fine wedding. This is one reason of the unwelcomeness of a daughter's birth: for to have

a family of girls to marry is ruinous; while to have them unmarried is disgraceful and most unfortunate.

Here, it will be seen, in the Black-town of Madras alone, is a great and wide field for missionary effort. Here two hundred thousand souls, without regarding the five hundred thousand without the walls, are fully accessible to the gospel; but, as yet, it has been preached to them only to a very limited degree. True, the schools of the Scotch missionaries have been most useful, and have given a Christian education to many young men, some of whom are now labouring for the enlightenment of their countrymen; and the truth has been preached by the American missionaries and others to thousands of adults, and thousands of tracts have been given away. Yet, after all, what is done is very little when compared with the mass to be reached. On the Sabbath, not so many as two thousand of the Hindus within the walls of the Black-town of Madras hear the gospel. Where are the one hundred and ninety-eight thousand? They are living in heathenism, idolatry, and vice, scarcely illumined by a single ray of light. The Lord can make a few

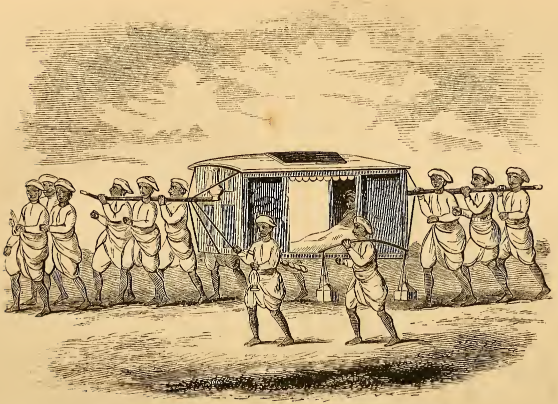
loaves to feed five thousand men, but it is only by working miraculously; and, though we may not limit his power, we must maintain that the church has no cause to ask why India is not converted, while so little is done even in those spots where most is done.

PART III.

Palankeen Travelling.

In the month of June, 1850, it was decided that two members of the Mission should make a tour, for the double purpose of preaching in the villages and surveying the ground for a new station in the interior. Our preparations were necessarily more complicated than those of the American traveller, who breakfasts in Philadelphia, dines in New York, and sups in Boston, and who, at his journey's end, can find food and lodging, bedding and light in a well-furnished hotel. The steam-car had not yet made its appearance on the plains of the Carnatic; so that we must take a somewhat slower conveyance—*the palankeen.*

A bullock-cart having been sent on in advance, with our tent and a large supply of tracts and Scriptures, our palankeens were brought to the house to be packed. Mine was fresh from the maker's hands, and with its well-var-



Palankeen in motion, p. 204.

nished exterior, looked like a handsomely-finished box, six feet long and three feet deep, standing upon four short legs. On pushing back the sliding doors in the sides, you find that you have a neat little berth-like apartment, furnished with mattress and pillow covered with red morocco. At the foot is a small movable strip of wood, against which you brace yourself, and over this a shelf containing two drawers. The whole is carried by two stout poles, firmly fixed to the ends of the palankeen by iron rods. The price of a palankeen varies, with its workmanship, from twenty to fifty dollars: if richly plated, its cost will be greater.

As your palankeen, or, more familiarly, your "palkee," is to be your home, your trunk, your library, and your carriage, packing it is quite a momentous affair. Lifting out the mattress, you spread a blanket upon the rattan floor of the palankeen, and on it lay your clothes; then, replacing the bed, you stow away books and loose articles at your head and behind the pillow. In the drawers there is room for pen, ink, paper, and other little matters. From the ceiling hangs a net in which your cap, a few oranges, a brush, &c., find a place, and in each corner you can put some useful article. With-

out, a rattan basket hangs, containing a tumbler and gurglet, or earthenware bottle. On the top may be fastened a camp chair and table, for use when away from such conveniences.

At dusk the bearers made their appearance, twenty-six for the two palankeens; sturdy fellows with sinewy limbs, trained from boyhood to their work. While we finished our preparations, they stretched themselves on the brick floor of the verandah to catch a nap before their night of toil began. But the hour for starting comes, and Pakkiyer, the head-bearer, is told to call his men. Slowly they rise and gird themselves for their journey. Each bearer applying one end of a piece of cotton cloth several yards long to his waist, gives the other to a companion to hold, then turning round and round he wraps himself in it, till reaching the end, he takes it from his assistant and tucks it firmly within the roll; tightening his turban, he places his long staff and his leathern sandals with his little bundle on the palankeen, and stands ready for the start. The musaljee lights his torch, a tight roll of cloth three or four feet long, and impregnated with turpentine, which he feeds by pouring oil upon it from the tin vessel carried in his other hand.

The cavady-man balances on his shoulder his bamboo staff, with a large square tin box hanging from either end, containing our tea and sugar, plates, knives, forks, spoons, and all the little essentials of housekeeping. Three bearers now put their shoulders under the hinder pole, so as to raise one end of the palankeen, and the traveller turns in: three more sieze the pole in front and lift it. "All ready! go ahead!" comes from the interior, and off we move, at first slowly, but with a gradually quickening pace. The palankeen with a quivering motion keeps time to the measured and peculiar tread of the bearers. Six carry at a time, while the other six run alongside ready in a few minutes to relieve their companions. As they move on, they keep time with a wailing, grunting ejaculation of "Oh! oh! Ah! ah! Oh! oh! Eh! eh!" intermingled with an exclamation now and then of "Lively there!" "Bandy coming!" or "Softly! softly," &c. At times the leader gives them a song, usually of flattery to the rider, to which the rest grunt an earnest and dismal chorus.

The bearers are a faithful set of fellows, with whom you may intrust yourself and your property without the least fear. While under

their charge, every thing in your palankeen is safe. Even a lady may travel alone with them for hundreds of miles without apprehension. If she has a babe, it will find in those hardy men more than one tender and gentle nurse to carry and amuse the "*chinna baba*," (little baby.) In the cities, they are somewhat given to tricks, and many amusing stories are told of their impositions upon Griffins, as new-comers in India are styled. Sometimes the rider, deceived by their outlandish cries, thinks they are groaning under his weight. Filled with pity, and unable to endure their imaginary misery, as in the case of our worthy Captain P——, they get out and walk in the sweltering sun, not a little to the astonishment of the bearers, who wonder why in the world the doorey (gentleman) should walk when he might ride.

At half-past eight in the evening we set out. As the two palankeens wound their way toward the gate with the spare bearers and the cavady-men trotting beside them, the torches of our musaljees cast a lurid glare along the dark, close-built streets of the city. Passing shops, and temples, and long rows of windowless houses, the loud cries of our escort created

quite a stir. Men stared, dogs barked, and women peeped out of their doors. But the romance was brought to a sudden close before we reached the city-gate, by the falling of the shelf of Mr. Scudder's palankeen upon his feet. The palankeen proved too old and weak for our work. Nothing could be done but turn about and retrace our steps. By one o'clock in the morning, a new one had been procured, and we were off again for a run of twenty-seven miles to Stree-permatoor. Leaving the city by the Elephant gate, we turned westward, and our bearers, with more subdued voices, moved soberly through the country. The night was warm, but the motion, though disliked by many, was to me most soothing. Gazing at the twinkling stars and the dim outlines of trees upon the dark sky, revery soon gave place to sleep.

The bearers stopped once to eat, but otherwise scarcely halted till they reached the end of their run. The work, to a stranger, seems hard, but is far from oppressive, if the stages are not too long. In fact the men grow fat on a march. The ordinary run for a night is twenty-two to twenty-eight miles, but, if pressed, they will go fifty miles in a single night.

Their pay is about ten cents a-day to each bearer, when engaged by the month. Our delay made us late in reaching the bungalow. The sun was hot when we entered the village of Stree-permatoor. It contains an extensive temple of Rama, with a gobram or pagoda seven stories high. Near it our bearers stopped, not to pay their respects to the god, but to run to a small booth where some charitable native kept a supply of buttermilk for the refreshment of travellers. A mile more, and our bearers, with panting loins and covered with perspiration, set down their burdens at the door of the goverment bungalow. It is a large one-storied house, built in the usual India style, of brick plastered within and without. This bungalow was presented to government for the entertainment of travellers by a Hindu gentleman. Ascending a short flight of steps, you enter the central hall. On each side of it is a bed-room with bath-room attached. Two tables and cot-bedsteads, with a few chairs and jars of water, complete the furniture. A short distance in the rear stands the kitchen and stable.

As you enter, the sepoy in charge meets you with a low salaam, and stands ready to

execute your commands. He is a pensioned soldier, and shows with pride two medals given for good conduct in the wars with Burmah and China. He was at the taking of Ava, the capital of the Burmese Empire, when the American missionaries were saved from the sword of the executioner by the hurrahs of the British army as they scaled the city walls. Our cook, who had left Madras before us, also came forward to make his salaam and unpack his cavady-boxes. He had made his purchases in the town, and soon gave us a breakfast of chicken, eggs, and tea. The bearers adjourned to the shade of a tree, and, after cooking and eating their rice and curry, stretched themselves out for sleep, while we enjoyed the hospitable shelter of the bungalow.

These bungalows, or rest-houses, are provided for the entertainment of travellers, ordinarily by the government, sometimes by the charity of individuals. They contain a few simple articles of furniture, and are kept clean by servants who receive a small pay from the government and also presents from visitors. The total absence of inns, and the barriers raised by caste, make some such refuge absolutely necessary for the enter-

tainment of travellers in India. To build such *choultries* or "rest-houses" is considered by the Hindus an act of the highest merit. To us, the shelter was most grateful; for, though the morning was cool and refreshing, (the thermometer standing at 81°,) the hot wind through the day whistled around us, making us thankful for a refuge from its fiery blasts. After sunset, the thermometer stood at 96°, but the heat was less oppressive than it had been in the city on previous days.

The hot land wind which visits Madras during the months of April, May, and June, sweeps over the Western Ghauts, depositing there its moisture, and crossing the parched plains of the Mysore and the Carnatic, reaches the eastern shore of South India heated and dry. All nature wilts before it, and the inhabitant of colder climes shrinks from its blasts within the cover of his house. I well remember my first experience of the hot wind. The day was warm, the thermometer standing at 91°; no sea-breeze refreshed us, and all was languor and lassitude. Presently the wind was heard rustling through the branches. On going out to greet it, it met me hot as if from an open furnace. I took my thermometer

and held it in the wind as it passed through the house. Immediately, from 91°, it rose to 100°. Flowers upon the table withered and turned black and crisp; the sides of books curled up; clothes seemed scorching to the skin, and we were glad to hide in a sheltered corner to escape its power. Toward evening the land-wind gave way to the cool and refreshing sea-breeze, and we seemed to live again. These winds, happily, do not blow more than a week or two at a time; they then intermit, to commence again after a short interval. During their continuance any exertion is made by Europeans with great reluctance.

As the night only is devoted to travelling in Southern India, we continued in the bungalow through the day. At sundown, having repacked our boxes, and despatched the cavady-man and cook, we took leave of the bungalow attendants, and resumed our journey, setting out on foot.

The road was of British construction, hard, red, and at this season, extremely dusty. The country around presented the aspect of a desert, dotted here and there with trees, and with an occasional village, almost hid within the shade of its tope of cocoanut, palmyra, and tamarind-trees, from amid which the blackened pagoda

of its idolatrous temple rears its head. Populous as is India, it is not by any means fully peopled; more than one-half of the soil is untilled. Owing to wars, the oppressiveness of taxation, and the sorer oppression of tax-gatherers, together with the want of irrigation, vast portions of this rich country lie completely waste. Thus has it been in this district since the ferocious Hyder Ali fulfilled the vow of vengeance formed "in the gloomy recesses of a mind capacious of such purposes," and left the Carnatic a wilderness devoid of life. It is a sad spectacle, fit emblem of the moral desolation that rests on India; but, by the word of God, both shall pass away, and the desert blossom as the rose. When Christianity shall have given purity, industry, and truth to the Hindus, these plains, now so bare, will be the abode of beauty and plenty.

Our palankeens soon overtook us, and rolling in, we pursued our way in the silent night watches, soothed to sleep by the song of our bearers. An easy run of twenty-four miles brought us to Bala-chetty-chattiram, several hours before sunrise. Spreading our palankeen mattresses on the verandah, we slept till daylight; then going into the village, we made known to the people the truths of the Bible.

We were followed on our return by a number of persons. One of these, a fine young man in government employ, had been a pupil in the American mission-school at Madras, and professed a total disbelief of Hinduism; a second had, from this young man, learned the folly of idolatry; and a third, who was the village schoolmaster, had been a scholar in the institution of the Scotch Free Church. It was cheering, at this distance from the city, to find these diverging rays of light streaming even faintly from its missions into the gross darkness of the country; and it encouraged us to go forward in the work of kindling and cherishing these little flames, trusting to God to make them, in his good time, the means of a great flashing forth of divine truth.

In the afternoon we went to the temple near by. It was of the usual form, with its gobram facing the east, but somewhat dilapidated. In front of the temple was a beautiful tank, surrounded on all sides by flights of granite steps descending to the water. In its centre stood a stone shrine, visited annually by the idol, and at the opposite side was a small temple. As we came near, a Brahminee woman, who caught sight of us, ran to her house in great haste to

hide herself, while a lad hurried to close the temple-gate. Going to a stone-built portico, erected for the accommodation of strangers by some pious Hindu of past ages, we seated ourselves upon the top step, and soon were surrounded by a group of Brahmins. They were very ready for argument; one of them, indeed, became quite violent, asserting that we were invading the peace of the land, and taking the bread from their mouths; that in former days the East India Company had supported and countenanced their religion; but that within a few years past, the padrés, (missionaries,) coming and going through the land, had broken up this happy state of things, so that the Brahmins were losing their sustenance and the temples were going to decay. He had many objections to make to our doctrine. The first was, that of the heathen of old, "Where is your God?" With the Psalmist (in the 115th Psalm) we could reply—

"Our God is in the heavens; he hath done whatsoever he pleased,
"Their idols are silver and gold, the work of men's hands.
"They have mouths, but they speak not: eyes have they, but they see not:
"They have ears, but they hear not: noses have they, but they smell not:

"They have hands, but they handle not: feet have they, but they walk not.
"They that make them are like unto them: so is every one that trusteth in them."

To the question "*Why did you not sooner bring the gospel to us?*" it was not so easy to give an answer. Alas! how has the church of Christ failed to obey the command of Christ to carry the gospel to every creature! They were surprised to hear that we were not "paid five hundred dollars a month by the government to preach to them," and finally separated from us on our return to the bungalow, with very friendly farewells.

Our third night of travel brought us to Arcot, where we intended to form our plans, and to leave the high road for the villages, to survey the field for new mission stations. Our first care was to despatch a note to Mr. B., collector of the district of North Arcot. This modest title is very far from conveying to an American ear the idea which accompanies it to the mind of the inhabitant of British India. The collector, or, as it is corrupted, "kalkakta," is the highest authority known to the poor ryots. (cultivators.) He is, to all intents, governor of the district, with, it may be, a million of in-

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habitants, over which he rules; and is looked up to with awe and reverence as the personification of that mysterious, unknown, unseen power —"The Company"—by which the land they till is owned.

Mr. B., of Arcot, held his high station, his large income, and his influence as talents committed to his care for the glory of God. He was an unsought contributor to the American and other missions in India. On the receipt of our note, he immediately returned to us an invitation to call upon him, and command him as to our wishes. As we desired information with regard to the towns and villages which we expected to visit, we called a common country bullock-cart, and throwing into it a mattress, set out for his residence, three miles distant.

The "bullock-bandy" is a primitive style of carriage, for the conveyance of grain and other produce from the country to the cities; it is a simple collection of poles, formed into a rude frame, resting upon an axle, with two wooden wheels. It is drawn by two of the oxen of India, with their humps and long dewlaps, not like the trained driving bullocks used by gentlemen in their carriages, swift and elegant, but

Hindu Family Journeying. p. 219

slow, sober, and plodding. The bandy has an arched mat-covering, and over this the straw with which the cattle are fed is hung in long rolls. The hire of a man, a pair of bullocks, and bandy, by the month, is at the rate of a quarter of a dollar a-day, out of which sum feed must be found for man and beast.

Our illustration* gives us a picture of one of these bandies, with a family on a journey. The driver, seated on the pole just upon the bullocks, has full opportunity to stimulate their spirits with his foot as well as his whip, or to give their tails a wicked twist in an emergency. The patient creatures, all scored and starred with the branding-iron, (for health and ornament,) plod meekly on with the rude conveyance which carries all the goods of the household, as well as the weaker members of the family.

But our bandy was ready. Creeping in at the back, and taking our seats on the mattress, we gave the word to our driver to go to the collector's house. Passing through the Arcot cantonment, with its barracks for troops, and handsome houses in spacious enclosures, occu-

* From a painting by a Hindu.

pied by officers of the Indian army, we descended by a native bazaar to the Palar River. At Arcot, eighty miles from its mouth, the Palar is more than half a mile wide, and, in the rainy season, a mighty river. But now, without bridge or boat, we passed it in our ox-cart without wetting our bullocks' hoofs. Not a drop of water moistened the heavy sand through which our cart-wheels ploughed their way. It seemed a river of desolation, vast, sandy, parched, and glaring in the noonday sun. But, while thus deathlike to the eye, beneath the sandy surface lie hidden treasures of moisture, which may be obtained by digging a few inches beneath the sand.

The banks between which this river of sand winds its way, are fringed with the graceful cocoanut, the date, the palmyra, and the spreading tamarind. Bending over this glistening, waterless stream, with every leaf glittering in the bright sunlight, these waving trees form a striking contrast to the arid sand. While all on the surface is parched and dreary, their summits are ever green; for they have sent down their roots to the well-springs; and they are drinking from unseen streams. So shall "the righteous flourish as the palm-tree;" for

he drinks of the river of the water of life, while others are dead and fruitless about him.

Not far from the other bank stood the collector's house. Our poor rustic bandy-man, not daring to come too near the great ruler's residence, drew up before the cutchery or court-house. Native officers, handsomely dressed, were grouped before it. One of them, the duffadar, with his silver-hilted dagger and broad belt, not conceiving that riders in so humble a conveyance could have any business there, told us, with bold impudence, that the collector was not at home. We informed him that we happened to know that the collector was at home; and, not waiting to be introduced by these courtly gentry, we entered the house. Mr. B.'s warm reception of us showed them that they had made a mistake, and completely changed their behaviour, which became as obsequious as it had been rude. Insolence and servility are twin vices, and both are almost universal characteristics of the Hindu. Anxious to know who and what we were, they plied our poor bandy-man with questions; but to no purpose, for all that he could tell was, that we got into his bandy, and bade him drive to the collector's.

Having received from Mr. B. the advice and

information which we needed, and the loan of a map of his district, from which we made a copy, with the names of the villages and towns through which we might pass, we recrossed our waterless ford, and prepared to set out for Arnee, a town twenty miles distant from Arcot.

Arnee.

At dusk we left the bungalow in our palankeens, and again crossed the Palar, now sombre, with its silent waste stretching away in the twilight between its curtains of drooping foliage. Our road ran southward through cultivated fields, and was beautifully wooded. The moon soon set, and we went on our way by the light of the musaljee's torch. The glancing of the light upon overhanging trees, the monotonous chorus of the bearers, the silence of night, the soft warmth of the air, combined to produce sensations peculiarly Oriental and soothing. It became apparent, however, after a while, that our booies (bearers) were at fault. Instead of the even road, they were traversing fields and trenches, much to the discomposure of the riders. At last, they confessed that they could

not find the town, and asked leave to halt until day should break. Setting down the palankeens, they stretched themselves on the ground, and were soon fast asleep. At dawn, they were off again, and soon ran, with grunt and shout, through the unguarded entrance into the fort of Arnee.

Arnee was once a stronghold of Hyder Ali, and his arsenal. That remarkable man, who, from serving as a volunteer and a private in the army of the rajah of Mysore, became master of his sovereign, and one of the most powerful opponents of British power in India, at this place repulsed the attack of the famous English commander, Coote. But it was wrested from his son Tippoo, and for sixty years has been in the hands of the English. At first, as a frontier station, it was occupied by a strong force; but now, after the lapse of a few years, so rapidly has the Anglo-Indian empire grown, it is in the centre of the Company's territories in Southern India, and needs no garrison. So completely is the country around subdued to British power, that no troops are needed to overawe or restrain its people. The barracks are unoccupied, except by an English captain and a few sepoys, (Hindu soldiers;) and the

fortifications have been blown up, for a freer circulation of air. Only a granite wall, some twenty feet in height, with its earthen embankment, circular bastions, and half-filled trench, remain.

Within the fort is a heathen temple, dedicated to the god Siva, with its gates, pagodas, and porticos. Beyond this is the western wall of the fort, over which a line of blue hills, some ten miles distant, rear their heads. Standing on the battlements, you look out on green fields of growing rice stretching away to the foot of the hills, with here and there clusters of trees to mark the place in which their cultivators have gathered into villages. The whole scene is beautiful, and lacks only that praise to God should ascend from every tope and town. You feel that

"Every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile."

India will be a glorious land when its idols are abolished and its people serve the living God. Soon may that happy day be ushered in!

On our arrival, we placed our palankeens in the verandah of one of the barracks,—one-story brick ranges of rooms—and sent to the commandant a note from Mr. B. He soon made

his appearance in his shirt-sleeves, and welcoming us to Arnee, gave us the keys of one of the barracks. Having deposited our goods, and got a breakfast from our own resources,—for you find no inns or cook-shops in the villages of India—we looked about us a little. The temple within the fort is surrounded by a granite wall. Before it, stands a bull, also of granite, representing the divine Bursava, on which Siva rides; and also a place for offerings. Passing these, I looked within through the grated gateway. As I stood, in such a revery as the place might well give birth to, gazing through the bars, I was startled by a sudden "*Ar-athu?*" (Who's that?) from a scowling Brahmin, who started up, I know not whence.

Within this temple live a number of *cobra di capellas*, venomous serpents, worshipped by the people, and daily fed with eggs by the priests. Fearful of offending these sacred reptiles, the people always speak of them as the "*nulla pambu*," (the good snake,) and pay to them divine honours. Thus do they exemplify the character ascribed to the heathen in the first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, that "Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools, and changed the glory of the incor-

ruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and four-footed beasts, and *creeping things*." The Hindus, not content with forsaking the true God, have created for themselves false gods, have made images like to man; and, going still farther, they worship beasts, birds, and even creeping things.

Not far from the temple-wall, whose large stones are shattered by the cannon-balls of former wars, is an English burial-ground. Here, under the shadow, as it were, of an idol shrine, lie gallant officers, young wives, and tender babes. It was a saddening, sobering scene. Far from the home of infancy, far from loving hearts, they had laid down and died in a strange land. Their ashes rest within the battlements of the stronghold of the fearful Hyder Ali, and deadly serpents wind among the stones that mark their burial-place. Little matters it that the sun of torrid India parches and glares upon the earth above their mouldering bodies, if they entered into the rest of the people of God.

In the afternoon we went through the town, which contains some eight or nine thousand inhabitants, preaching and giving tracts, and we were very well received. The conduct of the

people was marked by an unusual degree of politeness, and all seemed desirous that missionaries should come and settle among them. In the centre of the town is a very large and beautiful tank, with flights of stone steps reaching down each of its four sides. Here we sat beneath the shade of a banian-tree, and spoke to the people with great satisfaction. Gladly would we have tarried longer with them, but we had only an additional day to spend in Arnee. My heart was much pained for one poor creature, a man, who came to us for medical aid. His cheek was eaten out by cancer, so that we could only tell him that he must die, and bid him look to the Lord Jesus for salvation. It was most sad to look into his anxious eyes and upon his hopeless face, worn with pain, and care, and sorrow, and tell him he must die—die amid heathenism, with none to point him to the way of life. If there were a missionary to lead his hopeless, dark, besotted soul to the Saviour, we could be content. But he must die untaught! Do you wonder that missionaries never cease to cry for men to come forth and spread the gospel? What can they do but continually cry, "the harvest is plenteous, but the labourers are few."

The Police Ameen, an aged and crafty Brahmin, in compliance with the directions of Mr. B., called upon us to give us information as to the towns. He came with several attendants, and after answering our queries as to statistics, engaged in a long discussion on religion with Mr. S. The old man was evidently a worldling, caring little for heaven or hell, and probably received but little good. But many persons who had come to us for medicine, books, or instruction, listened with great earnestness and, we may trust, with profit.

At Arnee we found the bandy, which had been despatched before our start from Madras, with our tent and boxes of books and tracts. We now dismissed half of our bearers, as we were to go by easy stages from village to village; and on Saturday evening left the fort for Coonatoor, a small town four miles distant. Our road lay directly toward the hills in the west, which were sharp, craggy masses of granite, running up into pointed or conical peaks, and quite uninhabited. These hills stand amid level plains, entirely devoted to the culture of grain. Our road lay through a succession of rice-fields, from which the poor half-clad ryot

Woman with water-chatty. p. 229.

might be seen going home with his plough upon his shoulder—a light wooden stick, with a pointed coulter tipped with iron. Here and there was a hamlet with its little temple, sometimes no larger than a dog-kennel; and in one village we passed a poor Ganesha of stone, with his vehicle, the rat, before him, but without a shelter for his bare elephant-head.

Villages of the Carnatic.

We reached Coonatoor, a town with a thousand inhabitants, just at dusk, and pitched our tent amid some tamarind-trees on the edge of the village tank. Our bearers, released from labour, clustered merrily around their fire, at a little distance from us, and cooked their curry; while troops of women from the town passed our tent, with their water-jars upon their head, and descending to the tank, Rebecca-like, drew water for their households. In the accompanying illustration, we have a Hindu female bearing her vessel to the well for water. In her right hand she carries a rope for the purpose of lowering the vessel, when the water

is drawn from a well or deep tank. From her nose hangs a ring, others are in her ears, and a necklace around her neck; and on her wrist she wears bangles, a kind of bracelet. Her arm is marked below the shoulder with sacred ashes, in honour of the god Siva.

Men, boys, women, and girls, with one accord, united in gazing with astonished curiosity at the strange apparition of two white men with their attendants upon the banks of their retired tank. It was too late to preach: we therefore got our tea—nowhere more refreshing than amid the langour and exhaustion of an Indian journey—and after bathing, spread our palankeen mattresses upon the ground, and slept undisturbed, except by the intrusion of half-starved dogs, searching for any thing worth carrying off.

Long before sunrise, the little birds in the tamarind-trees waked us with their morning song. Already the women were coming to the tank for water, and the men gathered round, curious to watch our movements. Our toilet duties and morning devotions seemed equally interesting to them; and, as we had only the upper covering of a tent without its walls, we were fully open to observation. Our break-

fast, too, eaten from the little camp-table, with the mysterious tea-pot, knives and forks, was an affair most astonishing.

Before eight o'clock, our mats were spread upon the ground as seats for auditors, our Tamil and Telugu tracts arranged on the table, and the preaching commenced. Successive companies seated themselves upon the mats or stood around, and heard exposures of idolatry and the publication of the atonement of Christ as the only remedy for sin-sick souls. The spiritual head of the Mohammedans received a New Testament in Hindustani, for which he begged most earnestly. A very handsome and interesting Mohammedan sepoy, who was conveying government money, begged for one also. He was told that we had but two or three, and could not give them there, as we wished to reserve them. In the afternoon, he came again, and pleaded so earnestly and affectingly that we could not refuse his request. When, with apparent sincerity, he asked us how we could answer to God for not giving him a book to teach him the way to heaven, we could no longer hold out, and he bore the sacred volume away in triumph.

In the afternoon, we had a visit from the

chief men of the place, three Mohammedans and five Brahmins. They were received courteously and seated honourably in the centre of the tent, while an attentive crowd sat and stood around to listen to the discussion between their great men and the white padrés. After an exchange of compliments, the subject of religion—a subject always in order with the Hindus—was introduced. One of the Brahmins, a man swollen with pride and self-sufficiency, made himself chief speaker. The discussion was long, close, keen, and exciting to both parties, but, on the whole, the Brahmin stood it well. We cannot wonder that their anger is stirred at the exposure of the gods whom they teach the people to worship, and at being told that the idols by whose sanctity they live are but stones; that all their good works are vanity and folly; and that they themselves, who put themselves scarce below divinity, must come as miserable sinners to sue for mercy through the merits of a crucified Saviour. If we would argue, as they propose, that each way is good for its own believers, they would be perfectly satisfied; but for them to come to Christ for salvation, is more than they can endure to think of. "Do not

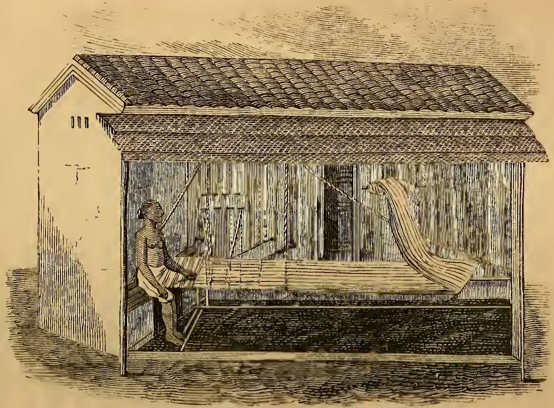
say that, or I shall be angry," said the proud Brahmin; yet it was said many times. For these pharisaical priests there is but little hope; but it is a great point gained when the poor people, who are bound by their false teachings, see their guides confuted and silenced by the simple Word of God.

Sunrise, the next morning, found us with our tent pitched in the neighbouring village of Camakoor, a little village of five hundred inhabitants, with *ten temples.* We pitched our tent in a beautiful spot, between the large temple and the tank, in a space surrounded by shade trees,* and spent two days preaching with much satisfaction to the simple country-folk. Before our tent was up, we were surrounded by half the men and boys of the town, who gazed with unbounded satisfaction upon our every movement. From the washing of our hands and faces onward, each act was full of interest to these untravelled villagers. When Mr. S. drew out his watch, a group of boys, encouraged by his friendly jokes with them, came near to look at it. Opening it, he showed its wheels and motion to them, and

* See frontispiece.

let them hear its ticking. "Oh! it goes! it goes!" they cried out. "Yes," answered Mr. S., "*my watch goes*, but YOUR GOD in the temple out there CANNOT GO!" This thought struck them very forcibly, and doubtless was more effectual than volumes of argument would have been.

Some of them had seen a "Matha Covil," or "mother temple," as the Roman Catholic churches are called, from the worship of the Virgin Mary as mother of God, and supposing them to be places of Christian worship, they wanted to know, with much simplicity, why we decried idolatry. "You too," they said, "worship the cross, draw cars, ring bells, burn candles, &c." "But," they were asked, "if a Pariah should put on the Brahminic thread, rub ashes on his forehead, and come to you, saying, 'I am a Brahmin,' would you receive him as a Brahmin?" "No, indeed!" "Then, if men walk contrary to the Christian Veda, (Scriptures,) shall we call them Christians? Look at the commandments of God in our Bible." The second commandment was quite satisfactory to them; but to us it was a sorrowful thing to find the gospel thus misrepresented among the heathen. It is a difficulty, how-



Hindu weaving, p. 235.

ever, which you meet with everywhere in India.

While we spoke to the people, my attention was attracted to a knot of simple countrymen, apparently strangers. They sat together on the mat, listening to all that was said, and nodding to one another their approval of the truth. "It is all true! all true!" said they. "If we were rid of the Brahmins, we might go over, but they can crush whomsoever they please." This, alas! is too true; and multitudes are restrained from embracing Christianity by this fear of priestly power.

While we were thus engaged, a party of the villagers were busily employed, within a few paces of us, in getting up warp for the weaver's loom. Warping mills being unknown to the Hindu, this, as all other mechanical operations, is effected by unaided labour. A number of small stakes are fixed a few feet apart, along a distance of some forty yards, and the thread is carried between the stakes by the warpers running round and round them with their spindles till the work is done. The warp is dressed with *congey*, a paste of boiled rice. The weaving is almost as simple an operation as the preparation of the warp. The loom is

suspended from the rafters of the weaver's dwelling; the operator usually sits on the ground, with his legs in a hole dug under the loom, where his toes are usefully employed in managing the cords attached to the work. With a rude machine, costing, with all its appurtenances, but a half dollar or dollar, seated on the ground of his clay-built hut, the Hindu weaver produces fabrics of wonderful fineness and elegance, that once were the admiration of the world. Now, however, the great cheapness of the goods made by the aid of machinery and steam in Europe and America, has diminished the demand for Indian cloths abroad, and even threatens in India itself to drive the laborious Hindu from competition with his more ingenious competitors.

From this place we made an afternoon visit to Calumboor, a town of two thousand inhabitants. As our time was short, we walked through the streets, telling the people to meet us at the *mundapam*, the stone portico usual in Hindu villages. By the time that we had made our circuit and got to the rest-house again, a large audience was assembled. We sat down on the stone floor, with the elders of the town seated before us, and the multitude

standing or sitting behind them. The oracle of the place was a man born blind. By birth, he was a mechanic, but his lack of sight led him to study, of course through his ears alone; and now he was the learned man and philosopher of Calumboor. He sat upon our right hand, and by his side the head Brahmin of the town, a fat, merry-faced fellow, the very image of good nature.

When all were silent, our errand was made known, and the system and practice of Hinduism tested by reason and the writings of their own philosophers, who saw the folly of polytheism and idolatry, though they could show no true way of salvation. Verse after verse from the Tamil poets was quoted, ridiculing idols as but stone, proclaiming the vanity of washing in sacred streams to cleanse the soul, and maintaining the sinfulness of worshipping more than one God. As each sentiment was advanced and defended, "True! true!" said the blind philosopher, and from his well-stored memory, he called up and recited other quotations to the same effect. Thus each argument was enforced by their own teacher, whose word none ventured to gainsay. "But," said the philosopher, "thus the world goes: it is full

of vanity and sin! Tell us what is truth! what can we do?" The gospel plan of salvation was then unfolded to them, and they were shown how God could be just and yet justify sinners, since his own Son had descended to earth to suffer in their stead. To this not a word was objected. Even the Brahmin applauded all that was said, and expressed the earnest wish that, if we came into the country, we would settle in their town.

Next came a rush by the crowd for books. With some difficulty, by appealing to their politeness, we made men and boys sit down, and, distributing our store, departed well pleased with our short visit to Calumboor, with its blind philosopher, good-humoured Brahmin, and attentive people, and with the opportunity thus afforded to preach the gospel in idolatrous India.

Observing, on our return, a small palmyra-tree hung all over with rags, we inquired what it meant. This tree, they said, is the residence of the "cloth-rending goddess," and all who pass tear a shred from their robes to throw as an offering to her. The belief that trees are the residence of supernatural beings is very

prevalent in Southern India. Devils, especially, are supposed to have their abode in them. When a person is, as they believe, possessed of a devil, and foams and raves under its influence, his friends call an exorcist to cast the devil out. The exorcist, with prayers, signs, and various incantations, drives the spirit from the body of the possessed, leads it (as he affirms) to the tree, and, taking a nail, drives it into the trunk, thus nailing it to its prison-house. Should the tree be cut down, the devils, they believe, will escape, and entering the body of the disturber of their peace, do him some painful, if not fatal, injury.

During the remainder of our stay at Camakoor, we had an unbroken succession of visitors. As we had medicines with us, mothers came with their sick children, the blind were lead to us for healing, and the lame wished their limbs restored to them again. We could do but little for them; yet it was a satisfaction to do that little, and to exhort them to seek a better portion than this world.

As the day wore on, people began to come into the town, to attend the market or fair held each Tuesday,—some with bundles hung on their arms, some with packages upon their

heads, and others with bullocks loaded with their goods. As our tent was standing upon the spot used by them for the exhibition of their wares, we struck it and moved to the mundapam, (for these stone porch-like rest-houses are found in almost every village and town,) and left the green to the people. Here our audiences were increased by the many strangers collected by the fair, so that we could scarce manage to eat. While Mr S. made a hasty meal, I kept the people: we then exchanged places, and he preached while I eat. It is difficult to decide which was the most attractive to the assembly—his eloquence or my humble meal; certainly the spectators seemed as deeply interested as the auditors. I could not but smile, as I stood by the palankeen taking my tea and toast, (the latter made in Madras before our setting out,) at the admiring gaze of the multitude, who probably for the first time saw a real *doorey* take his food.

When we left them, the scene was a very pleasant one. The round plot of ground between the tank and the temple was filled by concentric circles of sellers, with their goods piled or spread before them. Here would be a heap of white cloth, in pieces proper for

dresses; there, others dyed yellow, purple or green, to suit the tastes of the women; in another place, the black, course *cumbleys*, or blankets, made of hair; in another, Madras handkerchiefs, &c. The buyers went debating and chaffering through the circles, strenuously raising their voices in their efforts to lower the sellers' prices. All was life, bustle, and animation under the stately shade-trees, through whose foliage the afternoon sun glanced bright rays of light on the busy crowd below. But our tent was packed, and every thing was ready for a move; so, bidding farewell to Camakoor and its fair-day, we jolted off to the music of our bearers' "Ho! ho! Hay! hay?" toward our next stopping-place.

Varey-punthal.

Dull must be the heart, and cold the sensibilities of the traveller, who can pass through the villages and over the plains of India, without a kindling of joy at the scenes through which he journeys, and of sympathy for the poor villagers who till these fields. Though

he sees many a barren waste, with scarce a blade of grass to conceal its nakedness, or a shrub to screen the huge ant-hills, with, it may be a solitary palm, adding to the sense of desolation, and though ignorance and vice, idolatry and poverty, are perennial dwellers in every town, the picture is not all dark.

There are fair spots in torrid India, and among its people there are joyous faces and kindly feelings. He who has seen India only in its crowded and corrupt cities, in its seaports and its courts, knows little of the masses scattered through the country. The visitor of the villages, though he finds much, very much, to make his heart sad and his soul faint for the sins of the people, yet finds a light as well as a shade to the picture.

The cawing of the crows waked us at an early hour on the morning after our arrival at the mundapam of Varey-punthal, (the arbour of bananas;) but already were many of the creatures of God rejoicing in the morning light. Bright green parroquets were flitting with screams of joy from bough to bough in the grove on our right, and there, too, was the gentle cooyil, with its soft, murmuring note, expressing its more quiet happiness. Pools

of clear water stood in the sandy bed of the river, in front of our rest-house, which was a simple room of solid granite blocks, enclosed upon three sides, with the fourth open, excepting the pillars by which the roof was supported. On the ceiling, also formed of slabs of granite, was carved a clear illustration of the Hindu theory of eclipses, in the shape of a huge serpent swallowing the moon. On our left stood a heathen temple.

On arising, my choice would have been to have first gone through with some slight ablutions, but my congregation was assembled; and though they were uninvited, it did not seem right to postpone making known to them the truth, for washings. A middle-aged man, of portly stature—his stout person showing some relish for the good things of this life—after listening with the others, said, "This is all very fine about not sinning, not lying, and so forth; but if we do not lie, how are we to get our living? Tell me that! To live! that is the thing! And to live, you must lie!" And then he turned contemptuously away, well content to hear no more about forsaking sin.

The sun grew hot, and the air oppressive, and I lay down a while to rest, while my friend

continued his instructions, and gave to applicants books in Tamil and Telugu. But it was not an easy matter to have any retirement, as the people crowded around us, and stared most assiduously. I accordingly retreated to the grove, and sat down at the foot of a spreading tree. Fatigued with speaking for hours, Mr. S. followed me, and sat down to rest a while in the grateful shade. But the crowd was not to be deprived of its entertainment. The people followed him, and presently they were seated in a group upon the ground, arranged in a semicircle, of which we were the centre. We should have been glad to have been relieved of our eminence, and, ceasing to be *lions*, have relapsed into commonplace personages; but that could not be. Resigning ourselves, therefore, to our distinction, we entered into conversation with these simple villagers, who now became quite sociable.

After telling them something of our own country, of its fruits and seasons, we asked them as to their circumstances. This led to the unburdening of a sore complaint, though in a good-humoured way, of the oppressive taxation by which they are ground to the earth. They said that between the half taken

as tax by government, and the half snatched from them by Brahmins, in the shape of tahsildars, sherishtadars, writers, &c., they had hard work to live; that often they could not even get conjee, (rice-porridge,) and were fain to fill their stomachs from the tank. As for clothing, that was quite out of the question. If they wished to appeal to the collector, they had to approach him through these very persons of whom they wished to complain, who were always around him; and so they would bring on themselves greater oppression. "Well," we said, "if you are so poor, why do you leave your work to sit and stare at us?" "Oh," answered one, "when the *kalkaktadoorey* (collector) comes to take the assessment, he lives in his tent, and the Brahmins are about him, so that we poor people cannot get near him; so we have all come to have a good look at you."

Poor fellows! they are kept in bondage, both spiritually and physically, by their oppressors, the Brahmins. It is a common saying that, "government gets the grain and we get the straw." The outrageous system of bribery and peculation practised by almost every Hindu official, from the highest to the lowest, keeps

them in the lowest stage of poverty consistent with living at all.

Hearing the gospel *once* can usually be of but little avail with persons so degraded and mentally so blind as the mass of the Hindus. It should be followed up by a succession of impressions, that the effect be not lost. When missionaries thus go through the land, and see that nothing hinders the studding it with preachers of the truth but the want of men, they cannot but send home earnest entreaties that labourers may be sent into these perishing fields. Were men to come and dwell among them, so that they might be protected from the Brahmins if they forsook idolatry, there would be much reason for hoping that many of them would leave heathenism for Christianity. It is in this way that Christianity has spread in Tinnevelly and Madura, so that more than 50,000 persons in those districts are under the influence of missionaries and of gospel truth.

Before leaving Varey-punthal, we walked through the town. The houses were out of repair, and many of them seemed going to ruin; thus bearing witness to the inability of the people to support the burden of their taxes,

and yet have enough to procure for themselves the comforts of life.

It was refreshing to turn from the works of man to those of God. Attracted by a majestic banian-tree, we sat down by its root. From the outstretching branches of the parent trunk of this peculiar and noble tree, long cord-like fibres grow until they reach the ground. Striking into the earth, these fibrous cords take root, and, becoming in their turn trunks, support the branch from which they grow, and thus extend the shade of the parent tree. Thus one tree becomes an assemblage of trunks, sustaining a spreading mass of foliage. Among the branches of the tree, a multitude of parrots were sporting, full of life and joy; but at its root the work of man appeared again. In humiliating contrast with the arched and living pavilion above us, stood a temple not larger than a dog-kennel, and before it a stone with two images rudely carved upon its face: this was an object of worship! a god! It bore the marks of having been that day worshipped, for it had been anointed with oil and ornamented with flowers. How is human nature sunken!

Perumanaloor.

It was near sunset when we entered the town of Perumanaloor, and a dreary, desolate spot it was. Our bearers picked their way cautiously and slowly through heaps of stones and rocky hillocks; even the temples upon the craggy hills looked repulsively ruinous, and decay breathed in the silent air. The houses in sight were dilapidated; every thing seemed to be falling to decay.

Getting out of our palankeens, we began to look for a place in which to pitch our tent. One of the bearers entered a street more respectable than the others, to ask for information, when two or three young Brahmins, horror-struck that one of this low caste should pollute the street in which they lived with his impure presence, rushed out in a state of much excitement, and with insolent violence bade him begone immediately. Although we had not entered their street, for this turned out to be the agragrama, in which Brahmins alone live, and where low-caste men are not allowed to come, they cried out to us also, in the same

insolent manner, to be gone, and not enter the street in which Brahmins dwelt.

An older Brahmin, of much respectability, and with more knowledge of the changed state of India under British rulers, now came up to us. On Mr. S. telling him that such insulting and uncalled-for behaviour on the part of his young men was inexcusable, and ought to be reported to the collector, he apologized for them, saying, that no white gentleman had ever been in their town, and that these young men knew no better. He then showed us the way to the village grove and tank. The tank was in keeping with all that we had seen in this uninviting spot. It was a huge excavation, completely dry, with the exception of a large pit in the centre, at the bottom of which was a shallow pool of muddy water. This was the drinking water of the town. In our tumblers it had the appearance of uncleared coffee.

White men were a novelty, and a large company of the villagers was soon around us. They seemed very happy, poor creatures, in looking at us and our movements, but the Brahmins were full of insolence. They told us that we could get nothing here, not even

water; and recommended, with a hypocritical anxiety for our welfare, that we should go to the next town, where, they told us, "the water was celestial"—a drink fit for gods. The oppresssed and simple people, as far as they dared, offered to bring us milk and all that their poor town would afford, and seemed quite delighted with the prospect of a good look at two white men with palankeens, table, chairs, and other wonderful things. Though the place presented few attractions, we decided not to give way to the insolence of the Brahmins, but to stay, that these poor might have preached unto them the gospel's joyful sound.

Our bandy, which had lost its way, now arrived, and we pitched our tent. This, with its tall central pole, its canvas roof, its cords and stakes, was a new source of wonder. Darkness had set in, and our lamp was lit; but still the lookers-on continued standing or sitting around, in the most favourable positions for seeing every thing. They were apparently fearful lest they should miss seeing something of note, should they quit their posts for a moment.

But at last even the most persevering gazer wearied, and left us to ask the blessing of God

upon this benighted and priest-ridden land, and to lie down to rest. Spreading our mattresses on the ground, we slept undisturbed, except by the intrusion of stray dogs from the town, the hooting of owls, and the melancholy howling of packs of jackals wandering in search of food.

With the first gray dawn of morning we were up, but we were not early enough to anticipate the gathering of an audience. I wished to read, but had to give it over to speak to the people who were assembled in and about the tent. They sat down on the ground around me, and listened attentively for some time, when suddenly, in the midst of our discourse, a Brahmin, rushing up with furious gesticulations, roared out, that our pariah cook had entered the *agragrama*, (the Brahminic street;) he demanded, with many threats, that the sinful wretch should be immediately beaten.

The poor cook, on finding out what he had done, had fled to the tent, and now sheltered himself behind us, trembling with fear, and declaring his ignorance of its being a Brahmin street. Of course, we refused to give him up for punishment. On this the rage of the

Brahmin increased; he ordered us to pull up our stakes, strike our tent, and be gone from the place. On our declining also to do this, he went away with loud threats, and, as he said, to bring the taliari (village watchman) to give the cook his beating. We did not, however, see him again. As his violence had not frightened us into any concession, he probably concluded that discretion would be the better part of valour.

During the day, the common people heard our discourse with much attention. They also brought many sick persons for medicine and healing, to whom we gave such assistance as we could; but the shortness of our stay did not admit of the beginning of treatment in many cases. They seemed much impressed with what was done for them, but the Brahmins were very ill-behaved. At one time, some of them, standing behind me while preaching, tore up two of our tracts, and threw the fragments over my head, much to the disgust of the more decent part of the audience. Of this we took no notice; but when the same men asked again for books, and behaved with increasing rudeness, we called our bearers and made them clear the tent. This they did with much willingness,

for the insolence of the Brahmins had aroused their anger. After this we had our few feet of territory to ourselves.

We now retreated to our palankeens and lay down; but these box-like abodes were insupportable with the thermometer at 102°, and we had to come out and submit to the ceaseless gaze of the people.

Permit me here to observe to the reader, that although dwelling in a tent under the shade of an Indian grove, beside a village tank, with palankeens and bearers for conveyance, and dusky Hindus and lordly Brahmins standing as a background to the picture, may sound romantic and delightful, it is a life that has its reality too. A tent, without walls to keep out the scorching land-wind and the reflected glare of a torrid sun, is but a poor residence for the exotic from the temperate zone. Nor does water of the thickness of chocolate seem sweet, even though from a "tank." Moreover, the ceaseless stare of a crowd, (to whom you cannot be always preaching,) from the time you rise until you retire at night, even though no act of discourtesy is committed, becomes very trying.

Yet it is a high privilege to be permitted to

bear witness for Christ before the heathen. It stirs your gratitude to look upon these idolaters, and remember that you are a worshipper of the one true God, and that Christ the Saviour is your chosen King; and, while it calls upon you to praise the Lord for his distinguishing grace to you, it quickens your desire that these degraded men may be raised by the gospel from their wretched estate into the glorious liberty of the sons of God.

In this place, at Arnee, and scattered through the neighbouring country, you meet with a peculiar class of religionists, called Jains or Jainas. While at Perumanaloor, we had a visit from the shastiri or spiritual leader of the sect. In a long discussion, he defended the tenets of their faith and practice, especially the sinfulness of taking any life of beast, bird, or insect, —the eternal existence of the world,—that God is the origin of sin and holiness,—and, finally, that all religions were the same. This last is a very convenient doctrine when you cannot defend your own religion, and one constantly advanced in India. A brief account of this Hindu sect may not be uninteresting to some of our readers.

The Jainas.

The Jainas are the Budhists of India. They are followers of the religion, in a modified form, which now is believed in Ceylon, Siam, Burmah, Thibet, Tartary, and very extensively in China, Cochin-China, and Japan. It is, at the present day, one of the most extensively received religions in the world.

The Jainas of India maintain that theirs is the primitive and orthodox faith of Hindustan. Originally, they say, Brahminism was not the religion of India; but the Brahmins have left the practices of the ancients, having introduced false gods, superstitious forms, and abominable modes of worship. They reject the religious books of the Brahmins, the incarnations of the god Vishnu, and the worship of animals. This follows from their belief that God cannot become incarnate or take on him a fleshly body. As they hold it to be a sin to take life under any circumstances, they consider the sacrifice of animals, as of goats and fowls by the Hindus of other sects, to be an act of horrible impiety. Such sacrifices they view with abhorrence.

They believe that there is one Supreme Be-

ing, who is infinite, eternal, unchangeable, but utterly indifferent to the good or bad deeds of men. He alone, they say, is to be worshipped. In practice, however, they are idolaters, worshipping images, not of God, but of deified men. They do this upon the ground that these men having, by attaining perfect holiness, been freed from their material bodies, have become a part of the Supreme God by union with his essence. To worship them, therefore, is to worship God.

In a village near Seringapatam, where is the most famous of the Jaina temples, there is a colossal statue of Gautama, the last of those who have attained godship, which has been cut from the solid rock upon the face of a hill. It is in the form of a naked man of gigantic proportions. Being some seventy feet in height, and standing upon an elevation, it is visible for miles around. Great multitudes of Jainas resort to it for worship.

The term Budh, or Boodh, or Budda merely expresses the idea of divinity. Budhists, all over the world, so far as they worship any thing, worship Gautama, or Gaudama, as it is variously written.

He was son of the king of Behar in Northern India, and lived six hundred years before the

birth of Christ. According to the accounts of his followers, he had lived before this birth in millions of shapes, having been born successively as fowl, fish, beast, insect, and man, in innumerable shapes and conditions. His last birth, after having attained to immense holiness in previous modes of existence, was as the son of this king. Having given his instructions to his followers, he was received into the Deity at about eighty years of age, and is now worshipped, by millions in various lands, as the last Budh.

The Hindus of the Brahminic faith say that Budh is an incarnation of their god Vishnu. According to the account given me by a learned munshi, certain men had attained to immense religious merit by practising abstinence, austerities, penances, and mediation. At last, the merit of these holy men became so great, that it bade fair soon to exceed that of the gods. In such a case, they could, in virtue of this merit, dethrone Indra, the king of heaven, and rule in his stead. Fearful of such a catastrophe, the inferior gods besought Vishnu to save them. Vishnu, accordingly, descended to earth, appeared as Budh, taught these men a *false religion*, and so destroyed all their merit and their

power. The orthodox Hindus, therefore, will not worship Budh.

"But," I inquired of the munshi, "will you worship the lying Vishnu, who thus appeared on earth to deceive men, and destroy their virtue by teaching them a false religion?" "Oh yes," said he; "of course we will." Upon my trying to make him see the wretchedness of such a god, and the worthlessness of such worship, he seemed quite incapable of discovering any thing out of the way in doing evil that good might come. It is painfully true of the Hindus that, "professing themselves to be wise, they have become fools;" for "when they knew God, they glorified him not as God, neither were thankful, but became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened."

The Jainas do not hold the doctrines of Budh in a pure state. They have mingled with them Brahminic views. They say that *sanyasees*, or holy men, having mortified their appetites and passions, become completely insensible to pleasure or pain, to hunger, thirst, or any want. Their souls, freed from earthly pollution, rest upon God in unbroken contemplation. Finally, the body dissolving, or evaporating like camphor when heated, returns to the elements, and the

soul, returning to God from whence it sprung, becomes a part of his essence.

At present, however, none attain to such a pitch of holiness. The soul, released by death, is born again, either into a better or worse condition, according as the life has been good or bad. So again, and again, and again, the same soul may live ten million times on earth—now a dog, next a man or bird. Some, however, pass at once to heaven or hell.

The heavens, according to this system, are sixteen, graduated, according to the merit of the soul, from a thousand to thirty-three thousand years of bliss. The hells also, seven in number, vary in the length and degree of suffering.

The religious tenets of the Brahmins having been adopted by the great mass of the Hindus, the Jainas say that they took the attitude of Protestants against these innovations. They withdrew and formed a separate body. The hatred and strife of the two sects at last resulted in a bloody and long-continued war. The Jainas were everywhere defeated, and then persecuted. Many of them fled to other countries, carrying their religion with them. The rest yielded to the ruling party. At the present

day they exercise no power beyond their own sect. Their temples have been broken down, their idols destroyed, and, except a remnant, they have been swallowed up in the mass of Hinduism.

In Southern India, there are still quite large bodies of them living in their own villages, with their own shastiris and gurus, (religious teachers,) maintaining their protest against Brahminism. Their hatred of their enemies, though powerless, is often bitter, nor is it unreturned. They are generally tradesmen, mechanics, and farmers.

In many of their customs they do not differ from other Hindus; but in their horror of taking life, they exceed even the Brahmins. Not only do they abstain from eating all kinds of meat, but also from some kinds of vegetables, lest they should kill the insects often found in them. Before scouring their floors, they sweep them lightly with a soft broom, so as to spare the lives of fleas and other insects with which their houses are usually well stocked. Even scorpions, snakes, and mosquitos must not be injured, no matter how blood-thirsty or annoying in their propensities.

Our friend, the shastiri of Perumanaloor,

having accused us of the crime of taking the life of animals, the accusation was returned upon himself; he was told that he slew multitudes of living creatures every day. This he denied, asserting that he took the life of no living thing. "Do you not drink water?" he was asked; "if you do, you slay your thousands." "No! no!" answered the Shastiri, "I always have my water strained before I drink it, so as to remove any insects that may be in it." When he was told of the wonders revealed by the microscope, and of the myriads of creatures sporting in a cup of water, too small to be seen or arrested by strainers, he knew not what to say.

It will be evident at a glance, that their system, by making it as sinful to kill a chicken as to rob a house, confounds the distinction of right and wrong. Watchful of the lives of cockroaches and scorpions, they lie without shame or sense of sin. Their religion makes them self-righteous and proud, without ennobling their motives or cleansing their hearts. Christianity alone goes deeper, and, by providing a propitiation for sin, and basing favour with God on true holiness of heart, shows the burdened conscience how it may find peace, and

fosters purity in the soul. Christianity alone is from God; it alone bears the marks of a divine original.

Vantha-vasi.

In the midst of a wide-spread and fertile plain, dotted over with villages, stands the town of Vantha-vasi, commonly called, by the English, Wandiwash. It is known to history as the scene of a battle between the French and the English, in which the latter were victorious, and in which the native troops on both sides abstained from fighting. With remarkable wisdom, they concluded that it was not worth while for them to shed their blood in a contest to decide whether they should have Englishmen or Frenchmen for their masters. By us it is remembered as the place of a few days' delightful sojourn, while making known the truth to polite and intelligent companies of Hindus.

If it was satisfactory to us to get within the walls of a bungalow, and to be able to turn aside to read a chapter in the Bible, and pray in a private room, it seemed equally satisfactory to

the bungalow servants to enjoy the rare privilege, in this secluded spot, of having some one to wait upon. Our arrival threw them into a state of immense excitement, and our few wants were supplied with great speed; one of them especially, running to bring us the oriental luxury of a jar of water for bathing, as if it were to save his life.

The old fort is now in ruins, but bears evidence of having been built with great expenditure of Hindu labour. The view of the villages around, from the ramparts, was very pleasing, and in our walks about Wandiwash our favourable impressions were confirmed. It is composed of a collection of clusters of houses, each cluster mostly inhabited by one caste; and is surrounded with fields of rice, Indian grains, and indigo. In a pleasant grove, with its indispensable tank, the monkeys were skipping from branch to branch among the trees, quite at home in their undisturbed quarters, while minas and other birds flitted about or chattered and quarrelled on the ground. We were reminded in one of our walks of the command to Moses, "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground," (Ex. iii. 5,) by the respectful behaviour

of the *taliari*, (watchman.) On seeing us approach, he drew off to one side of the road, and slipped off his sandals, stood reverently shoeless until we had passed, when he resumed his sandals and went on his way. The putting off of the shoes is universally practised in India as a mark of respect. Should a Hindu enter your house with them on, it would be an evident attempt to treat you disrespectfully, or to presume upon your ignorance of Eastern manners.

The country about Wandiwash is finely adapted to agriculture, and indigo, rice, and other grains are cultivated largely. Good government and true morality among the people only are needed to give prosperity and happiness to the inhabitants. Without these they must be poor. Yet, happily, the wants of the Hindu are few and his patience great. God tempers trials even to his enemies. With his blessing, the Indian cultivator of the soil would be rich upon what would be poverty to the European or American farmer. Their agriculture is laborious, as every thing is done by hand; but it is perseveringly and carefully prosecuted. In the illustration (which is copied from a native drawing) we have one man beating out the grain by thrashing the rice-sheaves

Farmers fanning and beating rice, p. 264.

against the floor, (a mode which I have not seen practiced,) while another fans it by pouring it from a basket in the open air. Two women on the right are busily pounding the grain in a mortar, to separate the chaff from the rice.

On nearing Wandiwash, the attention of travellers is arrested by a tall and rugged granite mountain, rising abruptly from the plain some two miles from the bungalow. We learned, upon inquiry, that it was a place of note, and at a certain festival the resort of a great multitude of pilgrims, who ascended and worshipped on its summit. The Hindus, like most idolaters in ancient and modern times, deem themselves nearer to heaven on the mountain-top than in the plain. They reverence mountains and high hills as dwelling-places of the gods, and consider it a work of much merit to perform a pilgrimage to the temples which they build upon their summits. In some cases, they go farther, and consider the mountain itself to be a god.

Although we were not encouraged to do so by the Brahmins, who do not wish the shrine to be visited by Europeans, we resolved to go to the mountain-top, and get a view of the country around.

At three and a half o'clock in the morning,

we arose, and went by moonlight to the foot of the mountain; then, as the moon set, commenced the ascent by starlight, with a guide. The way, which at first was not difficult, was soon made plain by the approaching dawn. Passing a small temple of Krishna, a favourite but vile incarnation of Vishnu, we ascended for some distance along an inclined plane made with slabs of stone. Beside this stone-paved way, was a watercourse of granite, bringing down water into a granite reservoir twelve feet in diameter and six feet deep. In the rainy season, this reservoir is filled; and here pilgrims to the summit stop and bathe. Following the stone walk upward, we came to a saddle between two hills, which ended the first stage of the ascent. On the level space thus furnished, were shade-trees for the weary, a tank for refreshment, a mundapam for rest, and a small temple for religious worship; and what was the object of worship in this high place? It was an image of one god ferociously ripping open the bowels of another!

Turning here to the right, we ascended the higher of the summits by steps, formed sometimes with slabs of stone, sometimes cut from the solid rock. The whole hill is a mass of

granite, with a little shrubbery here and there in spots where the crumbled granite has made a little soil. Passing several tanks—some of which were natural cavities, others artificially cut in the side of the mountain—we gained the end of the second stage of the ascent.

Now a perpendicular column of granite towered above us, in some places split and cracked, and resembling a huge castellated fortress. Here we found a winding footpath, in some parts cut into fair, safe steps, but in others so smooth that we passed them on our hands and feet, lest we should slip and be precipitated below. The danger, however, is small, as the pathway has been made with much skill and labour. At last, passing a now-deserted tiger's lair, and stooping beneath a cleft rock, under which we must go, emerging, and then ascending a few narrow granite steps, we were at the summit, and in the portico of a small temple. This, with six other shrines, crowns the mountain. All are very small, and have been built with much ingenuity, resting, at different elevations, partly on pillars, and partly on levelled portions of the peak; and all are dedicated to the same god—the elephant-headed Ganesha. Thus is this contemptible idol honoured and

adored, while God, the creator of mountains, worlds, and systems, is neglected and unknown by the creatures of his own hand.

Every morning, a Brahmin ascends to perform *pujah*, or worship, at these shrines with offerings of rice, flowers, and cocoanuts; and in the evening, a pandarum (religious ascetic) goes up and lights a lamp before it. In the rock are cut large cavities to hold the oil and ghee (prepared butter) offered by the pilgrims who annually flock in thousands to the festival of this sacred place; these offerings are carried off by the Brahmins.

We reached the summit before sunrise, (having started thus early to avoid the fierce heat of the sun,) and had a fine view of the plain, spreading like a lake around us, broken here and there with a craggy granite hill, and with towns and tree-embowered villages scattered among its checkered fields. To the north, we could see the great temples of Conjeveram, thirty miles distant; to the south, the mountains of Salem and Ginjee; and to the east, a hill from which we might have looked upon our Madras homes.

We made a map of the villages, with the help of our guide; and having plucked some little

flowrets as a memento of Wandiwash Mountain, with a heartfelt prayer that God would confound these idols, and cast them to the ground, we began the descent.

By half-after seven, we had reached the base of the mountain; but even at this hour, the sun was oppressively hot, making the shelter of a roof very agreeable.

We had fine audiences in the tent, which we had pitched in front of the bungalow. The people listened with attention, were intelligent, and very many of them could read. Their questions were so proper, and their behaviour so agreeable a contrast to that of our Brahmin friends at Perumanaloor, that we felt greatly pleased with the place and people. To each one that could read, we gave a copy of one of the Gospels, printed separately for distribution, and a small tract containing the substance of the Gospel in poetry and prose.

Of poetry and singing, the Hindus are extremely fond. No matter how noisy a crowd may be, the singing of a stanza will, at all times, command complete silence. When the preacher finds his audience inclined to invert the proper order, by making him listen, while ten or a dozen of them address him at the same time, he

can get a hearing, almost without fail, by introducing quotations from their poets, sung in the Hindu style. Should some troublesome fellow interrupt him, the others will silence the interrupter, that they may not lose the poetry. This fact is a valuable one to the missionary. Among the Tamil classic poets, there are some who have written satires so keen and sarcasms so biting against the follies of idolatry and of Hinduism in all its shapes, that the missionary is ready furnished with the materials of war in a most telling shape. It may not be out of place to give a rude translation of an example or two, though the force of the original, lying much in the words and expressions, will not appear in a translation. Thus, on the subject of the worship of idols, one of their poets says—

"*Nartta kalley devam-endru nalu purtpam sattiyey*
Sutti vanthu mirnu-mirn endru sollu-manthiram etharda," &c.

Which may be rendered—

The lifeless stone a god you call, and flowers in offering bring;
Around and round, with muttering sound, fool! many a prayer you sing;
But will the lifeless stone speak out? Will God within it go?
Yes! when the pot in which 'tis cooked the curry's taste shall know.

The ringing stone you cut and cleave, and from it gods you
make;
The threshold-stone until 'tis gone with your base heels
you scrape;
Flowers, and sacred ashes too, the god-stone gets each day;
Yet neither stone to the great God can any joy convey.

Another of their poets, speaking of the worthlessness of rubbing holy ashes on the forehead, of ablutions in sacred rivers, of unintelligible prayers, as a means of purifying the soul, or finding the true way to the heavenly shores, says—

"*Neetei-punein-thenna neer-ardap-poyenna nee-manamey,*" &c.

That is—

Why ashes on thy forehead rub? In sacred streams why
bathe?
Thou knowest not the second birth, the way thou knowest
not—knave!
Seven times ten million senseless prayers, oh what do they
avail?
The stream to cross—the ford to find—your wandering
footsteps fail.

Generally, they take strictures upon their religion with a very good grace. There is one point, however, where our teaching becomes very offensive: it is when we get them clearly to see and feel that our meaning is, *that our's*

is the only true religion. We preach to them "No salvation out of Christ;" and that unless they receive him and his commandments they are lost. To them this seems in the highest degree illiberal; but we can have no liberality here. For any man to embrace a new religion they deem most sinful; for them to do so, absurd. One Brahmin remarked, "You may preach as much as you please, but none of us will join the Christian church." They were much interested in the answer, that in God's Word it was foretold that all lands should submit to Jesus Christ; that in ancient times our own ancestors in Europe were idolaters, stupidly bowing down to gods of wood and stone, but that the preachers of the gospel had gone and made known to them the sinfulness of their ways; and that though they rejected it at first, as the Hindus now do, that still it prevailed and filled the land; and, moreover, that in India multitudes were already throwing away their idols in Tinnevelly, Madura, and other districts. This to them was all new; more especially were they astonished at the story of savage and idolatrous Saxons and Britons being the ancestors of the present Christian rulers of India.

During the few days of our stay at Wandiwash, we had a constant succession of visitors, some of whom came from villages at a distance, having heard of the arrival of "padrés" with books and medicines. Some came to converse, some to get a book, some for medical advice, and all to have a look at the strangers. We also visited a few of the neighbouring hamlets.

In one of these villages, visited toward the close of a sultry day, I was interested by the people saying that they had never seen a white man there before; for the name of Jesus had probably never there been uttered. It was a town of some two hundred houses, of which half where of the Jaina sect; and, like most Hindu towns, beautifully shaded by trees planted about the houses. Entering the place on foot, I addressed some of the older men who were seated on the narrow verandahs of their houses. They suggested that we should go to the place where the people were accustomed to meet, near the house of the head-man of the village. We accordingly moved off to a spot where a great and widespreading tree had a square platform of stone built around its root. Here we found the head-man, with a number of others, sitting to talk over the events of the

day. They immediately rose, and with much politeness requested me to be seated on the elevated platform, while they took their places in a semicircle on the ground before it.

It was truly a high and holy privilege, not so much a duty as a luxury, thus to sit beneath the shade of the noble tree, and for the first time to tell a group of interested hearers of the way of salvation by Jesus Christ. They listened most attentively, understood what was said, and behaved with a kind simplicity that delighted me. Deceitful, dishonest, and degraded though they are, the villagers of Southern India present a most pleasing contrast to the far more corrupt inhabitants of the great cities: to mingle with them is a pleasing duty to one accustomed to labour in the great city.

One man only attempted to be troublesome, and he was immediately told by the others to hold his tongue, and not interrupt the gentleman with his impertinent questions. They appeared anxious to hear all that I had to say. Like the shastiri of the Jainas at Perumanaloor, they had a difficulty to propose about the propriety of killing any living creature. When told of the multitudes of living creatures unavoidably slain even by water-drinkers, and

asked why, if it were wrong, God had thus made it unavoidable, they were puzzled for an answer.

After giving them tracts, I left them, pleased and cheered, and yet not without the painful consciousness that when they more clearly understood the claims of God, their hearts would rise up in rebellion against them.

It was evening, and the little square rice-fields, separated by slight earth ridges, with their starting grain, the trees concealing the villages, and all nature around, seemed charming. The mountain, surmounted by its temples, stood out boldly against the sky, and the air though hot, was balmy and soft as the sun hid himself below the horizon. I could not but feel that even torrid, sultry, and now idolatrous India might, if blessed by the gospel, be a happy and a joyous land.

Reaching the bungalow, quite exhausted with constant throat-work, my heart misgave me on finding the verandah full of people. But they must be talked to before they went away. At last they left us. It was now quite dark, and the Hindu devotee, who every evening climbs the mountain, had lit his fire before the idol upon its summit. Like a lurid star, it

twinkled in the sky, a daring insult to God, a homage paid to a senseless stone in the very sight of his visible heavens. Blessed be God that he will vindicate his high and holy name; that he hath given to his Son the heathen for an inheritance, and the uttermost part of the earth for a possession!

Nowhere had I seen India in so pleasing an aspect, and never had I felt more anxious that preachers of the gospel should be scattered through the land. There are in this region hundreds and thousands of villages entirely open to the missionary, with none to let or make him afraid. The constant succession of large companies of hearers probably would not continue, but in all respects the field would be completely open and ready for the Christian labourer; not to reap the harvest at his entrance upon the field, but to sow and water the seed, with the expectation of soon rejoicing in sheaves gathered into the garner of the Lord.

Not the Sudras only, but some of the Brahmins also, seemed to relish the keen exposures of heathenism which they heard from Mr. S. They listened in the best possible humour; and when a difficulty raised was parried, or the light of truth disclosed the absurdity of their

ways of salvation, seemed as much delighted as though the system exposed was not that which they had been taught to hold sacred from their earliest years. Nor was it all negative work. Said one man, "You show us the folly of Hinduism; now give us books to prove your own religion to be true;" thus of himself inviting the commendation of the gospel to his conscience as the way of salvation. "Since you have been here," they told us, "nothing has been talked of but religion."

May these transient efforts soon be followed by the permanent labours of some who shall give themselves to the work of the Lord among the heathen of this region.

Trivatoor.

The Hindus have many holy places; that is, places where the temples are large and famous, where there are idols supposed to possess especial power and value, to worship which great numbers of devotees resort from distant portions of the country; places where hordes of Brahmins congregate; where sin

abounds, and iniquity is rampant; where idolatry brings forth its true fruit in all manner of unholiness. Trivatoor, but twelve miles from Wandiwash, is such a holy place. Yet even into such seats of heathenism the missionary may enter, and freely preach the gospel.

While at Wandiwash, we had been advised not to come hither, as the cholera was prevailing in the town, but we did not feel justified in turning aside. As we drew near the temple, we learned, from the report of guns and the music of discordant tomtoms, horns, and other instruments, that the natives were trying to propitiate the goddess of cholera. This fearful disease is supposed to be the malicious diversion of a cruel deity; and by these methods they seek to persuade her to withdraw the infliction. In going through the streets, we passed beneath cords hung across from house to house, and strung with a particular leaf for the same purpose. Over the doors these same leaves were hung, and all things showed the presence of this disease, so fatal, and, to the Hindus, so terrifying. In our morning walk through the streets, we met a procession going with offerings to appease the angry goddess; while from time to time the loud, mono-

tonous wailing of a peculiar horn, used only in funerals, told us that one and another had gone from this dark seat of heathenism to the eternal world. At night, all around us arose the mournful outcries of assemblages, who, with rude music, bells, and loud invocations, were for hours calling upon the goddess to stay her anger. Oh! how sad, how painfully sad, to know, that of all who were around us not one called upon God!—that, except ourselves, for miles and miles in any direction, there was not one follower of Christ, nor one missionary to bid them turn from idols to the living God!

When the people found that we had come to preach and distribute books, they began to flock to the small rest-house in which we had taken up our quarters. Instead of going into the streets to preach at this place, we stationed two of our bearers at the gate of the compound in which the bungalow stands, with directions only to admit the men, and not more than thirty at a time. Seating these on mats in our room, we each addressed them, setting before them the way of salvation through Christ and the hopelessness of heathenism, and, to all who could read, gave books. When one audience had thus been addressed and presented

with tracts, they were dismissed, and the second company, which had by this time accumulated at the compound-gate, was admitted. In this way we had ten audiences in the course of the day.

The advantages of this plan, where there are persons enough to fill a room in successive companies as long as you are able to speak, are many. Noisy boys are excluded; a large number of men are reached, and those who come in, being your visitors, as such feel bound to behave courteously. They do not enter into discussion to any great extent, so that you give to them an unbroken address, which is of much importance when each is to hear for so short a time. Moreover, they sit down comfortably, and are in favourable circumstances to listen with quietness and impartiality to what you have to say.

The next day was spent in the same way, in speaking to twelve companies. We were pleased at being able to sow so much seed in the shape of Gospels and tracts in this place, for it is full of Brahmins said to be very bigoted. When the government sent a man to vaccinate the people, so as to check the ravages of the smallpox, they supposed it to be a scheme to innocu-

late them with the virus of Christianity. To avoid this danger of innoculation with a new faith, they seized him, beat him, and cast him out of their borders. Smallpox, as well as cholera, they look upon as an infliction from the hands of the cruel Mari-ammah; hence they seek for deliverance from its ravages, not so much by medical aid as by the soothing power of offerings, with the music of tomtoms horns and guns, upon the mind of the angry goddess.

Conjeveram.

OUR homeward route now brought us to Conjeveram, not merely, like Trivatoor, a place of resort and of celebrity, but one of the seven holy cities of India. Few places are more famous for temples and festivals than Conjeveram, "the golden-beaded city." Nor is it without note in modern oriental history; during the last half of the eighteenth century, its neighbourhood was the scene of many a bloody struggle between the armies of England and France, while contending, ten thousand miles

from home, for the supremacy of India. Here, too, Hyder Ali and his son Tippoo in 1780 met, and by superior numbers overpowered an English force, slaying or capturing them to a man.

But Hyder and Tippoo have passed away, and British power is here supreme. The inhabitants of the holy city, no more harrassed by marauding bands of robbers or terrified by the approach of hostile armies, have little to think of but their pagodas, their processions, and their gains reaped from the superstitions of Southern India.

The town is long and straggling, covering a space near six miles in length. The streets are broad, level, and finely planted with shade-trees. The inhabitants are mainly Brahmin, who live by the temples. Their houses are often large, and, when compared with those of other Hindu towns, handsome. Though the country around is not rich, the money brought into Conjeveram by its sanctity, and its celebrity as a resort of pilgrims, gives it the appearance of prosperity and ease. The streets cross each other regularly; the temples are of uncommon size and extent, the tanks large, and the choultries (native rest-houses) numerous.

The great attraction of the place is the temple of Maha-deva, the "mighty god" Siva. The entrance to this temple, styled by the Tamil people a *gobram*, by the English, pagoda, is very lofty, being, if I remember aright, twelve stories in height, and may be seen for miles around, towering above the cocoanut-trees with which the streets of the "golden city" are planted. This structure is upon the same model as that upon which all the gobrams of Southern India are built. They stand in the centre of one of the four walls which surround the temple, which is properly only the dwelling-place of the idol-god, and frequently very small. They are pyramidal in shape, and rise in successive stories, gradually diminishing as they ascend. In the first story of the gobram is the gateway to the courts and shrines within. Each succeeding story is reached by flights of steps, and has an arched door-like opening, through which you can see the sky beyond. They are built usually of brick, stuccoed with chunam, (Madras plaster,) and are completely covered with grotesque images of gods, demons, and creatures of all imaginable shapes, and of some shapes quite unimaginable, save by a Hindu.

The temple proper, as in the temple at Jerusalem, stands in a court within this gateway, and upon a slightly raised platform. Around this court runs a deep portico supported by stone columns, said to be a thousand in number. Of these, some are plain, and others carved into the shape of animals, vases, gods, &c. On the walls, also, are many sculptured scenes. Many of these scenes, though in the spot devoted to the worship of their gods, are so vile, that human nature, unless itself as vile, would blush to confess that it could conceive them. Yet, here the gods are worshipped—this is a holy place, and to visit it an act of piety! Such is Hinduism, and such the moral sense of the Hindus! Such, rather, is human nature left to reveal its own depravity.

The great temple of Siva has not a monopoly of the sacred city. The worshippers of the rival god Vishnu have also a famous temple here. It is not Christianity alone, as many suppose, that is divided into sects. Hinduism has its sects, who have engaged in bloody wars to decide whether Siva or Vishnu was the supreme ruler; and Mohammedans of different sects hate each other as bitterly as do the Vishnuvites the Sivites. A line of separation

has been drawn by the government between the two divisions of Conjeveram, of which one is known as Siva-Conjee, the other as Vishnu-Conjee. As the rival sects may not settle their disputes by blows, they take delight in insulting and ridiculing the claims of the opposing god and his worshippers. On the night preceding the great car-drawing, the Vishnuvites mount their idol on a great gilt elephant, and drawing it to the line of separation, turn its tail toward the temple of Siva, and with shouts and gestures of insult, run it backward to the line. The affair ends bloodlessly, however, with abuse and insult, and, it may be, some pulling of hair and brandishing of fists.

At a certain season, the incarnations of Vishnu, ten in number, are celebrated for ten successive days. Each day his image is exhibited to the public, or is borne in procession through the streets. The idol, adorned with jewels and rich clothes, is seated on a platform surrounded by his priests, and the platform borne in triumphal procession through the wide streets. It is preceded and followed by devotees on foot, drummers astride of bullocks, elephants, dancing-girls, torch-bearers, fireworks, and men in various disguises. Others, to excite com-

passion by their penances, and so collect alms, move among the crowd with iron rods run through their cheeks or sides; or lie with their heads buried under the earth, while their bodies are exposed to public gaze. Others, with scarce a rag to cover their nakedness, and smeared all over with ashes of cow-dung, exhibit limbs stiffened by disuse, or emaciated by long-continued austerities. The drawing of the idol-car is thus described by a missionary visiting Conjeveram at the great festival for the purpose of preaching to the assembled multitudes:

"Early in the day, I went out to witness the imposing spectacle. The bright sun that Jehovah made flooded sky and earth with effulgence. Were it not an inanimate luminary, surely it would have veiled its face with midnight sorrow, as it gazed upon the scene that passed before my eyes. How shall I describe it? A vast multitude, whose heads were like the ears of waving wheat upon an illimitable grain-field, filled up the long avenue along which the car was drawn. It was, indeed, a mighty structure, towering above the tops of the palm-trees. It was gaudily decked with crimson trappings, and a glittering umbrella adorned its pinnacle. Its massive wheels moved

slowly and majestically through the sand. Monstrous, misshapen forms, like dragons of giant size, grinned and leered hideously on its four sides; and images of horses in leaping attitudes were projected from its front. On the fore-part of the car, and about half-way up the edifice, Brahmins stood waving long and graceful deer-hair brushes to the crowd below; while men, packed in the sides of the car, busied themselves in letting down ropes with bags attached, and drawing up the spoils which the people deposited in them. Four cables of enormous size, such as no ship on the ocean carries, stretched far away in front of the car, lying like anacondas on the necks and heads of the half-maddened throng, who, grasping them and bearing upon them with their full strength, moved the towering vehicle slowly along. Between the ropes were Brahmins, old and young, waving cloths and sticks hung with small white banners, cheering the multitude forward in their task. Now the throng would stop, weary with their labour; and now again the shout would rise up with a great rush of voices along the cables, and once more they would give their shoulders to the toilsome work. I never saw such a sight. The ocean-like crowd

parted and met around the car like waters around an island. The old, the middle-aged, and the young were there. Aged Brahmins with white hairs were there; and there, too, were infants lying on the necks of delicate women.

"Among the deluded worshippers, I saw some who bore votive cocoanuts in their hands. These they cracked, and then held the dissevered portions with uplifted arms before their idol-god. I saw others, who stood at some distance in advance of the car, throwing themselves flat upon their faces in the hot sand to do homage to the senseless image. My soul was filled with horror at this sight. Having been occupied for several days, together with my father, in preaching against idol-worship, and proclaiming the true God, I felt a little apprehension, before going out, lest I might meet with some insult or violence; but, when I witnessed this scene, indignation took the place of apprehension. I felt that if there was aught for which I could lay down my life, it would be possible for one to do it in testimony against this abominable idolatry."

PART IV.

Caste.

Caste has been fitly called the cement that binds the great structure of Hindu institutions. Not only does it separate each class from all others, but compacts the whole, so as to form of dissimilar and uncongenial units an almost impregnable body. Its influence cannot be overlooked by any who long for the regeneration of India.

You are met by caste when you first put your foot upon the shores of Hindustan, and you meet it at every step of your progress and in every effort to Christianize the people. In the city and in the village, in the highway and in the byway, in the school and in the church, with the high and the low, the child and the gray-headed man, the influence of caste must be met and overcome. It constitutes one of the chief obstacles to the spread of Christianity among the Hindus. To know the work to be

done among the one hundred millions of men who are held in its bonds, we must know something of the nature and effects of this institution.

Caste is a Portuguese term adopted by the English as the representative of the native word *Jathi*—the term applied to the distinction of classes or tribes among the Hindus. They apply the same term to foreign nations, calling the English a Jathi, and the French another Jathi, or caste. Properly, however, you can only speak of four castes. These four were ordained of God, and all outside of these are casteless or no-caste. According to the received holy books of the Hindus, the four divinely instituted castes are, the Brahmin, the Kschatrya, the Vaisya, and the Sudra.

The *Brahmins* are said to have sprung from the *head* of the creator Brahma. Being thus born from his noblest part, they are, by birth, pre-eminent in dignity and holiness. They are the priests and lawgivers of the nation.

The *Kschatryas* sprang from the *shoulders* of Brahma, and fill the kingly and military offices.

The *Vaisyas* sprang from the body of the god. It is their duty as merchants and traders to care for the wants of the state.

The *Sudras* sprang from his *feet*. They are therefore subordinate to all, and must, by mechanical and servile labours, contribute to the happiness of the high-born, especially to that of the Brahmins.

Such is the divine arrangement of castes, according to the holy books of the Hindus; but time has greatly changed both the number of castes and the rules by which they are governed. The Kschatrya or military caste, and the Vaisya or mercantile caste, have become almost extinct, leaving the Brahmins and Sudras as the two great divisions. These two have again been subdivided into many tribes and castes, so that it is commonly said that there are eighteen chief, and one hundred and eight minor castes. There is a large body of outcasts belonging to neither of the four original castes, and called Pariahs; though despised by the others, they have among themselves distinctions of dignity which they hold as tenaciously as do the higher orders theirs.

The number of castes will not excite wonder, when it is remembered that almost every employment or profession forms a separate caste. The members of these subdivisions, though belonging to the same great caste, will not inter-

marry, nor will they eat, drink, or associate with each other. Thus, physicians form a separate caste, the druggists another, the shepherds another, and so on with herdsmen, barbers, writers, farmers, carpenters, goldsmiths, masons, blacksmiths, and many other trades. The blacksmith will not marry into the family of the weaver, nor will he eat or drink with him; nor will the carpenter with the shepherd, nor the accountant with the mason. Each profession is handed down from father to son. Before his birth, the calling of the man is decided and his associations fixed. Society is thus made up, not of men, but of castes; and man sympathizes not with his fellow-man, but with his caste. Each caste, wrapped up within the narrow limits of its own little circle, knows no hospitality or duty beyond this well-defined boundary. No success, no genius, no virtue can lift him out of the caste in which he was born; and no crime, except a breach of caste, can degrade him from it. This the Hindu believes to be the ordinance and will of God. His place in society was fixed at the creation.

What, it will be asked, are the practical workings of this system. To this two answers have

been given. The Abbé Dubois,* a French Roman Catholic missionary, says—"I consider the institution of castes among the Hindu nations as the happiest effort of their legislation; and I am well convinced that if the people of India never sank into a state of barbarism, and if when almost all Europe was plunged in that dreary gulf, India kept up her head, preserved and extended the sciences, the arts, and civilization, it is wholly to the distinction of castes that she is indebted for that high celebrity." He argues that by the continuation of the same profession in certain castes from father to son, a knowledge of the useful arts is maintained; that by caste-rules, habits of decency are preserved; and by caste-discipline, immorality is restrained. While we may admit that caste is not utterly useless in these respects, we wonder that the Abbé should forget that all improvement in the arts is repressed, the cravings of genius for higher and nobler callings are crushed, and natural tastes disregarded. If some castes keep up certain rules of decency, at the same time indecent and degrading practices are perpetuated in others. Thus, for instance, while

* Author of a valuable work on the manners and customs of the Hindus.

some castes dress with entire decency, in others women are forbidden to wear any clothing above the waist. The want of refinement in the gross, ignorant Pariahs, which excites the horror and disgust of this ecclesiastic, should rather move him to pity, for the inflexible rules of caste condemn him for life to the circle and lot in which he was born. If the caste-discipline is sometimes beneficial, it is more often unjust and cruel; and hospitality within the caste becomes mere clanship, while the heart is hardened into a stone-like indifference to the miseries of the members of other castes.

It might be supposed that high-caste men would be more tenacious of the distinction than those of low caste; but this is not the case. Even the outcast Pariahs of the villages, who feed on carrion, find some upon whom they may look down, and the lowest Sudra would refuse to take a cup of tea from the hands of any king in Europe; it would defile him! Our gardener's sick wife would not eat any delicacy prepared by our cook, because he was a Pariah, though a most respectable man, with higher wages than her husband. Once, when examining a school on our verandah, one of the boys, a poor little fellow with only a dirty strip of

cloth to wrap about his middle, fainted. I got some water and sprinkled it on him. At this the scholars and teachers were quite horrified, and ran to stop me, lest his caste should be spoiled by water from the hand of a casteless person like myself.

Caste is quite independent of station. A high-caste pauper is the superior of a low-caste king. As Europeans have no caste, to eat with them would degrade a Hindu of any caste. For a man to receive a cup of tea from the hand of a missionary, is an evidence of his willingness to renounce caste, and is sometimes made a test of sincerity with religious inquirers. During a famine in Madura, even starving women refused food from the table of the missionary. When in Calcutta, a little boy in our family went into the room in which a servant was eating, and happened to lay his hand upon him. The man immediately rose and threw his dinner into the street.

A volume might be filled with illustrations of the folly and cruelty of this system; but its workings will be seen in the causes and method of *expulsion from caste.* When the rules of caste have been broken, the crime is not always followed by discipline. If the offender is

wealthy, powerful, or highly connected, the trespass is often winked at. But if the offender is poor, or has enemies who desire his downfall, the case is published abroad, and he is cited to appear before the guru (the religious teacher and head of the caste) and the chief men. If the case is made out against him, he is punished, according to the magnitude of the offence, by fines, blows, or branding with a hot iron, or, if it be a trifling fault, by a feast to the caste. He is then made to humble himself with prostrations to the earth before the guru, and purified by drinking a mixture called pancha-karyam, (the five products of the cow,) which has the power of cleansing from sin and stain.

Sometimes, however, owing to the bitterness of enemies or the nature of the offence, it cannot be thus expiated. In such cases, the offender is driven from his family and society—his parents, his wife, and his children refuse to eat with him or to give him a drop of water, his friendship is denied, and his society shunned by all. He does not fall to a lower caste, but sinks at once to the level of the Pariah. As the elephant cannot become a dog, or a lion a mouse, so the Brahmin or Kschatrya does not

become a Sudra; he ceases to be a Brahmin or a Kschatrya, and becomes a casteless man, a vagabond upon the face of the earth.

It does not matter whether the offence was voluntary or involuntary; it is not the sin, but the defilement, that constitutes the crime. In Bengal, a European, out of spite, seized a Brahmin and forced spirits and meat into his mouth. He became an outcast. At the end of three years, efforts were made by his friends at the expense of forty thousand dollars to have his caste restored, but in vain. Another effort was made, however, and by expending some one hundred thousand dollars, his fellows were induced to consent to his restoration to his former rights and privileges. During the reign of Tippoo, Sultan of Mysore, an attempt was made by that cruel prince to force the Hindus to adopt the Mohammedan religion. A number of them were forced to eat beef as an evidence of their having forsaken Hinduism. After his overthrow by the English, these persons petitioned for a restoration to caste, but in vain. No penances could atone for the worse than cannibal sacrilege of eating the flesh of the sacred cow—an animal so holy in their eyes, that to kill one is a crime as heinous as the murder

of a man. Had they committed theft, adultery, fraud, or perjury, it would have been a small matter; but the stain of beef-eating could neither be forgiven nor washed away.

A case mentioned by the Abbé Dubois will illustrate the injustice of many of the decisions of a caste among people so low in morality as the Hindus. Eleven Brahmins, passing through a country desolated by war, arrived exhausted by hunger and fatigue at a village. To their surprise and disappointment, they found it deserted. Rice, they had with them, but no vessel in which to boil it. Looking around, they could find nothing but the pots in the house of the village washerman; for Brahmins even to touch these would be a defilement almost ineffaceable. But being pressed by hunger, they bound one another to secresy by an oath, and having washed one of the pots a hundred times, they boiled their rice in it. One of them alone refused to partake of the repast, and on reaching home he accused the other ten before the chief Brahmin of the town. The rumour quickly spread; the delinquents were summoned and compelled to appear. Having learned the difficulty in which they were likely to be involved, they were prepared for the

charge; and, according to previous agreement, each protested that the accuser only was guilty of the crime which he laid at their door. Which side was to be believed? Was the testimony of one man to be taken against that of ten? The result was, that the ten Brahmins were declared innocent, and the accuser, being found guilty, was expelled with ignominy from the caste. Though his innocence could scarcely be doubted, the judges were offended by his disclosure, and could more conveniently sacrifice him than the ten truly guilty and foresworn men.

At the present day the rules of caste as laid down in the sacred books cannot be enforced. Having lived for centuries under a foreign yoke, formerly that of the Mohammedans, now that of the English, they find it impossible to follow the laws of the Shasters. Sometimes from necessity, sometimes from the love of office and of gain, they must or will transgress the rules of caste. While offences are profitable, and offenders both many and strong, these breaches of the law will be winked at. In trade, public offices, schools, and the army, you will find men of all castes daily violating the rules of the Shasters.

But when a Hindu becomes a Christian, and, as a mark of Christian fellowship and brotherhood, eats or drinks with his spiritual guide, caste becomes an instrument to snatch from him his wife and children, to cut him off from every tender tie, and to make him (as far as civil law permits) an outcast and a homeless wanderer in the land of his fathers. It is a cause of devout thankfulness that even this strong chain with which Satan has bound the idolaters of Hindustan has been broken by the power of the Spirit of God, and that converted Hindus have had grace to brave the scorn and persecuting rage of their countrymen—that they have *forsaken all* to follow Christ. In the American mission at Madras, all the members of the churches, male and female, assemble yearly around one table, and partake, together with their teachers, of a cheerful repast. This is their "love-feast." Soon may these unchristian barriers between man and man be broken down, and love unite in the bonds of Christian affection the millions of redeemed Hindustan!

Vaishnava Brahmin. p. 301

The Brahmins.

Before leaving the subject of caste, an answer should be given to the question, "What is a Brahmin?" Should you meet a member of this powerful caste, fresh from his morning washings and prayers, with a snow-white cloth wound around his middle, his body and shoulders bare, his head shaven and uncovered, and his brass vessel of water in his hand, walking with a stately consciousness of superiority to all created things;* and should you address this question to him, he might reply—

"I am a Brahmin, of the race that sprung from the mouth of Brahma, the almighty creator. By birth I am pure, holy, and noble, a priest and guide of men, superior to all lords and kings. Twice born, and invested with the sacred thread, I am the repositary of the Vedas, (those

* The illustration represents a Vaishnava Brahmin, or one who belongs to the sect especially worshipping the god Vishnu. This is known by the marks emblematic of this deity painted on his forehead, arms, and body. The sacred thread, the *poita*, is over his shoulder, and in his hand he carries his brass water-vessel.

divine books which, if a Sudra heard read, his head would cleave asunder.) I am the medium of blessings from heaven to men. Without me, the world would be a desert; for by me the infant is purified, the man married, and the dead buried. By my prayers, misfortunes are averted, the sick healed, curses removed. If the Sudra lie for me, it is no sin; if he drink the water in which my toe has been dipped, he will be purified. Though a beggar, I occupy a height to which kings may not aspire; nay, even the gods are subject to the prayers I utter!"

If you ask the Christian missionary, "What is a Brahmin?" he might answer, "He is what you would expect a man to be who held such opinions as to his nature, rights, and offices." The proud belief of his own purity, wisdom, and exaltation, the supreme contempt of all other men that dwells in the breast and appears in the speech and mien of the Brahmin, cannot, I think, be paralleled in the world. From his birth he is followed by a succession of ceremonies, each one tending to enhance his self-sufficiency. When twelve days old, a feast is held with many rites for the purpose of giving the young Brahmin a name. When six months old,

there is a second feast to attend to the important step of giving him his first solid food. Two years later, the child has his head shaved, his nails pared, and his ears bored, with many ceremonies, to the sound of music. Again, at about nine years of age, comes the more important and complicated ceremony of investing him with the sacred cord of one hundred and eight threads, made of cotton gathered and spun by Brahmins. This cord he ever after wears over his left shoulder and across the breast to the right hip. At this time he is first taught the unspeakably sacred prayer called the *gayatri*, which no other ear must ever hear, and now he becomes a "twice-born" Brahmin. Having been espoused at about sixteen to a girl four or five years old, and married to her when she has attained womanhood, he becomes qualified for the duties, honours, and privileges of the priesthood.

The Brahmin must eat no meat, nor any thing that has had life; he must drink no spirituous liquors. He must use no vessel for cooking or eating that has been used by any one of a lower caste; if a Sudra but look upon the pot in which his rice is boiling, it must be broken. He cannot receive water or cooked

food from any but Brahmins; nor can he have a Sudra as a servant in his house. A man of any other caste, even though a king, is too impure to hand food to a Brahmin beggar.

His holiness is so intense as to give him much trouble, for commonly he must be his own servant; but it brings with it many privileges. When he receives charity at the hands of others, he confers a favour; and if he feasts at their expense, deserves their gratitude, for they have received an honour and done a work of great merit. The revenues of great tracts of land are devoted to their maintenance, and most government offices are held by them. On every occasion of importance, as marriages, births, &c., the Brahmin must be called and receive a fee.

With all their pretended holiness, it is notorious that Brahmins are far more careful to avoid defilement in public than in private, and that when out of sight they violate the rules of caste to gratify their appetites. As liars, they are unrivalled in a land of liars. Though professedly abstinent, when invited to a feast, they will eat nothing the day before, so as to be in readiness for the good cheer they expect; and then will gorge themselves, so as sometimes

Brahmin at his meal, p. 305.

to be unable to walk home. In intellect, however, they are undoubtedly superior to the other castes.

The accompanying illustration * gives a view of a wayfaring Brahmin taking his food. He is represented uncovered from the waist up, as a true Brahmin ever should be, and with his thread about his shoulder. His head is shaved except a lock on the crown, which is formed into a *coodamy* or queue. On the glossy green plantain-leaf which is spread on the ground before him, serving for table-cloth and plate, is piled a little mountain of rice. This he has flattened at the summit with the knuckles of his right hand, (his wife is doing the same by hers,) and his daughter-in-law, the usual maid-of-all-work, is ladling into the cavity the curry (vegetable curry, of course) with which his dinner is to be seasoned. On the leaf are pickles or other relishes. When he is well helped, the Brahminee will receive her allowance, and the poor daughter-in-law will take what is left. The cooking process is seen at the right. Three stones form the fireplace; on these stands the earthen rice-pot, under which the little sticks

* From a painting by a Hindu.

are thrust and pushed in as they burn away. On it stands the curry-pot, serving as a cover, and retaining its own heat. The water-chatty and another vessel stand on the ground; near by lies an unfolded plantain-leaf as it is cut from the plant, which, when unrolled for these domestic purposes, possesses a polish, delicacy, and beauty most exquisite.

There can be little doubt that the Brahmins are of a different race from the mass of the people of India. Ages since, entering Hindustan from the north-west, they have, by the force of a superior mental structure and a higher civilization, imposed upon its docile nations their religion, laws, and customs. This influence, as well as the introduction of Sanscrit into their languages, has been most complete in Northern India, and has extended over the fertile plains of Southern India. But the rude inhabitants of the hilly ranges, the aborigines of the country, in many places know nothing of the gods or the religion of the Brahmins. In feature, the Brahmins are more handsome, as well as more intelligent in expression, and in complexion lighter, than the Tamil and other races of Southern India. In mental power, also, they are their superiors, while, from their sta-

tion, they derive elegance and self-possession in manners.

But the golden age of the Brahmins is passed. As they now sorrowfully say, "All men are free." Under British rule, and through the influence of Christian missions, caste has ceased fully to define the position of men in society. If the Sudra has merit and education, he will be advanced. Even Pariahs now acquire education and wealth. Though caste is still an iron band upon the people, the Brahmins, as a priesthood, are losing power. The superstitious reverence and fear of the lower castes for their spiritual lords is diminishing. Nothing pleases them more than to see the Brahmins worsted in a debate by those who do not dread their tyranny or their curse.

The power of the gospel to change the heart has been signally manifested in the conversion of men from this proud and depraved race, who have become able preachers of the truth and exemplars of the spirit of Christianity. When truly converted, their rank, mental culture, and intelligence make them valuable as evangelists to their idolatrous countrymen. But now, as in days of old, "not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are

called: but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are, that no flesh should glory in his presence."

The Palm-trees and their Cultivators.

The vegetation of the tropics impresses the stranger from a colder clime not only by the richness and luxuriance of its growth, and the intensity of its greenness, but also by the novelty of its forms. The light, graceful foliage of the margosa, the massive shade of the tamarind, the outstretching arms of the banyan with its series of supporting trunks, and the structure of many other noble trees, are new and beautiful. But it is upon the palms—well called the princes of the vegetable world—that he looks with most delight. Entirely unlike any of the forest or fruit-trees with which he has been at home familiar, they awaken trains of thought

and feeling associated with the earliest dreams of oriental life and scenery. Well do they deserve, both from their beauty and utility, the position they hold as the most famous of the trees of the field.

Palm-trees, though of many varying species, have all some general characteristics. All palms have a trunk, growing often to a stately height, surmounted by a crown, not of branches, but of leaves; these leaves are either fan-like, or divided like the plume of the ostrich into leaflets springing from a strong leaf-stalk.

But, while thus possessing common traits, the different tribes present striking diversities. Some, like the rattan, climb to the summits of trees in the dense forests, and, serpent-like, growing from tree-top to tree-top, throw up their leafy heads above their topmost branches. Others are but a cluster of palm-leaves springing from a concealed trunk. In some, the shaft is most slender near the summit; in others, at a point midway from the root to the leaves; in others, again, its diameter will not vary perceptibly from the root to the leafy top.

A number of these different members of the palm-family are found in India, but among them two stand pre-eminent for frequency and utility;

these are the palmyra and the cocoanut. To take these away would greatly diminish both the beauty and wealth of Southern India; for whole castes are entirely dependent upon them for their support. The cocoanut-palm is one of the most beautiful as well as one of the most useful of this beautiful and useful tribe of plants. Its shaft-like trunk towers forty, sixty, or eighty feet into the air; sometimes quite straight, at others bending and curved; and is surmounted by a rich crown of leaves, which wave in the air with all the grace of gigantic ostrich plumes. The leaves are each about fifteen feet in length, and to the number of twelve or fifteen spring from the summit of the trunk. They are *pinnate*, or divided into leaflets, attached to a strong midrib; the leaflets are highly polished and of a deep-green colour. The entire tree, when grouped in topes or scattered singly amid other objects, enriches every landscape in which it forms a part, and never ceases to charm the eye. Those who have dwelt amid cocoanut groves, when far away in colder climes long once more to look upon their graceful foliage, glittering in the bright sunlight or reflecting the rays of the moon in the soft night air of India.

As new leaves spring from the head of the ascending trunk, the oldest and consequently lowest are fading and dropping off. Each, as it falls, leaves a ridge upon the trunk, which assists the climber in reaching the fruit. The blossoms of the cocoanut spring from the trunk and open amid the bases of the lower leaves; as the tree sends forth a succession of blossoms every few weeks, the fruit is found upon it in every stage of maturity at the same time, from the blossom and the cluster of pretty little green nuts not larger than plums, to the full-grown fruit as large as a man's head, hanging from a tough stalk and ready to be plucked. Looking at the sandy and arid soil from which this noble pile of vegetable life springs, we wonder at its growth, but it is in such soil that it is most at home.

"The righteous," says the Psalmist, "shall flourish as the palm-tree;" his head shall be green, his trunk full of sap, his blossoms setting, and his fruit ripening, when all around is parched, arid, and waste. And why? Because, as the palm-tree sends down its roots twenty or even thirty feet beneath the sandy surface, drawing nourishment from the unseen waters flowing there; so the true spiritual Christian,

while worldliness and deadness reign around, is drawing from unseen fountains that water of salvation which is within him, as a well of living water ever gushing forth unto everlasting life.

The cocoanut-tree is certainly one of the most remarkable of the many wonderful gifts of God to man. Of the variety of uses to which it may be applied there is almost no end; nor is there any portion of it which has not its peculiar use. The trunk, the leaves, the fruit, all contribute to the comfort and support of the Hindu. From its *trunk* he builds his hut, makes gutters for water, and cuts posts and canoes. From its *leaves* he makes mats for his floor, thatch for his roof, and screens for the front of his house; closely-platted, it gives him fish-bags, baskets, and even buckets for water. The stiff, strong *stalk of the leaf* answers for an oar for the fishermen, for the construction of fences, and for fuel; while the *husk* which surrounds the nut, when soaked and beaten into separate fibres, furnishes thread and twine from which to make his nets and ropes, as well as a swinging hammock for his babe, and a mattrass for himself. The *fruit*, when young and green, furnishes a refreshing drink from the water within it, and the kernel is then so soft that it

may be eaten with a spoon; when ripe, it becomes a most valuable article of traffic, as it contains a large amount of oil which is expressed in mills and sold for use in cookery, for lamp-oil, for anointing the head and body, and for many other purposes. The kernel is also used in the formation of sweetmeats and of the universally-eaten curry. The hard shell of the nut, when cut and polished, answers for ladle, cup, or spoon; and, when not thus used, for fuel, as it contains a good proportion of oil. The *sap* gives toddy and arrack, (intoxicating drinks,) or, if boiled down before fermenting, sugar.

Many as are the uses of this invaluable tree already enumerated, they are not all. Indeed, to take away from Southern India and Ceylon its cocoanut-trees, would inflict upon multitudes a most severe calamity; hence, their owners guard them most carefully, and on no account destroy them until they grow old and of little value except for timber. They are rented out at so much a tree, and sometimes a single tree will be the property of two or more persons. Commonly, the cocoanut-palm is planted in *topes* or groves, covering a large surface of ground, and arranged in parallel lines, so as to

form lanes completely shaded by their uniting leaves.

The fruit is sent to the large towns for sale; but in many parts of India these cocoanut topes are devoted to the production of intoxicating drinks; and the gift of God, for the comfort and enrichment of man, is made the means of his degradation and ruin. The license system of the English rulers of India fosters the traffic; and, while it brings a present revenue to government, is impoverishing the people from whom revenue is to be obtained. The privilege of selling the toddy and arrack in each district is sold to the highest bidder, who must then sell enough of these liquors to make it profitable to himself. By this system, the consumption of intoxicating drinks has been raised in many places from almost nothing to tens of thousands of gallons yearly; and, where a few years since the contract would not bring a hundred rupees, it now sells for thousands. The unavoidable consequence of this system is the increase of intemperance, crime, and poverty. Government, following the example of the woman in the old fable, is killing the goose to get the golden egg.

Toddy is the sap of the palm-tree; in Ceylon

of the cocoanut-palm, and on the continent principally of the palmyra. It is obtained by cutting off the end of the spathe, or stalk of flowering blossoms, and suspending from it an earthen pot to collect the liquid which distils, drop by drop, from the cut surface. When first obtained, it is sweet, and, if boiled down, yields a large quantity of sugar; if permitted to stand, it soon ferments and becomes intoxicating. From gardens near the towns and cities it is brought in this state to be sold in the liquor shops; but in places more remote from markets it is distilled, and yields a much stronger and more alcoholic liquor called arrack. This is a means of ruin not only to the natives, but also to European soldiers in India; thus there is inflicted upon the government a loss for which the revenue received by this traffic is very far from compensating. It is to be hoped that this will be seen, and a stop put to this great and sore evil, which threatens fearful mischief to a hitherto temperate people. According to Hindu rules, no man of good caste may touch intoxicating liquors; but the habit of drinking both home-made and imported spirits is rapidly increasing among natives even of high castes.

The *palmyra-palm* grows along the whole Indian coast, but abounds most in the south-eastern part of the peninsula. From Madura to Cape Comorin on the south, and from the seaboard many miles inland, the sandy soil produces little beyond groves of this tree; a caste called *Shanars*, numbering some hundreds of thousands, subsist almost entirely upon its products. An interest attaches to them and their mode of life from the fact that by far the most successful efforts of missionaries in Southern India have been those made for their benefit.

The palmyra lacks the grace of the cocoanut; its branchless trunk rises stiffly to a height of thirty or forty feet, and terminates in a cluster of fan-shaped leaves, each four feet in diameter, and spreading from a stout leaf-stalk into a circular leaf, ending in pointed rays like the fingers of the hand. From these leaves palm-leaf fans are made by trimming and binding the edges of the leaf, the stalk serving as a handle. These fans are sometimes of a very large size, and are waved by an attendant who stands at a little distance from his master, grasping the handle with both hands. In journeying through Southern India, you will fre-

Young Palmyra. p. 316.

quently notice a banyan-tree, from the centre of whose trunk the foliage of the palmyra rises in a leafy crown. This rather singular phenomenon is caused by seeds of the banyan dropped by birds or otherwise upon the moist summit of the palmyra, there germinating and sending down their roots; these roots, reaching the ground, fix themselves in the earth and grow until they almost or altogether envelop the trunk of the palmyra, leaving only its head exposed above the banyan.

The chief value of the tree is its sap, which, like that of the cocoanut-tree, is obtained by cutting the sheaths which contain the flower-buds. To do this would be no easy task to one who, for the first time, was led to the foot of a naked trunk rising forty or more feet from the ground without a single branch, and too large to be encircled by the arms; but to the Shanar, accustomed to climb them from his boyhood, it is a trifle. Indeed, this is the employment of his life. At four o'clock in the morning he sets out for his day's work with a girdle attached to his waist, from which is suspended one or more earthen pots for the sap, and a sheath containing a large knife. A piece of cloth around his middle is his whole clothing. Tying a small

piece of rope around his ancles to keep his feet from slipping apart, and passing a band around his own body and the trunk of the tree, he places his feet against the trunk, and leaning back upon the band, commences his ascent. He reaches the top with an ease and rapidity given by long practice, and resting himself upon the band around his waist, with his feet braced against the tree, has his hands free to cut the flower-bud, and hang from it his earthen pot; or, when this has previously been done, to empty the sap which has accumulated into the vessel which he carries at his girdle. The climber ascends tree after tree, and empties the fluid into larger vessels on the ground; these his wife sets over a fire which she kindles among the trees. It is boiled down until it is thickened into a syrup, which is poured out and cools into lumps of coarse black sugar, called in Tamil *karupu-katty* or black-lump. The life of both husband and wife is very laborious, and the danger of falling adds to the hardship of the Shanar's calling. But, though from time to time an accident occurs, and the poor toddy-drawer is found lying mangled or with broken limbs at the foot of his trees, practice makes them as much at home among the leaves and

Cocoanut trees, and Toddy gatherers of Southern India. p. 318,

flower-buds of the tall palm as others are upon the solid earth. The sugar, fruit, and roots of the palmyra form a great part of the Shanar's food, and the sale of his surplus crop enables him to procure some few of the comforts of life; but as a class they are very poor. This very poverty, however, has probably made them more willing to receive the riches of everlasting life.

The religion of the Shanars is devil-worship: not in the sense in which all idolaters are said to worship devils and to follow the doctrine of devils; but the objects of their worship are actually evil spirits—*devils*. Their sacrifices, prayers, and devotions are directed to the attainment of a deliverance from the wrath and persecutions of these *Peys* and *Pisasus*, or devils; their temples are called *Pey-covils*, or devil-temples, and their worship, *Pey-arathaney*, or devil-worship. These devils are very numerous, and their number receives constant accessions from the ranks of the spirits of dying men. The grave of an English officer has become a holy place with some of these deluded devil-worshippers, and the offerings made to his departed spirit show their idea of what will most appease his ghost—they are brandy and segars!

As a specimen of their views as to the character and agency of demons, we would mention the story told of a female devil called Mootoo-Ammen. Having, as they say, been cast out of her place, and condemned to wander for thousands of years on the earth, she entreated that some favour might be granted to her which would lighten the wretchedness of her banishment. Her superior answered that the only boon he had to bestow was the power of injuring men, of destroying children, and cursing the earth with barrenness. This gift was quite satisfactory, and she went forth to exercise her vocations, and to be worshipped and propitiated with sacrifices by the people.

The effects of such a belief can readily be imagined. Fear, not love, is the moving cause of worship, and no holy influence is exerted upon the heart. Sin is not rebuked, crime is not checked, the mind is not elevated; on the contrary, the soul is belittled, debased, and degraded, even by the act of worship.

They offer sacrifices of fowls, sheep, and goats to the demons whose favour they desire, and whose vengeance they fear; and to English and Pariah devils they give libations of spirituous liquors. They believe firmly in possessions by

evil spirits, and some among them profess to be able by incantations to cast out devils from the possessed. While under the influence of the devil, (as they affirm,) the possessed person raves, dances in a furious manner, foams at the mouth, distorts his countenance, and falls into convulsions. What they say at such times is held to be said by the spirit, and is received as an oracle by the lookers-on. The English and American missionaries, though they think that the devil may have a special power over persons who thus give themselves into his hand and invoke his coming, do not look upon such cases as actual possessions, in the scriptural sense. Some of the German brethren, however, deem them actual possessions.

Although the Shanars have received into their belief some of the opinions of the Brahmins, and have much in common with the more northern nations of India, they are undoubtedly of a different race from the mass of the Hindus. They are probably the first inhabitants of this part of India; and, though subject to the authority of the more modern Hindus, they retain, to a great degree, their ancient manners and religion.

A race inhabiting the same part of India,

and known as *Maravers*, are also distinct from other classes of Hindus. They are, by profession, thieves. They are found very useful, however, as watchmen. If you reside in Tinnevelly, you can insure your property against theft by the employment of one of them in this capacity. Going to a head man among them, you engage one of his men to live upon your premises as a guard, for two rupees (one dollar) a month. The head man now becomes responsible for your property, and if any thing is stolen, he is bound to make it good. Being thus under his guardianship, none of his men molest you; and should others of a different clan steal from you, he would probably make reprisals, and obtain satisfaction by sending his followers to commit a theft on some premises under their care.

The venerable Schwartz, amid his labours at Tanjore and Trichinopoly, turned southward to preach the gospel in Tinnevelly. His labours were attended with success; but they were not followed up, and for want of nurture the seed sown, though it sprang up most promisingly, yielded but little fruit. In the year 1820, Mr. Rhenius, a Prussian in the employ of the English Church Missionary Society, one of the

most able, devoted, and successful missionaries of modern times, removed from Madras to Tinnevelly, and commenced vigorous efforts for the spread of the truth among its eight hundred thousand inhabitants. His labours were remarkably blessed. Village after village renounced heathenism to put itself under the superintendence and instruction of the mission. In 1852, there were, under the care of two missionary societies, in this district alone, more than thirty-five thousand native Christians. Although this work has embraced all castes, it has been most widely extended among the Shanars. Many a *pey-covil* (devil-temple) has been torn down to make way for the schoolhouse; and walls and images have been used in the construction of Christian churches. A single missionary will have under his care two, three, four, or even five thousand persons, who, though not all converted, nor all admitted to the Lord's supper, have cast away their idols, received the Bible as their guide, and become, in name and outward life, Christians. As these communities are scattered in fifty or sixty villages, one missionary cannot suffice for the instruction of all. Catechists, or native preachers and teachers, are therefore appointed, one or

two to each village. These catechists assemble at the mission-station once a month to report each as to the portion of the field under their charge, and to receive instructions for the coming month. Several days are spent in religious exercises, and the catechists then return to their charges. At other times the missionary is engaged in preaching and labouring at the central station, which is intended to be a model for the out-stations, in preaching to the heathen, and in visiting the various villages under his care. Schools for the education of children, both boys and girls, and higher seminaries for the training of native preachers and teachers, afford full employment for all the men upon the ground. The success which has attended their labours has compelled them to become, to a great degree, bishops or overseers of their flocks, and leaves them but little ability to preach extensively among the heathen beyond their parishes, without neglecting their charges. Devoted men are now being sent forth, whose duty it will be to go beyond the labours of these brethren, and to itinerate among the villages and towns. It should be remarked, however, that the heathen villages and Christian villages are so intermingled, and single villages

so divided, that both the stationary missionaries and the native preachers have many opportunities which they improve for making known to them the way of salvation. And, moreover, without any direct effort on their part, native Christians, and even little children from the schools, scatter the seed in neighbouring communities, and thus lead others to unite with the Christian body. A similar and deeply interesting work is going forward in the adjoining districts of Travancore and Madura, under the labours of English and American missionaries.

It will be seen at a glance, that as those who apply for instruction in Christianity are usually heathen men, their motives must be often of a mixed character. They hear the truth, and feel its great superiority to their own debasing idolatry; or they perceive that Christian communities near them are increasing in worldly comforts and education; or they conclude that the new religion is to prevail; and thus, from a variety of reasons, are led to apply for a teacher, and to engage to renounce idolatry and heathenism. A movement commencing with a few individuals will sometimes in the end embrace a large number, who unite with

their friends in choosing the new religion, rather than have two parties in the village community.

In a village inhabited by Shanars, but belonging to a Brahmin, part of the people had resolved to become Christians. When this came to the ears of the proprietor, he went to the place, and, convening a town-meeting, addressed them to this effect: "I hear that some of you have determined to learn the new Veda, (Scriptures;) now, I do not wish to have any divisions or quarrels in my village, nor shall there be two parties here. Therefore, all of you either remain in a body in your old religion, or else all join the new. If you like to embrace Christianity, do so; I shall not oppose you; and, if you like, you may turn your temple into a prayer-house. Only all be of the same mind; and if you do not act justly towards me, I shall look to the missionaries to see me righted." The Brahmin cared little what religion they embraced, if he only got his dues, and well knew that as Christians they would be quite as good tenants as if heathen. The result was, that all of the two hundred inhabitants of the village placed themselves under Christian instruction, destroyed their idols, (valued at two

hundred rupees,) and devoted their *pey-covil* (devil-temple) to the worship of the true God.

In another village, inhabited by persons of the robber-caste, the inhabitants asked for a Christian teacher. The missionary visited them, and addressed them from the text, "Contend earnestly for the faith." After he was gone, they sat down to talk over this matter. As their minds were still befogged with the mists of heathenism, they had some discussion as to what the padré meant. The subject, however, was made clear by one of their number: "We must fight for the new doctrine," said the wise Hindu; "that is, we must compel men to accept it. There is a village over there—they are all heathen; we must go to them, and see to it that they become Christians." This interpretation seemed so reasonable, that they armed themselves with sticks, and moved in a body upon the village. Having arrived, they made known their business. The villagers refused to be converted so suddenly. The contenders for the faith, however, were in earnest; they sat down before the town and blockaded it, allowing no one to go out to the wells for water. On the third day the villagers submitted, accepted the terms of the besiegers, and gave in their adhe-

sion to the new religion. Strange to say, they have embraced Christianity in good faith, and are to this day steadfast in the new way, and a permanently Christian village.

The Christians of Tinnevelly have at times been persecuted by the zemindars, or landowners, and by their heathen neighbours; but their general prosperity attracts the notice of the latter, and their good conduct in general satisfies the former. They have, in a most interesting manner, and of their own accord, established among themselves a number of benevolent societies. One, called the "Pilgrim Society," is for the purpose of sending men to preach among the heathen villages. Another, called the "Church-Building Fund," was commenced at the suggestion of a catechist who had belonged to the robber-caste, on the plan of each member of the society giving the *proceeds of his best day's labour in the year*, with *as much more as he pleases*, for building places of worship. The first church built by this society was opened for public worship in the year 1842, and is a pleasing evidence of the power of the gospel in a district lately so dark, so poor, and so debased. They have also tract and book societies, widows' funds, and a society

for purchasing land upon which to establish Christian villages.

It is an interesting fact, and one which justifies the union of the palm-tree and Christianity in Southern India in one chapter, that Christianity is actually following the line of the palmyra groves northward from Tinnevelly into Madura. Owing to the peculiar nature of caste influences, the conversion of the Shanars of the sandy plains near Cape Comorin has an effect upon those who live beyond them to the north; and Christianity seems to be spreading a bright line from Tinnevelly along the seaboard to the north.

Did the limits of this little work admit of it, our readers might be told of many interesting circumstances connected with individual converts and particular movements. But the few hints given suffice to show the nature and the greatness of the work which God is doing by his servants among the groves and fields of Tinnevelly. To those who ask whether the preaching of the gospel in India has not been a failure; and to those inclined to answer this question on the testimony of sailors who spend a few days in a tavern at Madras or Calcutta and say that they saw no Christians in India;

or of travellers who pass a day in a rest-house, and describe all the wonders of cities which it would take weeks to explore,—we think the facts stated should give a satisfactory reply. There are, beyond any question, in India, thousands who give every evidence of a change of heart; and of these thousands there are many who make sacrifices for the name of Christ of which American Christians never dream. Nowhere can we find more striking proofs of the power of the gospel to overthrow the most degrading superstition, to soften the most obdurate heart, to render benevolent the most selfish disposition, and to save the most polluted soul. And nowhere can we find greater encouragement to send the preacher of the truth to every land, and to look upon no soil as too barren, no rock too hard, to yield the blossoms of righteousness, and to hold no nation to be too debased to be elevated, refined, and sanctified by the power of the Spirit of God.

The Hindu Pastor.

As a converted Hindu passed a group of European officers, they called him to them, and in a derisive manner asked, "How is Jesus Christ to-day?" Shocked and grieved at the profanity of professed Christians from a Christian land, this poor son of heathen parents did not keep silence. "Jesus Christ," he replied, "is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever; the one living and true God; the only Saviour. He has a name which is above every name, at which every knee should bow, of things in heaven, of things on earth, or of things under the earth; and every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father. Such was his love for sinners, that he laid aside his glory, partook of our nature, sojourned on earth, and freely gave himself a sacrifice for our transgressions. Shall we then treat him with irreverence, who so justly deserves our love and gratitude? Ought not our hearts rather to be melted within us, when we reflect upon the manifestations of his love towards us?"

At this earnest appeal, delivered with the meekness of love and the boldness of conscious right, the countenances of the group changed from laughter to earnest seriousness. When he bade them beware of forgetting that they were sinners before God, and that, notwithstanding their high station, they would perish unless they forsook their evil ways, and turned to Christ, they listened in silence; and, as he left them, respectfully bade him good-evening. One, at least, of these officers is believed to have been converted by this faithful rebuke from the lips of the Hindu pastor. It was Shunkurulingam, or, as he was called after his baptism, Samuel Flavel, pastor of native churches successively at Bangalore and Bellary, who thus nobly confessed Christ before scoffers in high places. Often had he thus confessed the name of his Lord before his heathen countrymen; and now he has gone to receive a crown of glory from that Master whom he nobly served on earth.

His history is worthy of note. It well shows that God can raise up able ministers of his word, even from the humblest ranks of the Hindus; and can send them forth as evangelists to preach the gospel to their idolatrous

countrymen. As an actual, and hence lively illustration of this truth, so important in its bearing on the question of the conversion of the millions of India to Christianity, a sketch of the history of this worthy man will not be either useless or out of place.

Shunkuru-lingam was born at Quilon, in the year 1792. His parents were worshippers of Siva, and named their son in honour of this god. They were poor, and belonged to the caste of cultivators of the soil. While at Tanjore, a famous city of Southern India, whither they had gone to escape the evils of famine, he attended a native school; and, on his return to Quilon, he continued to receive instruction in the sacred books of the Hindus, and became a devoted heathen. At the age of seventeen he left home to seek employment, and entered the service of a British officer, with whom he visited many parts of India, and also the Isle of France. Returning to India, he went to Ceylon, where he became the butler of a civilian high in rank. It was at this time that God first revealed himself to Shunkuru. Under a tree he found a copy of the Gospels in Tamil, probably left there by some Christian Hindu in the army. He read it, and believed. But we will suffer

him to tell his own story. Writing at a subsequent date, he says—

"Hear me without astonishment, and I will tell you my history. Formerly, I and my parents were heathen. I left my parents young, and went to Ceylon. The Lord called me when travelling there among the jungles with my master. Under the bush, through the great gift of wisdom, even the Gospel, the Lord called me. On the road from Colombo to Kaderakamam, at the foot of a hill, in a wonderful way, the book was given to me. I read it, believed what I read, and was convinced that all my religion was great folly. The Lord gave the Spirit to teach me to know the Saviour before I got to the end of the ninth chapter of Matthew. I soon learned to cry to God in prayer; but all my thoughts and ways of serving him were very childish. I greatly wanted some person to teach me to understand this book; but, after many inquiries, could meet with no one able to explain it to me in my own language.

"I became very anxious to see the ministers of God's word, but I knew not where to find any missionary or native Christians. After a time, however, I discovered that the Gospels

had been printed at Tranquebar. This rejoiced my heart, and I resolved to go thither, believing that I should find some one who would explain to me the blessed treasure now in my possession. I had great difficulties to surmount, for I was in a comfortable situation, in the receipt of good pay, and carrying on a profitable trade; all of which I must forego if I went away. Week after week, however, my anxiety increased so much, that I at last determined to give up every comfort and prospect, and go to Tranquebar. My master urged me to remain with him, assuring me that missionaries would be passing that way, and that he would request them to give me instruction. This, however, was not altogether to my liking; so I followed out my purpose, and left him.

"After leaving my master, I came to Colombo, (a seaport of Ceylon;) but here I met with disappointment, not finding a ship sailing to Tranquebar. My distress of mind was great; but after a short time I met with a gentleman, with whom I was previously acquainted, about to proceed to Bangalore, by way of Tranquebar and Madras. I embarked with him, but the sea getting high, and the wind being unfavourable, we were obliged to land at Thooloo-koodee.

I here found some worldly friends, and by dwelling with them a few weeks I lost my desire for teachers, and did not find so much pleasure as at first in reading the word of God. Instead of keeping the book, I now began to lend it, and was very anxious to have a name among my countrymen, by letting them know that I had a printed book. The persons to whom I lent it often came to me for explanation. This I could not give, and as I was ashamed to tell them so, would leave them, saying, 'I have no time to explain to you.' Whenever the book was returned to me, I endeavoured again to read it. 'But why read this,' I would say, 'when I do not understand it?' I was much troubled when I turned to some places which spoke of David, of Solomon, of Isaiah, and others. [He only had the Gospels.] Where, I thought, does Isaiah say this? Who are these? Who is David? and who is Solomon? When I read a little and found such names, I would shut the book, exclaiming, 'It is of no use my reading this book!' Still, the merciful God did not leave me. I continued to pray every day.

"My friends became troublesome in asking me questions about the book which I could not

answer; and, not wishing to betray my ignorance, I kept the word of God from them. They wondered much, and wished to know of what religion I was. I told them 'I was of the religion of the *gospel*.' This word I learned out of the Scriptures, but what it meant I could not have told them."

A former friend of Shunkuru, when on his way to the city of Seringapatam, having met Shunkuru, now at Bangalore, called on him. Hearing from him of the Gospels in his possession, the friend borrowed them, but left Bangalore without returning them to the owner. Great was his distress. "I was so grieved at the loss of my book," says Shunkuru, "that, with tears in my eyes, I said in my prayers to God, 'All the people are become my enemies; and thou, O Lord, art become my enemy also; for I have lost my book. What shall I do? This is my fault; I did not read thy book, but neglected it; now thou hast taken it away and given it to those that will read it.'"

Having been deprived of this highly-prized treasure, he could not rest. Leaving his employment, he proceeded to Seringapatam, eighty miles distant, in search of it. After having spent some weeks to no purpose, he went one

evening as a spectator to a heathen feast. As he was passing a small house, he saw an old man reading in one corner, by the light of a lamp. He paused to listen, and found, to his joy, that the language was that of his beloved book. He immediately left his companions, and, seating himself beside the old man, listened with great attention. After awhile he humbly begged permission to look at the book, and having read some portions of it, asked for an explanation of its meaning. This the old man could not give, for he was himself a heathen. Shunkuru invited him to meet him at breakfast the next morning, and to bring his book with him.

We cannot but turn aside here for a moment from our narrative, to notice the wonderful ways of God. A portion of the Bible is left under a tree in Ceylon; but it is not lost. It is found by a poor idolater; his eyes are opened; he believes it to be the word of God. This man, having lost his book, far away from Ceylon, in the centre of Southern India, on his way to look on at a heathen festival, hears the sound of reading from a little hovel. He recognises the familiar sound. He enters, and there, by the dim light of a Hindu lamp, he

sits down beside an aged man, also a heathen, to study the word of God! How strange the sight! but it is unseen of all, save God. The missionary who gave that book, at some idolatrous gathering, it may be, is mourning that he has laboured in vain, and spent his strength for nought. But God is faithful; his blessing has not been withheld; and, at the last day, the faithful labourer will receive a joyful and surprising award of praise from him whom he had served often in sorrow below. And who can tell how many such instances, known only to God, will at the last day appear as the blessed fruit of the seed now sown by the servants of the Lord in India and other lands? Be not thou weary in well-doing, O Christian, for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not!

The old man came, according to his promise, but told Shunkuru, to his grief, that he was going to a distant part of the country. Distressed at the thought of again being deprived of the word of God, he offered the old man eight rupees for it; his offer (as great proportionally as if an American labourer should offer twenty dollars for a six-cent Testament) was accepted; but, fearful lest the man should return for his book, Shunkuru for some time kept

it hid in a secret place. He read it with great joy, and with a better understanding than before; he would not now lend it, but bid those who wished to see it come to his house, where he explained it to them as far as he was able. "I now," said he, "began to feel a very great dislike to all idols, both in the heathen and Roman Catholic temples. I began also to have a great fear of God, and a dread of sin. I was particularly afraid lest God should again take his book from me. My grief and anxiety, however, daily increased, as I had no person to instruct me regarding its contents, and I longed for some one to unfold more clearly to me its precious truths."

For some years, Shunkuru continued the study of his book, and in different places, whither business took him, strove to lead others to believe the truths in which he so much delighted. At some places he erected small buildings as school-rooms, and also as places for reading and prayer. By these means some were led to embrace the truth, and also to preach them to others.

Once, when in Cannanore, on the western coast of India, the sound of reading attracted his attention while passing a house. From the

sound he fancied that the book was one with which he was acquainted. Listening, he found that it was one of the Gospels which he possessed. Going in, he saluted the reader, and by him was introduced to a company of Christians, "*the congregation of the Gospel*," in Cannanore. Delighted at last to meet with a company of Christians, he saluted them as old and dear friends. "I have long wished to learn something about the gospel," said he to this band of disciples, "and this day the Lord has brought me to you, that I may know more clearly his holy word."

His stay at Cannanore was too short for him to receive much instruction in the truth, but he obtained the five books of Moses, with Joshua, Judges, and Psalms, with which he returned to Mysore. Still he sighed for some one to declare to him more fully the doctrines of the Scriptures. God, we cannot doubt, was by his Spirit unfolding to him his will, and preparing him for usefulness among his countrymen. He continued to labour with them with so much success, as greatly to stir up the rage of the heathen and Roman Catholics of Mysore, by whom he and his friends were much persecuted. They were reviled, beaten, stoned, and had a

part of their house pulled down by the enemies of the gospel. As they sought to have him cast out of the city, on the ground that he was no Christian, having never been baptized, and therefore had no right to trouble them with Christian preaching, he resolved to remove this objection. He accordingly travelled to Tellicherry, a distance of near two hundred miles, to receive baptism at the hands of a chaplain of the East India Company. At his baptism he took the name of Samuel, in token of his respect for an English soldier who had been useful to him in leading him to a knowledge of the truth.

Shunkuru, after his baptism, returned to Mysore, where it was his design to remain and labour for Christ. About this time, however, (in the year 1820,) missionaries of the London Missionary Society had commenced a station at Bangalore. These brethren had seen him, and, having been impressed with his earnest piety, they invited him to join them and take charge of the mission-schools. After some deliberation he did so, and, having been farther instructed, was admitted to the church. Soon after this, he, at the request of the mission, relinquished the charge of the schools, to devote

himself to the work of preaching, while he studied theology and the duties of a Christian minister.

The religious opinions of this excellent man now grew daily more clear. He sat at Jesus' feet and learned of him, whom, from the first, he had regarded as God manifest in the flesh. One morning, returning from the bazaar, where he had met a native who advocated the doctrine of Unitarianism, which had been brought from England to India by a Hindu of Madras, he came with much excitement to Mr. Laidler, of the London Mission. Collecting himself, he exclaimed, "Oh, sir, I have been conversing with a native from Madras, and he says that *Jesus Christ is not truly God, but only man!*" Then, apparently unconscious of his presence, he said, over and over to himself, "Oh, he must be God! He must be God!" This encounter led him to search the Scriptures more deeply, and to establish himself more fully in the faith. It prepared him to stand for the defence of the gospel against this and other errors.

In the year 1822, Shunkuru was set apart, after much prayer and fasting, to the office of pastor of the native church in Bangalore. He was now known by the name of Samuel Flavel,

the latter name having been added by Mr. Laidler, who deemed him worthy of it, from his fervent piety, his mildness, his disinterested conduct, and his careful observance of the providence of God.

He now laboured earnestly both among the members of the church, in his pulpit, in the bazaars, and by the wayside. The hostility of heathen, Mohammedans, and Roman Catholics was aroused. The cutwal (mayor of the town) was told that he would find his gods insulted in the cards hung up in front of his preaching-places. The cutwal, who was a Brahmin, sent for the cards, but returned them, having found in them no cause for legal punishment. He was then accused of obstructing the streets, and brought before the cutwal, who decided that he might preach where he pleased, if he did not interfere with the regular business of life. Whereupon, seeing the multitude, he said, "Sir, may I address the people from this place?" "If you like," was the reply. Thus he was furnished by his enemies with an opportunity of addressing the people from the very seat of justice. The Roman Catholic priest, who had a house not far off, seeing the concourse, sent his servant to order all the Roman Catholics

home. Finding that they did not stir, the messenger was sent a second time with a weighty stick, which he applied to the bare shoulders of the disobedient. This, however, did not restrain the power of the truth to enter and affect the hearts of his flock, many of whom listened earnestly to the words of life.

Through evil report and good report, sometimes persecuted and beaten, he continued to bear witness to Christ among the heathen. Many were converted through his efforts, of whom some were deeply interesting persons. He did not only labour in public; he was much in secret prayer; hence his success.

In the year 1827 he removed from Bangalore to Bellary, a city of 50,000 inhabitants, in the Balaghaut. Here he laboured as at Bangalore, seeking to do good to all; nor did God withhold his blessing. About a year and a half after his arrival, he wrote to a pious officer at Madras: "I am happy that I can inform you that the Lord has blessed my endeavours to preach his gospel at this place. When I first came here, there were only four native Christians, (communicants,) but now there are more than twenty in church-fellowship, and the congregation is more than a hundred and forty."

During his ministry at Bellary, he continued to have the happiness of seeing souls turning from idols to the living God.

Nor was he useful to Hindus only. It shows the transforming and ennobling power of the grace of God, that by it the naturally timid and servile Hindu was enabled to give words of warning and counsel to Englishmen, the conquering race who rule all India. Shunkuru was the instrument of good both to Europeans and East Indians. At one time, when engaged with his assistants in the mission, he was told that some one wished to see him. He asked to be excused; but finding that it was a person whose regiment was marching, and who had come more than two miles expressly to see him, he went out. The stranger, shaking him heartily by the hand, with tears in his eyes, said, "Do you not know me, sir?" Shunkuru answered, "Friend, I do not remember to have seen you before." "My name is J—— W——. I was a drummer, when you saw me last, but now I am a drum-major," said the visitor; "and," continued he, accepting Shunkuru's invitation to go in and be seated, "thanks be to God that I see you again in the flesh! Although you do not know that God has blessed your labours, I

rejoice to tell you that I and my wife have been the fruit of your exertions. My wife longed to see you again, but she died happy in Christ. Through my poor efforts, several East Indians and natives have had their eyes enlightened, and are now living consistently as Christians." Shunkuru, and the native Christians present, listened with joyful hearts to his narrative; at the close of which they parted from this newly-found brother with tears, commending him to God.

Shunkuru had left his distant home in Quilon an ignorant and depraved idolater; now, after twenty years, he resolves to go thither to see his relatives, not as a heathen man, but as a minister of the gospel of Jesus Christ. Preaching to the people from town to town, four months were spent by the way. At last he draws near the home of his youth; but we must let this converted idolater himself tell of his first interview with the friends of his early days: "Before I arrived at my parents' house, I sent a person forward with a Gospel, to tell them to make ready for a *prayer-meeting*. They all assembled and were waiting for me. Immediately on my arrival, and before we spoke to one another, I opened the Gospel and read out

of it. We then knelt down and prayed. After thanking God for his kindness, the crowd fell upon my neck and wept. When the noise was over, we sat down and conversed together until three o'clock in the morning, while I made known to them the way in which the Lord had led me."

We need not wonder that coming thus with apostolic zeal, in the name of the Lord, and invoking his blessing, his visit was made instrumental in the conversion of a number of his friends, among whom was his mother, who was near seventy years of age.

In the year 1847 this good man was called to his rest. Having been attacked with cholera, a disease always more or less prevalent in India, he died, after a few hours of great suffering, saying, "The Saviour is a sweet comforter—a sweet comforter! My body is very weak, but my soul is joyful! I am now like the pilgrim passing over the great river, and soon I shall reach the other side!"

A record of this memorable instance of the grace of God in converting and blessing the labours of a Hindu among his countrymen, has been preserved in a small volume published by the members of the Bellary mission. To this

memoir we are indebted for the facts here given, which are full of instruction to the thoughtful reader. Truly, we have reason to bless God that it is in our power, while surveying the degradation and heathenism of India, to present a picture so cheering of the life and death of a HINDU PASTOR; and to have an illustration of the power of God by the most unthought-of means to raise up those who, on their own soil, in their own language, under their own sun, and among their own countrymen, shall spread the good news of salvation with a facility to which the foreigner must necessarily be a stranger.

Religion of the Hindus.

ALTHOUGH facts illustrative of the religious views and practices of the Hindus occur in the preceding pages, a more connected and definite account of their system will be desired by some of our readers.

The subject is one of great extent, for it treats of the religion of many nations, now forming an empire of more than a hundred

million men, through a long series of centuries. It is also a subject of much difficulty, from the minuteness, length, and diversity of the accounts of their faith given by the holy books of the Hindus; and this difficulty is increased by the fact that the religion of India has not, as is commonly supposed, remained unchanged through these successive ages.

Whether in our limited space any satisfactory account can be given of a subject so vast, so difficult, and so complicated, is questionable. As there will doubtless be some of the readers of our little work who will look for information on this point, the attempt will be made to compress within the limits of a few pages an intelligible view of the main features of Hinduism.

The foundation of Hinduism is in certain *sacred books* known as the VEDAS. These are regarded as the authority upon which all religious faith must rest. They are acknowledged by all to be divine, having come directly from the mouth of Brahma the creator. The Vedas, four in number, are in the Sanscrit, a language read by learned Brahmins, but no longer a spoken tongue. It might be supposed that to know the teachings of the Vedas would be to understand the religion of the Hindus. Such,

however, is not the case. The present religious practices are not there commanded, nor are the commands there enjoined now obeyed. In truth, the Vedas, until very lately, have been sunk almost in oblivion. The lower castes are forbidden to read them, or even to hear them read; and the Brahmins, whose duty it is to devote themselves to the study of these books, most holy in the eyes of the Hindu, know but little more of their contents than do the Sudras. They can repeat from them certain formulas for prayer, marriage, and other rites, but of the meaning of what they utter they are often entirely ignorant. In fact, not one Hindu in a thousand has any more definite idea of the Vedas than that all wisdom, all literary excellence, and all true revelation is contained in them; what these excellent things are, they know not.

Within a few years, through the untiring labours of a German student, Max Müller, aided by the researches of earlier scholars, a translation of the first Veda (the Rig-veda) has been given to the world. From this we have the fact made clear that the ancient Brahmins knew nothing of the modern system of Brahminic faith and practice. The names of the gods now

most widely worshipped are not mentioned, and there are prayers to gods whose names are entirely unknown to modern Hindus. The Vedas are collections of hymns, prayers, and teachings, written doubtless by a number of persons called Rishis, through whom they are said to have been revealed. The date of their composition is probably to be set at about thirteen hundred years before Christ, the age of the Judges of Israel. The worship taught is domestic, contemplating devotion in the family and the house, rather than in the temple. They direct offerings to fire, and invocations of the elements, the deities of fire, wind, the seasons, the sun, and the moon. Idol-worship is allowed, but only because the vulgar and uneducated cannot worship an unseen god.

But, it will be asked, if the religion of India as it now is cannot be found in the Vedas, where is it to be found? To this we answer that the Hindus have other sacred books, though of a sacredness inferior to that of the four Vedas, called *Upa-vedas*, *Ved-angas*, *Up-angas*, and *Purannas*. Of these, the *eighteen Purannas* are the books really known to the people. They contain poems, histories, theo-

logy, geography, arts, and sciences. Thus, the art of medicine or of music is as divinely settled as the history of creation; and it is as heretical to dispute the geography as the theology of the sacred writings. These compositions are quite modern, the oldest of them probably not dating back of the ninth century. To define the teachings of this secondary class of Hindu scriptures would be no easy task, since not only do they contradict each other most flatly, but their sum is so enormous that a lifetime would not suffice for their reading.

There is one point upon which all Hindu theologians are agreed, and we might almost say, only one point; that is, the existence of one eternal, omnipresent, and infinite spirit, *the Supreme God*—BRAHM. They will tell you also that he is omnipotent, omniscient, and immutable; but by these assertions they mean something very different from our idea of the infinite God; for at the same time they assert that he is utterly devoid of all qualities, good or bad. When they attempt to describe him, lost in the mists of their own ignorance, they grow more and more vague until the Supreme Being melts into a mere essence, or nonentity, boundless and limitless, because possessing no quali-

ties that can be limited, and no attributes that can be defined. Brahm, in short, is an INFINITE NOTHING. To the Hindu, he is no more an object of worship or of regard than space is to us. He receives no homage, has no temple, hears no prayer. He is to them an unknown god; nay, no god at all.

The human mind, especially when endowed with the activity and subtlety characteristic of the Hindus, cannot rest here; it must have something more tangible than this emotionless, voiceless, thoughtless, actless being. Here is a world; here are men, trees, mountains, streams. Whence have they come? They must have some philosophy to account for the facts of material existence. To meet this demand, their philosophers offer to them two solutions of the problem. These two great systems are known as the DWITA, or the *two* system, and the ADWITA, or the *not two*—that is, the *one* system. According to the former, there are two eternal existences—spirit and matter; according to the latter, but one eternal existence, which is spirit or mind.

The followers of the *Adwita*, (the system of one existence,) or the purely spiritual theory, commonly called Vedantists, maintain that God

alone exists. God is the universe; beside him there is no existence; all that exists is God. What then, it will be asked, is matter? If God is a Spirit, and beside spirit there is no existence, what are these rocks and oceans? What is this body, and what the earth on which I tread? To this the Vedantist boldly replies, "All this is *maya*—illusion or self-deception. You, in your folly, suppose that you have individuality, a separate existence; this is *maya*, illusion—God alone exists. You imagine that you see forms, and touch material bodies; this is illusion—they do not exist. But one thing exists; that is, God."

It must be acknowledged that this statement is somewhat startling to poor ignorant creatures who have always entertained the idea that they slept and waked, eat and drank, handled and were handled. But the philosopher of the Vedanta school assures us that there can be no doubt as to the matter. "*Ex nihilo nihil fit*," of nothing, nothing is made, is an axiom that may not be disputed. If God therefore is an immaterial Spirit, from him matter cannot proceed; and, since he alone exists, there can be no such thing as a material universe. The idea of creation, of an almighty

God, saying, "Let there be light" and there was light, of his making all things by the word of his power, enters not into the thoughts of the Hindu's heart.

If now we ask for an explanation of this mystery of the seemingly existent universe, the same answer returns, All is maya—illusion. Brahm, they say, has two modes of existence, the positive and negative. Originally, he existed in the negative state, devoid of all attributes, and unconscious even of his own being. This unconscious nothing was the sole existence. Suddenly he awakes, assumes the positive state, and exclaims, "I am." By a volition, an act of the will, Brahm imagines a universe, and it exists, not in fact, be it remembered, but in the imagination of Brahm. This imagination is the universe. Brahm, by the power of his will, realizes his idea; yet it is not real: it is ideal, illusory, non-existent. The individuals of this illusory universe, unconscious of the truth that they are ideal creations of this volition, suppose themselves to be separate existences. This is folly, darkness, and deception. To discover that all separate and material existence is maya—illusion—is true wisdom. After the lapse of ages, according to this theory, this bubble of

imaginary being will burst, and all relapse again into Brahm.

Such are the vain dreams, the "philosophy, falsely so called," with which multitudes of the most intellectual of the Hindus delude themselves and their followers. All distinctions of right and wrong, all moral responsibility, all motives to virtue, are thus destroyed; sin and holiness, vice and virtue, are equally vain and illusory. A selfish enjoyment of all the good they can attain in this deceptive existence becomes the only object of life. Truly, "thinking themselves wise, they have become fools."

The philosophers of the DWITA, or system of *two existences*, advocate the reality of two separate substances—spirit and matter, and recognise them as entering into the composition of the universe; but how the union of the two is effected, and upon what terms is a point of debate. Some say that matter is eternal, and only modified in its forms by the sakti or energy of the deity; others that it is something emanating from the deity himself. Pantheism, or the belief that God is every thing, is deeply rooted in the minds of the masses. The soul, they believe, is but a portion of the divine Spirit united to a portion of matter; and even that

matter is an emanation from this same deity. "Brahm," it is said, in one of the Purannas, "is the potter by whom the vase is formed; he is the clay of which it is made. Every thing proceeds from him, without waste or diminution of the source, as light radiates from the sun. Every thing merges in him again, as bubbles bursting mingle with the air, or as rivers mingle with the ocean, and lose their identity in its waters. Every thing proceeds from and returns to him, as the web of the spider is given from and again drawn within the insect itself." "I am God," is the constant assertion of those with whom the missionary in India has to deal. And his belief that God and the soul of man are separate and distinct existences is looked upon as the pitiable ignorance of the poor grovelling fool who is not able to rise in thought above external and fleeting deceptions, to grasp the great truth that the soul and God are one.

Under this theory, the existence of the soul in connection with a material body is looked upon as a misfortune, and deliverance from this connection the highest bliss. To be again absorbed into deity, and to lose a separate consciousness, is the highest idea of supreme and final beatitude. This blessedness, however, is

not attained by the labours and merits of a single life and death.

No man now lives for the first time. He has lived in former states, and in other forms, ever since the present race of beings first sprang by the will of Brahm into existence. He may have lived in connection with ten thousand bodies as man, beast, bird, fish, and tree; and he will live, age after age, born again, and again, and again, until, in successive transmigrations, he shall have wiped away every stain from his soul by religious penances and good works, or by pains and sufferings. Though, by their merit, these happy souls ascend to heaven, when their store of merit is exhausted, they return again, until, by unwonted holiness, they are absorbed in God, or at the end of the present dispensation, with all things spiritual and material, they sink into the being from whom they emanated.

This period of existence is called a day of Brahma, the name of Brahm in the state of creative energy; it lasts for the moderate period of two thousand one hundred and sixty millions of years! At the end of this vast lapse of time, all things are consumed by fire, or relapse into the creator, and Brahma, the

conscious, becomes Brahma, the unconscious. He sleeps; again he awakes and creates; and again he returns with all creation to unconsciousness. This work of creation and retraction, according to the Purannas, goes on for one hundred years of Brahma's existence, or the unspeakable term of 311,040,000,000,000 years!

At the end of this unimaginable period, Brahma, with all beings celestial and terrestrial, relapses into Brahm, and the universe ceases to exist. According to one theory, *the one* (spirit) only remains; according to the other, *the two*, (spirit and matter.) Nor is this the end. Again the same process goes on, and again it is undone, until wearied with the effort to follow these vain flights of an insane imagination, the mind of the Christian sinks down, pained and amazed at the depth of the folly to which those blindly rush who turn from the word of God to frame for themselves a system of belief.

But it will be asked, *Who and what are the gods of the Hindus?* Where is their place in this vast system? To this, one Puranna will give one reply, and another, another. The greater part of them will tell you that from

Brahm, the self-existent, sprang *Brahma*, the creator, *Vishnu*, the preserver, and *Siva*, the destroyer. Then again, there were produced or created three female deities to be companions to the three males of the Hindu triad. These three are *Sarasvathy*, the goddess of arts and sciences; *Lachmy*, the goddess of riches and plenty; and *Parvathy*, the goddess of destruction.

From Brahma emanated a vast host of gods and demons, male and female. These bore others. The higher gods assumed innumerable forms, and thus the number of their deities is swelled beyond conception, until, in round numbers, we are told that there are thirty-three times ten million gods, or three hundred and thirty millions in all.

Of the principal gods, each has his own heaven, where, surrounded by inferior gods and favoured mortals, he holds his court, and enjoys the delights of music, flowers, dances, and other sensual enjoyments. All the extravagance of oriental imagination has been tasked to portray the joys of these heavens, but the result only adds to the proofs of the weakness and vileness of man. Sin, in every shape; sorrow, in its bitterest forms; violence, rapine, lust, fraud, and

folly, are no strangers to the realms in which Brahma, Siva, Vishnu, and Indra (king of the inferior gods) preside. And when we learn the *characters* ascribed by their own shasters, (sacred books) to the beings whom the Hindus worship as their gods, we are made to blush for our common humanity. Oh! how little do infidels, prating of natural religion, the dignity of human nature, and the powers of human reason, know of the debt they owe to Christianity! But for the light of Christian morality in which they live, the atmosphere of Christian principles which they breathe, and the restraining influence of Christian public opinion by which they are surrounded and kept in check, with all their boasted virtue, intelligence, and perfectibility, they would sink to the level of degraded idolaters. Nor, in the eyes of a holy God, are such rejecters of his sovereignty and of his Son less guilty or less hateful than the vilest of the vile upon the benighted soil of heathen India.

It is not necessary here to enumerate even the chief of the deities of Hindustan. The names and history of many of them may be found elsewhere; to repeat them would be to defile our pages with a dark tissue of crimes

and debaucheries. Lying, theft, robbery, gambling, murder, fornication, incest, malice, revenge, and sin in every shape and form, are the characteristics of their gods, even by the showing of their own worshippers. If such be the gods, what must be the people! Yet, for such Christ died; and such he is ready to wash in his blood, and receive to his own glorious abode! Oh the wonders of the grace of God!

To worship all of the three hundred and thirty millions of gods, or even the thousandth part of them, is clearly an impossibility. It is the practice, therefore, of different sects and individuals, to attach themselves to the service of one or more of their deities, to wear a mark on their forehead as the badge of their sect, to devote themselves in a special manner to their worship, and to look to them for protection. Of the great triad, Brahma is not worshipped, having been cursed for telling a lie; no temple is dedicated to him, no sacrifice offered before him. Siva and Vishnu divide the mass of the people into two great parties. The former is commonly worshipped under the representation of a black stone, shaped like a sugar-loaf, and called the Linga. Vishnu is worshipped in the many forms which he is said to have assumed

from time to time. Thus, he is worshipped as a monster, half-man, half-lion, tearing open the bowels of a giant; as a boar, rooting up the earth when sunk beneath the waters of the deluge; as a dwarf, so small that he mistook a cow's foot-mark, filled with water, for a river; as Krishna, a beautiful and licentious young man, &c. &c.

The Sivites maintain that Siva is the Supreme God, while the Vishnuvites as stoutly maintain that Vishnu is supreme. Different Purannas (sacred books) take opposite sides of the question, and the controversy has at times led to bitter enmity, and even to war. One Puranna says, "By even looking at Vishnu, the wrath of Siva is kindled, and through his wrath, men fall into a horrible hell; let not, therefore, the name of Vishnu ever be pronounced." In another sacred book (the Bagavat) we are told, on the other hand, that "Those who are devoted to Siva, and who worship him, are justly esteemed heretics and enemies of the true shasters." One Puranna tells us that a worshipper of Siva overthrew Vishnu and all his partisans; another, that Vishnu is the greatest of gods and lord of the world. Juggernaut, the famous idol of Cuttack,

whose name means "lord of the world," is a form of Vishnu, and the hero-god Rama is another.

If such is the treatment which the supreme deities of India receive at the hands of the Hindus, we may judge of the respect with which the minor gods are regarded. A multitude of absurd, puerile, and most insulting narratives of their lives are everywhere told, and listened to with satisfaction by the very men who daily pray to them. Women, sitting on their door-steps, sing in responsive verses the most gross charges of folly, impotence, meanness, and crime against the two rival deities. Men, as they walk the streets, chant the history of transactions in heavenly circles that would be a shame to any human family. Nor do they hesitate to curse the gods, if they do not get from them what they desire. A commonplace incident will illustrate the total want of respect for the highest deities, which is, I believe, universal in India. The native preacher who assisted me in Royapooram, when going among the people, was hailed by a fat, heathenish Hindu, and asked about his books and business. The man then began to rail at missionaries, but added that he had met one padré who was

worth talking about—it was Padré Poor,* whom he saw in Madura. He was a man indeed; and, after praising him warmly, he added, "If Siva were to drink the water in which Padré Poor had washed his feet, he would get heaven!"

The images, even of the most famous gods, are treated with an entire want of respect. The great god of Cuttack, the famous Juggernaut, is dragged by a rope around his neck to his place upon the car. Obscene jests are made at the expense of other idols. In times of too much rain they bring out the image from the temple, and expose it to the pouring torrents, that the god may learn the inconvenience of such weather; and in parching droughts they either expose it in the sun, or else pour cold water on its head, that the fierce ardour of the deity may be cooled off.

Their worship of the gods is such as we should expect from this state of things. It consists of coaxing, bribing, flattering, and threatening. If the god will do so and so, they will give him a new cloth or a cocoanut, or they will sing his praises through the whole world. They do not ask or promise holiness;

* The Rev. Daniel Poor, of Ceylon, taken to his rest in 1855, after thirty-six years of labour among the heathen.

nor is it in the least essential (and why should it be with such gods?) to secure the blessing. The gods do not desire that the worshipper should renounce his sins; to pay them a blind devotion will secure their favour. Hence, a man may ask aid in a wrong cause as well as in a right one; he may pray for prosperity in fraud or theft as well as in the ordinary business of life.

Another main part of the religion of the Hindus consists in *works of religious merit.* The matter stands thus: A child is born in a given caste and station in life, with a certain amount of beauty and fortune. He has been born before, it may be, ten thousand times, and has each time lived and died. He will die again; and then again be born; and so on, until finally absorbed in the Supreme Being. His present condition is the result of his conduct in former lives. If, in his present life, he in any way accumulates a stock of merit, his next birth will be in an upward direction, and bring him nearer to absorption. If he just fulfil his duties, he may expect to be born again in about the same condition. But if he incur the displeasure of the gods, and transgresses the laws of Hinduism, he will, in his next birth, be degraded

and thrown farther off from the time of final emancipation from contact with polluting matter. In extreme cases of demerit, he sinks to a temporary but fearful hell; in the opposite case of uncommon merit, he rises to some one of the heavens.

It may be mentioned as an incidental but lamentable result of this belief in the transmigration of souls, that it shuts up the fountains of mercy and compassion in the human heart. Does a man meet with any misfortune—it is the consequence of some sin in a former state of existence. Does he fall from a scaffolding and break his leg—why should I assist him? asks the Hindu—does he not deserve it? is it not the penalty of his own sins? Is a poor wretch crippled, maimed, diseased—why should he be pitied? is it not the consequence of his own deeds in a pre-existent state? Thus it happens that while Hindus of some sects strain their water, and even the air they breathe, so as not to take life, as a people they are greatly deficient in pity for the afflicted, and most backward to deeds of mercy to suffering fellowmen.

As was remarked of worship, so of works of merit; it is true that they are almost wholly

disconnected from vice and virtue. All notions of right and wrong, good and evil, sin and holiness, are confounded and destroyed. Thus, according to Manu, the great Hindu lawgiver, the killing of all the inhabitants of three worlds, and the eating food from the hands of a low-caste man, are sins of equal magnitude. The same authority asserts that the Brahmin, learned in the Vedas, who takes charity from a Sudra, shall, for twelve births, be born an ass; for sixty births, a hog; and for seventy births, a dog! On the other hand, by the repetition of a particular prayer, without any repentance or reformation, the vilest sins are atoned for, and the greatest merit is obtained. To repeat the name of his guardian-god is a work of great value. Even if it is done unintentionally, it still gives the repeater great merit. Thus, a certain Ajamil, we learn from the Bagavat, committed the most enormous sins, and lived in crime all his days. In the hour of death, feeling extreme thirst, he cried, "Narayana! Narayana! Narayana! give me some water!" When the ministers of Yama, the king of hell, were about to drag him away to punishment, he was rescued by the messengers of Vishnu. Upon this, the officers of retribution, greatly enraged, appealed

to their master, who, on examining the account-books, and finding Ajamil to have been a notorious sinner, hastened to Vaicuntha, the heaven where Vishnu reigns in glory, to demand an explanation. And what was the ground of his deliverance? In the hour of his death he had thrice repeated "Narayana," a name of Vishnu; and so great was the merit of the deed, that he was immediately taken to heaven!

The accompanying cut, taken from the native paintings designed to illustrate the Madura Puranna, will give you an idea both of Hindu art and religious views. The story to be illustrated is as follows:—While Vara-guna was reigning in Madura, even as Indra reigns in the heaven of the gods, he one day went out to hunt lions, tigers, &c. Returning in triumph, he unintentionally rode over and killed a Brahmin who lay asleep in the road. The king came to his palace unconscious of what had happened; but, when the body was brought to him, gave money for the performance of the proper funeral rites. He was not, however, to go unpunished. He had killed a Brahmin, (though unintentionally,) and was, in consequence, afflicted with the incurable disease of Brahma-ashti. He sought to atone for his

Disease leaving the Madura King. p. 370.

crime by feeding cows and Brahmins, and by other works of merit, but in vain. His glory was obscured as when Rahu the serpent lays hold of the moon and eclipses its brightness. He knew not what to do, but resolved to seek a sight of the god; whereupon a celestial voice was heard, saying, "O, king, fear not! when you are pursuing the Soren king, (a hostile monarch,) you shall come to a place where I am worshipped on the river Cavery; there you shall lose your disease." The king, rejoicing at the oracle, repelled an invasion of the Soren, and, pursuing him, reached the indicated spot. On entering the porch of the temple, he discovered that the disease had left him. He went in, and while paying homage to the deity of the place, heard a voice, saying, "O, king! the disease which seized you waits in the porch of the eastern gate, (by which he had entered;) do not return by that way, but go out by a western gate, and return to Madura." The king, with the aid of his people, made a western gate and porch, and so, escaping the disease, left the temple to return to his palace.

The reader will notice that both the crime and the atonement were entirely aside from any change in the moral state of the actor in

the story. In the illustration, the image of Siva is represented as surmounting the Linga, (emblematic of this god,) which has been carved into a face. The king stands before it, with joined hands, in the attitude of worship, and behind him is the disease which has left him. From the size of the disease, it will be believed that the sufferings of the poor Brahmin-slayer must have been diffused pretty widely throughout his body. This representation of the nature of the disease may suggest some ideas on the practice of medicine in India, for which we cannot here make room. It might be observed that the Hindus do not say, with us, that they have caught any given disease, but that the disease has caught them.

The story connected with another illustration from the same source (the original of which is sculptured in stone in the ancient temple of Madura) will serve still farther to exemplify the views of the Hindus as to the nature of the holiness of their religious ascetics, and the dignity of the deeds of their gods. In a certain town of great sacredness lived a man of respectable caste, with his wife and twelve sons. These youths, neglecting the instructions of their father and mother, joined themselves with

hunters, and accompanied them on their cruel errands to the woods. One day they came upon a holy man who had retired from the world to mortify his passions and appetites in the solitude of a forest. Here he was practising religious duties and austerities to obtain deliverance from sin. These graceless youths not only laughed at the holy man, but even threw sand and stones at him. His attention having thus been attracted to earthly things, the merit of his devotions was destroyed. Filled with rage, he uttered on them a curse to the effect that they should be born as pigs, and then be deprived of their mother. The youths, knowing the holiness of the ascetic and the power of his curse, fell at his feet to implore his mercy. His anger was appeased, and he told them that the lord of Madura should nourish them, make them ministers of state, and give them heavenly bliss. And so it happened. The boys died in the woods, and their spirits entered into twelve young pigs; the parent hogs were slain by hunters, and they were left orphans. The god Siva, however, of his boundless compassion, pitying them, gave them nourishment, restored them to human forms, their heads excepted, and endowed them with matchless wis-

dom and learning. Then, appearing in a dream to the king, he bade him send for twelve rare creatures, who should be his ministers of state, and make his reign as rich as illustrious. The king obeyed the heavenly mandate, summoned the pig-headed statesmen to his court, and set them over his realms. They lived glorious in wisdom as the rising sun, enriched the king by their sagacity, did deeds of charity, and finally ascended to partake of heavenly bliss in the presence of their lord and protector, Siva.

In the illustration, four of the twelve ministers are standing with their hands joined in respectful homage before the king, who, seated on his throne beneath a canopy of serpents, is engaged in council with these sagacious beings.

To attempt to detail *the religious duties and rites* of the Hindus would, of itself, require a volume. Even the round of ceremonial observances required in a single day would fill a chapter. Few would be willing to plod through the detail, with its minute prescriptions as to the cleansing of the teeth; the plucking, and using, and throwing away of the twig with which this duty is performed; the morning bath, with its sippings, its casting of water on

The King's Ministers. 374.

the head, on the earth, and towards the sky; the prayers and invocation of the sun; the inhaling of water by one nostril, and exhaling it by the other; and a whole host of rules for the most insignificant acts of life. In truth, probably not one in ten thousand of the people attempts to fulfil these sacred laws. All that is aimed at is to perform so much as will secure them from sinking in a succeeding birth to a lower grade of being. Others, who are too careless of the future to be influenced even by this motive, merely comply so far as to satisfy the demands of public opinion and avoid the charge of want of decency.

Some, among the Hindus, rising in their aspirations above the low strivings of the mass, aim at one leap to pass from present existence to some heaven of the gods, or even to that final blessedness which is attained by absorption into the divine Spirit. Such are known as *Sanyasees* or *Yogees*. Forsaking the natural courses of life, they devote themselves to the attainment of a consciousness that God is all things, and, that aside from God, the universe exists not; that in all space there is but one existence, and that one the supreme Brahm. Thus, ceasing to have a separate existence,

they can exclaim, "I am Brahm—the supreme, eternal, omnipotent God!"

To attain to this knowledge, however, is not the work of a day; it is only to be gained by the most intense effort, the most self-denying austerities, the most protracted meditations, and the most painful penances. To learn to regard cold and heat, pleasure and pain, hunger and fulness, love and hate, as all equally deceptive and unreal, existing only in the imagination by reason of maya, or illusion, is no light matter. Hence, the affections must be blunted, and parents, wives, and children renounced; the appetites must be quenched; the instincts of nature denied. To do this, they resort to austerities which have filled the world with wonder; living exposed to the scorching suns of summer and the chilling rains of winter; going devoid of clothing; suffering the hair and nails to grow uncut; lying on beds of spikes; holding the arms upright till shrivelled and useless; hanging over slow fires, with a thousand other forms of self-infliction, in the effort to blunt and deaden every motion of nature, "and thus virtually to reduce the heart to a petrifaction, the mind to a state of idiocy, and the body to that of an immovable statue."

While some, doubtless, in the blindness of their hearts, are actually aiming thus to attain to a knowledge of God, others use a show of austerities to excite the admiration of the people, to gratify ambition, to secure a reputation for holiness, and often to use this reputation for sanctity as a cloak for the most abominable sins. Whole hosts of so-called holy men wander from place to place, as very wolves in sheeps' clothing, extorting alms from rich and poor, living in debauchery, and making their names a stench in the nostrils even of the debased Hindu.

There are a multitude of forms of self-inflicted pain, such as making long and distressing journeys to the temple of a particular god upon the hands and knees, cutting off the end of the tongue, running wires through the cheeks, walking over burning coals with the feet bare, and many others, which are not so much parts of a long-continued system of austerities, as single acts of merit; these are commonly done in fulfilment of a vow. One of the most universally-practised penances, is that of the *churruk pujah*, or *hook-swinging*. Different as are the customs of different Hindu nations, this is found almost everywhere in Hindustan.

It is a yearly festival in honour of the sanguinary goddess known in Madras as Mari-Ammen, the sender of cholera and smallpox, and the dreaded slayer of thousands. It was each year celebrated in sight of our residence at Royapooram.

On a certain Sunday in July, the top of a lofty pole would be seen above the roofs of the houses lying between us and the beach, with a long and strong cross-beam fixed upon it, like the cross-beam of a well-sweep. About noon, the crowd began to flow by our house towards the beach. Men and boys, women and children, some on foot, some in rude native carriages, poured in a constantly-increasing stream towards the centre of attraction. By three o'clock, the crowd on the sea-shore around the swinging-pole became immense, and the ceremonies began. The person about to perform the *pujah*, now advanced with a cloth wound about his middle, but otherwise naked, and with his body daubed over with yellow paint and holy ashes. In the lap of his cloth, which is tucked into his waist, he has limes, flowers, margosa-leaves, and other trifles. Advancing to the temple, he worshipped the idol, and, throwing himself on his face, awaits the inser-

tion of the hooks. The officiating priest, (not a Brahmin, for this is a Sudra service,) taking up as much of the skin and flesh beneath the shoulder-blade as he can grasp within his fingers, thrusts the point of the hook into the naked back of the devotee; another hook is inserted into the other side of the back. These hooks are attached to a cord which is hung from one extremity of the cross-beam. Those who hold the end of the rope hung from the other extremity of the beam now draw upon it, raising the opposite end, and the wretch is swung by these two hooks inserted in his flesh, high in the air above the heads of the multitude. At the sight, an exulting cry bursts from every mouth, and the roar of the surf is drowned in the united outburst of delight which comes up from ten thousand men as the sound of many waters. Those who hold the rope now move around the pole in a circle, carrying the beam, which rotates upon a pivot, round and round, swinging the miserable victim of superstition in a circle over the heads of the multitude. Hence the name of the ceremony, *churruk pujah*, or circular worship. As he is thus suspended between earth and heaven, with nothing but the strength of his own flesh to prevent his falling

a mangled carcass on the ground, he loosens his cloth and scatters its contents to the crowd below. As the limes and flowers fall, every hand is outstretched, eager to catch something from a source so holy, as a charm against misfortune for the coming year. After swinging thus for some ten minutes, he is let down, and another devotee has the hooks thrust into his back, is raised, swung, and in his turn released. Another and another comes forward, and the process goes on till fifteen, twenty, or even twenty-five, are swung on one pole in a single day.

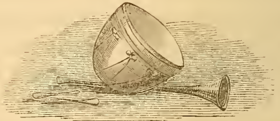
What, it will be asked, is the motive to such self-inflicted tortures? The motives of different persons differ. A man is ill; Mari-Ammen is about to slay him, and in his extremity, he cries to her in prayer, promising, if spared, to perform the churruk pujah in her honour. Another has a sick child, and in his distress vows to swing if it is spared. Others, again, do it for pay, they enduring the suffering for a sufficient compensation, and their employers having the credit of the meritorious act set to their account!

Yet, painful as are such scenes of blind superstition and fruitless self-torture, to a Chris-

tian heart, a little, bloodless, and most ordinary occurrence, which I noticed when last present at this festival, far more deeply pained and affected my soul. As I left the ground, a father just before me was leading by the hand a little girl some four years old. As they came before a small temple in which stood a black, misshapen god of stone, the father put his hand upon the child's head, made her fall down upon her face before it, worship it, and then raising her, gave to her some candy as a reward for her obedience. Poor child! my heart is sore for thee! How false and fatal are thy earliest thoughts of God! how deluded thy first acts of devotion! The first prayer lisped by thine infant lips is to a god of stone; thy first act of obedience to a father's teachings is idolatry; thy little hands are first clasped in homage to a thing of naught. And when thy childhood gives place to girlish thoughts and deeds, and the girl ripens into the woman, wife, and mother, darkness, degradation, and heathenism will be thy portion—thy portion to transmit to a coming generation. Will the name of Jesus, the only Saviour, ever fall upon thine ear? or wilt thou live and die as though Christ had not left heaven to save thee? And

thou art but one of the countless multitudes whom Satan has bound with chains strong as steel, and who rejoice and glory in their bonds! As Christ wept over Jerusalem, so might Christendom weep over idolatrous and perishing India.

HINDUISM, vast, complicated, and hoary with antiquity, holds in its deadly grasp more than A HUNDRED MILLION SOULS. God grant that the Sun of Righteousness may soon shine upon these gloomy night-shades, and banish forever this worse than Egyptian darkness from these millions of immortal minds! a darkness doubly fearful and fatal; *for they love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil.*



MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

PART V.

Travel in the Carnatic.

The American in India dwells not only in a strange land, and among a people of a strange tongue, but he also breathes a foreign atmosphere, and endures a foreign climate. He is and must be *an exotic* transplanted from his native soil, and, as an exotic, lives an unnatural life.

The constant heat to which residents of Madras are subjected is, to those who come from a cold climate, exceedingly trying. The mean temperature for the whole year is 84° of Fahrenheit's thermometer. It is not so much the heat of any one day, though that is often great, as the want of cool nights and bracing winters, the unbroken continuousness of the heat, that enfeebles them. When it is kept in mind that January, the coldest winter month in Madras, is hotter on an average of the twenty-four hours than the average of July in New

York or Philadelphia, the difficulty of retaining health and vigour will be understood.

Those who in the course of trade or travel tarry for a short time in India, speak of the "luxuries of the East." These luxuries are often attempts to neutralize this ever-present heat, and to enable the foreigner to live and labour in a climate to which by birth and previous habits he is an entire stranger. To the New Englander, amid the hills of Massachusetts, the punkah, the bath, and the aid of servants might seem mere luxuries; but to the same New Englander in India they are no more luxuries than would be a coal fire or a greatcoat in December amid his native hills. They are means used to counteract or make amends for a debilitating climate.

Yet, though he take as many precautions and use as much prudence as he can consistently with his calling, the missionary cannot avoid the effects of this constant heat. He cannot expect to have that measure of vigour, elasticity, and activity which he might have enjoyed at home. Without this vigour, however, many persons will retain so much health and strength as to labour with effect for twenty, thirty, or forty years. There are now five

ordained missionaries of the American Board of Foreign Missions who left America thirty-five and thirty-eight years since; nor are they behind their younger brethren in the zeal and constancy of their labours.* Experience shows that the greater part of those who prove unable to endure the climate fail within five or six years after their arrival. If this period be past without serious loss of health, the prospect for labouring many years is very good. Our young men therefore need not look forward to a mission to India as a certain means of shortening life; nor should parents feel that sending their children thither is consigning them to an early grave.

It was our lot to prove of the number of those ill adapted to withstand the influences of an Indian climate. Again and again did sickness visit us, until there was little hope of a recovery of health and strength without a resort to a cooler climate. It was decided that we should visit the range of mountains known as the NEILGHERRY HILLS, to seek, in their more bracing atmosphere, a corrective for the weak-

* Of these, two have died during the present year, 1855.

ness and ill health occasioned by a residence on the plains.

India, with its habits fixed by the authority of three thousand years, has been compelled by British supremacy to receive some novelties; one of these is the "*transit bandy*," the conveyance by which we were carried to the hills. The palankeen, which is both slow and expensive, has, within a few years past, been somewhat superseded in the carriage of passengers from Madras to Bangalore, Mysore, and the mountains, by this mode of travel. The transit bandy is a peculiar kind of vehicle. It is very nearly a palankeen on wheels, and more like a little omnibus without seats, and drawn by one horse or two bullocks, than any other American conveyance. On the level floor you lay a mattrass, with pillows or bundles to raise your head, and stow away in every corner and recess some article needed for the way. Should you trust to an imaginary "Arcot Hotel," or "Mysore House" for entertainment, the bare walls of the travellers' bungalow would sadly disappoint your expectations. Your transit bandy must be storehouse, pantry, wardrobe, and library, as well as bedroom, for the journey.

Our luggage had been sent off some days before in bullock bandies, which were allowed about a month to get through the three hundred and sixty miles between us and the mountain-top, as they travel at somewhat less than railroad speed. Our own conveyance, drawn by a gaunt and rather unpromising horse, drew up before the door just at dusk, after a sultry day in March. We were soon housed in its close quarters, something in the style of two passengers in a steamboat birth on wheels. Off we started in fine style, gazed after by a gaping crowd of men and boys. Through the streets of Black-town, and out at the Elephant gate, we drove; but, alas! this rate of travel was too good to last. We foolishly looked for speed in India, and, like many wiser persons, were disappointed. Our horse was changed every five miles, and usually for the worse, so that morning found us not at Wallaja-pettah, as we had been promised, but far this side of it. Noon came with its glaring sun pouring forth floods of irresistible rays; but we were still toiling wearily on, wilted and well-nigh exhausted by the heat. So great was the difference of opinion, as to the rate at which we ought to go, between the driver and the horses, that the controversy

sometimes brought us to a dead halt; one of the latter for some time was utterly unmoved by blows or persuasions, even resisting the hint of a rope tied to his leg to pull it forward; but at last he started under special inducements, and to our great satisfaction did not stop until he reached the stable of the next relay.

We were glad enough, at two o'clock, to reach Wallaja-pettah and to exchange our close bandy for the comfortable shelter of a roof, and to receive a warm welcome from our associates in the missionary work stationed at this place. Two months earlier they had left Madras to commence a new station in this populous district. How sorely preachers of the gospel are here needed, (and of all the presidencies of India, Madras is best supplied,) will be seen from the fact that from Madras to Arcot, and from Arcot on to Bangalore, a distance of two hundred miles upon the great highway from the sea to the interior, there was not, at that time, one missionary of any society, English or American. And, in almost any direction, you might go one or two hundred miles north or south of this line without finding anywhere a Christian missionary. All is darkness, unillu-

mined even by the little taper lights of isolated missionary stations.

Wallaja-pettah contains some twenty-five thousand inhabitants, and is an unusually prosperous native town. It is enriched by an extensive inland commerce; and the neatness of its streets, and the comfortable appearance of its houses, give evidence of its prosperity. From the interior, grains, indigo, and other products are brought here and bought by the Wallaja-pettah merchants, by whom they are sent on to Madras. This town is a great mart for the *areca-nut*, which is often spoken of by writers on India as "betel," or "betel-nut." It is a nut with an intensely bitter taste, the fruit of a tall and beautiful palm, with a trunk but four or five inches in diameter, and crowned by a tuft of brilliant leaves. The nut is cut in slices, and one piece laid upon the pungent peppery betel-leaf, with a little moist lime and tobacco. These are wrapped in the leaf and chewed, very much as tobacco is chewed by some Americans. This practice is almost universal. Boys, men, and women, all chew; and they would as soon give up their rice as relinquish their "vittely-pakku," or betel. It stains

the saliva and mouth of a blood-red colour, injures the teeth, and gives to the women especially a disgusting appearance. The beautiful white teeth of some of the Christians who have renounced this indulgence form a pleasant contrast to the red lips and black teeth of the heathen around them.

Having been refreshed by the hospitality of our friends, we resumed our journey on the evening of the succeeding day. At the eastern end of the main street, as you enter the town, stands the preaching-bungalow of the missionary; as you go out at its western end, you see the tall pagoda of the heathen temple. Life and death are thus set before its people; but heathenism, alas! has all the power of a long possession of the land and of those who dwell in it. Nothing but confidence in the unchangeableness of the purposes and promises of God enables the Christian to see by faith the time when India shall submit to Christ. To human view the prospect would be most dark without the light of these precious promises. We need not wonder that ungodly men scoff at the impotency of our efforts; but we, who count Him faithful that promised, see by faith the time when India shall cast her idols to the moles and

bats, and bow before the throne of Jehovah, the one true God.

Three miles from Wallaja-pettah you reach Arcot, and there cross the Palar River. Now, as when I had previously crossed this river, its bed was a vast field of sand. On arriving at its bank, our horse was unharnessed, not that we might take a boat, but for our bandy to be dragged across by men. From a village on the bank of the river, some twenty or thirty men, each with but a strip of cloth about his middle, rushing out with ropes in their hands, fastened them to our bandy. Tugging, straining, and shouting, they dragged it through the deep sand to the opposite shore. The pay for this service, which was about seventy cents to be divided among the whole, seemed a small sum for so many, but was a full compensation, and entirely satisfactory to them. At any time, on the arrival of a traveller's bandy, they throw down every thing, and run to secure the job.

On our return from the hills, we recrossed the Palar when it was dry almost from shore to shore; but on the next day, when I accompanied Mr. S. to preach on the opposite side of the river, it was an unbroken stream of tur-

bid water, rolling silently along, and full half a mile in width. We were hardly able to ford it on horseback. Rain had fallen among the hills farther up, and in a single night, to use an Indian phrase, "the river had come down." This is characteristic of Indian rivers. You may pass a beautiful stream, with the water just wetting the hoofs of your horse, in the morning, and in the afternoon find it an impassable river or a swollen and foaming torrent. In such a case the traveller is compelled often to sit down and quietly wait until "the river has run by." The rain which has filled the channel with water ceases, and the flood subsides, allowing a renewal of intercourse between the opposite sides of the stream. Where such obstacles are common, a primitive sort of ferry-boat is made by covering a large circular bamboo basket with raw ox-hide. In one of these a dozen persons may embark, and be ferried across with safety by means of a rope stretched from bank to bank.

The natives bringing produce from the interior are often detained for days with their clumsy carts until the waters shall subside. Thus "waiting for the river to run by" in India is no joke, but a sober reality, and one,

Buffalo-cart in the Mysore. p.393.

too, most trying to the patience. Patience, however, is indigenous to India: to sit still is never a misfortune to the Hindu while he has any thing to eat.

The common carts used for the transportation of goods from the interior, which constantly pass the traveller on this road, are many of them exceedingly primitive in their construction. A pole is attached to a simple frame running upon two solid wheels, made sometimes of a circular cut from a tree, sometimes of two pieces clamped together. The yoke merely lies upon the necks of the cattle without being fastened, except that a pin at each extremity keeps it from slipping off. These bandies are drawn sometimes by oxen, sometimes (as in the accompanying illustration) by domesticated buffaloes, whose hairless hide is mercilessly belaboured by the driver.* These

* In the illustration, the driver, as is very customary, is walking beside the pole of the bandy and between the buffaloes, to urge them on by blows, cries, and pushes. The shaved head and *coodamy* or queue will be noticed. An European, if thus exposed, would soon be prostrated by a sunstroke. A native in better circumstances is walking under the shelter of a palm-leaf umbrella, and a cooly is trotting by with a tin box upon his head. In the background are natives seated on the *piol* of a small house.

clumsy, heavy, creaking, groaning vehicles take weeks to pass over the distance that would be crossed in a day by the rail-car. In nothing is India more deficient than in means of intercourse. With the exception of a few main lines, the roads are mere tracks through sandy plains or over rocks and hills. It is not to be wondered at, that, with such roads, such cattle, such carts, and such easiness of disposition, the Hindu bandy-man should not be a swift courier. They are greatly outstripped by the coolies, who with boxes on their heads, weighing sixty pounds, travel twenty miles or more a day, often for distances of many hundred miles.

Fifteen miles from Arcot brought us to Vellore, a town used as a station for British troops, well fortified, and, for many generations past, a stronghold of the chieftains of Southern India. About the fort is a deep ditch filled with water from the Palar River, and inhabited by many alligators. These scaly monsters serve as a complete guard; for no one dares to venture through the moat, lest he should find himself in their capacious and well-armed jaws.

Vellore is famous for a most fearful tragedy which was here enacted less than fifty years

since, (in 1806.) The sons of Tippoo, who were kept in a liberal confinement in this fort after the overthrow of their father's kingdom, were regarded with deep interest by the Mohammedans, who lost their power with the dynasty of Tippoo. This source of trouble, combined with an injudicious regulation as to the dress of the sepoys, (native soldiers in the service of England,) lead to a dissatisfaction which ended in a rising of the sepoys against the English troops.

In the dead of night, two battalions of the native soldiery surrounded the barracks of the English force, and poured in upon them a fatal fire through every door and window. At the same time, the sentries, the soldiers of the guard, and the sick in the hospital were cruelly murdered. The sepoys rushed in upon the affrighted victims, shot down those who attempted to escape, and plundered the officers' quarters. But they had not done their work so effectually as they hoped. A fugitive escaped, and flying to Arcot bore the tidings of the slaughter of his comrades. A regiment of British dragoons, burning with a desire to save or avenge their countrymen, hastened from Arcot to Vellore, charged through the

unguarded gates of the fort, and cut down, without mercy, the mutineers, who were so much engrossed with their deeds of blood and rapine, that they had neglected all means of defence. Six hundred men were slain on the spot, and two hundred more dragged from the concealments to which they had fled, and shot. The sons of Tippoo were soon after removed to Calcutta, far from the scenes and friends of their father's rule.

We now were drawing near the foot of the Eastern Ghauts, a range of highlands running up into craggy granite peaks, which stretches along the eastern side of India, parallel to the sea. The road grew hilly and rough, and our horse was replaced by a pair of bullocks, more able to draw us up the mountain passes leading to the elevated table-land of the Mysore. Up hill and down we went, and up and down, but more up than down, until, on the second day, we had left the ascent behind us, and entered upon the plateau reaching from the Eastern to the Western Ghauts, and varying from eighteen hundred to three thousand feet in its elevation above the sea. This journey, through steep passes, with granite hills on the right and left, and masses of rock rolled into ravines, trans-

ported us in thought to the granite hills of New England; but the similarity stopped here. In place of neat villages and towns, with the white spire of the Christian church peeping out from among the trees, the school-house beside it, and the pastor's dwelling just beyond, we found jungly deserts, with intervals of cultivation, towns of close-clustering huts, temples to Siva, Vishnu, Ganesha, and other false gods; while the hill-tops were crowned with idolatrous shrines or ancient forts, the scenes of many a bloody strife, now falling to ruins.

After reaching the level of the table-land, our journey was over a beautiful rolling country, dotted with villages and cultivated fields, to the city of Bangalore, where we tarried for three weeks, preparatory to entering the cooler air of the Blue Mountains of Coimbatoor.

Bangalore.

Of all the stations occupied by the English in Southern India, Bangalore is certainly the most charming. Having an elevation of three thousand feet above the level of the sea, it

enjoys a climate which, though still tropical, is most refreshing, especially in the winter months, to the invalid from the low-lands. Hence, it is much used as a health-station for those needing a change from the oppressive heat of the stations below the Ghauts, and also as the head-quarters of a large body of troops. The difference of temperature, while it does not prevent the growth of tropical plants, enables the gardener to raise grains, vegetables, and fruits which cannot endure the heat of Madras. Wheat, potatoes, strawberries, and many excellent garden vegetables are abundant, in addition to the mangoes, guavas, melons, and other fruits of the plains.

The country around is well cultivated. Much of it is devoted to gardening, as Bangalore supplies not only its own population, but that also of the metropolis, with potatoes and vegetables, as well as wheat. Many of the drives about the city are very delightful. The roads are lined with shade-trees, the mango and the banyan often interlocking their branches in a leafy canopy above you; and the fields are divided by hedges of the gigantic aloe, with its mast-like flower-stem, surmounted by a pyramid of white blossoms; or your way leads you through

a grove of noble tamarind-trees guarding a heathen temple, with a tank beyond, on whose banks the tall and exquisitely graceful areca-palm is growing, branchless, tapering, slender, and crowned with an evergreen tuft of waving and glittering leaves.

Canara, or Carnata, was anciently a Hindu kingdom, embracing the noble table-land on which Bangalore now stands. Its capital, Bijapore, is now a heap of ruins, covering a surface of many miles. In common with every portion of this thrice-conquered land, the sword and torch have spread desolation and misery through all its borders. Almost within our own day, its king, whose capital was then Mysore, gave Bangalore as a *jaghire* or fief, from which to support himself while commander of his master's forces, to Hyder Ali. This daring, able, and unscrupulous man, who soon dethroned his sovereign to establish a dynasty of his own, fortified the place strongly, and made it one of his chief strongholds. The fort is in shape an oval, and about a mile in circumference, and is surrounded by a deep ditch. By Hyder and his son it was deemed almost impregnable. But the stronghold did not prove strong enough to resist the cannonade of British artillerists.

In 1791, it was stormed by the English army under Lord Cornwallis, (whose name is familiar to us from the fact of his surrender at Yorktown to Washington, in 1782, having been the closing event of our Revolutionary War,) and carried with great slaughter. It is now held by the English; and so completely has the dominion passed into the hands of the new lords of the soil, that you would not suppose that it had ever been in other hands, and that here, a few years since, English officers had been shut up in dungeons or led out to execution by Hindu chieftains.

Bangalore is now the principal station for the troops of the Honourable East India Company in the Madras presidency. It is recommended for this purpose by the salubrity of the climate and its central position. The English regiments, after being quartered for several years in Madras, Trichinopoly, and other stations in the plains, are transferred to Bangalore, and, after remaining there for a year or two, give place to others needing a similar change. The presence of several thousand troops, both English regiments and regiments of native soldiery with English commanding officers, gives a lively and brilliant aspect to

Sepoys--Native infantry, p. 401.

the place. The barracks for infantry and cavalry are abundant for many regiments, and bungalows in pretty gardens give pleasant quarters to the officers. On the parade-ground the manœuvres of the troops may be daily seen and the sound of military music be heard; every morning the young cadets, who have newly arrived from Great Britain to serve as officers in the army of India, are drilled in their duties by grave, and often noble-looking, native officers. It is about one hundred years since native troops were first trained to European tactics by the French at the siege of Cuddalore, (1746,) and now the East India Company maintains the immense number of two hundred and forty thousand sepoys. Thus she governs India with Hindu soldiers, and subdues new provinces with levies from those already united to the empire. In addition to this force, there are in India rather less than fifty thousand English troops, to maintain English sovereignty over not less than *one hundred and twenty millions* of Asiatics, thousands of miles away from succour from their native land. Yet the Hindu fights bravely beside the Englishman, and lays down his life to increase the power of the flag under which he marches. We trust

that India will be thus subdued to Christ by the efforts of a host of native preachers of the gospel, trained and, for the present, led by strangers from Christian lands. The church will greatly mistake her duty if, in her missionary labours in Hindustan, she neglects to raise up Hindus to go forth and conquer the land in the name of the Lord of Hosts.

The town of Bangalore is distinct from the fort, and contains 100,000 inhabitants. Of these, 60,000 inhabit the *pettah*, and 40,000, chiefly Tamil people, live in a separate quarter, and are mainly supported by trafficking with the troops. The inhabitants of the pettah, or walled town, are purely Canarese, with a language distinct from the Tamil, though allied to it, the language of the ancient realm of Canara. Its walls are merely a mud embankment within a ditch, and could make little resistance to an enemy; yet, as they still stand, the visitor can only enter through the gates. On going in at one of these gateways to visit the place, (for all foreigners live without the walls in houses surrounded by gardens,) the first thing that struck me was an *idol-temple* on the left hand, with a *grog-shop* on the right. Thus, as though fearing that idolatry would be uprooted by the

word of God, Satan is raising up in drunkenness a barrier to the spread of the gospel in India. It is as true that no drunkard as that no idolater shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; and now, to her shame it must be said, the influence of Christian England is introducing many a Hindu to this road to everlasting death.

But pass this sad spot, and the long street which stretches before you is straight and broad, and pleasantly skirted on both sides with cocoanut-palms. The houses are low, and roofed with hard mud laid upon boards lying evenly across the walls, with gutters of crockery-ware to carry off the rain. Women stand in the doorways, with blue and yellow robes thrown gracefully over their shoulders and folded around their waists. With rings on their clattering toes, and jewels in their ears and noses, they chat with one another or scream out the gossip of the day to their friends across the street. The men stand idly round, or sit behind their piles of goods exposed for sale on boards raised a few inches from the ground, while throngs of pedestrians walk through the middle of the street (for there are no sidewalks) to their places of business or labour.

Not the least numerous, and certainly to a stranger the most amusing, portion of the population of Bangalore, is the multitude of *monkeys* that make their homes on the houses, trees, and walls. Not two or three consumptive creatures, such as we see in menageries at home, or the more miserable victims of organ-grinders, twitched and tortured into a fictitious animation; but scores and hundreds of them, all life and mischief, running over house-tops, dropping into the street, scampering up the cocoa-nut-trees, evidently quite at home, and looking with up-drawn eyebrows at the white-faced stranger who has intruded upon their domains. So numerous are they, that the people cannot roof their houses with tiles, as in most Hindu towns, for their mischievous fellow-citizens would break and carry off the tiles. They are as troublesome to the residents of the place as they are amusing to the mere visitor; for they steal all they can lay their hands upon, even snatching food from the children. They seem to consider themselves lords of the manor; and at one time in my walk, came dropping from the eaves of the houses and from the trees, and followed at my heels, grinning, showing their teeth, and barking in so threatening a style,

that I was really afraid they would lay violent hands upon me. They are especially diverting as you see them on and about the mud wall that surrounds the town. This is appropriated especially to their residence, and here they assemble in great numbers, exhibiting all the phases of monkey life. You see them of all ages and statures in family groups; the aged grandsire, gray-haired and wise, deep in meditation, the father watching the gymnastics of the younger members of the family, as they strengthen their muscles by swinging from the tree-boughs, while the mother nurses her hairy pet upon her knee. Two staid matrons will be gravely examining each other's coats for any unfortunate insects, while snappish and pugnacious old bachelors are bristling their hair, stiffening their tails, and exhibiting every symptom of an approaching combat. On any alarm, they are all off in a twinkling, the mother running up some tree as nimbly as the rest, quite unimpeded by the baby-monkey which clasps its arms around her body and clings to her till she reaches a place of safety.

Why, it may be asked, if they are so troublesome, are they not driven away or destroyed? The answer furnishes an evidence of the degrada-

tion to which idolatry has reduced the Hindus. They have a *monkey-god*, Hanuman by name, famous in the annals of the hero-god Rama as the leader of an army of monkeys from the continent to Ceylon, to aid in the rescue of his wife from the custody of a giant of fearful power. This monkey-god is widely worshipped in India. In many private houses, as well as in the temples, his image is kept, to be prayed to and honoured with religious services and offerings. The mass of the people look upon these monkeys with a superstitious reverence, and would not dare to do them any harm. In some places there are hospitals for invalid monkeys. In many parts of India it is considered a work of religious merit to give them food; and some of them make this charity a regular duty. I have seen a man with quite a load of cakes of coarse bread, surrounded by a crowd of these mischievous divinities, dispensing with great gravity a piece to each as it came up and held out its paw for the offering. Some of the cunning fellows would hide what was given them, and, returning with an innocent air, demanded a second portion.

Other equally foolish modes of attaining heavenly bliss strike the eye. Even the feeding

of ants is accounted a mode of acquiring merit, to improve the condition of the soul in its next birth. Men may be seen going from ant-hill to ant-hill, and, with great care, sprinkling around each a circle of rice flour. How vain are these attempts to create a righteousness that shall save the soul from the wrath of God! How can the feeding of ants and monkeys, or the more arduous task, of penance, the fasting, cutting of the flesh, swinging on hooks, walking on nails, or laying down of life itself upon the funeral pile, cleanse the soul from the pollution of sin, or prepare it to stand before God? All is in vain! And equally vain is the confidence of the self-righteous in Christian lands, who look for salvation to morality, charity, amiability, or good works. Let us be thankful that we have a better righteousness to present before God, even the righteousness that is by Jesus Christ, who "his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree." "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

Bangalore has not been left without some to make known to its people the way of life. Both the London and the Wesleyan Missionary

Societies have stations here, and are doing a good work; although their success has not been so marked as that of missionaries in some other parts of India. They maintain labours in three languages: in English, for the benefit of the English troops here stationed; in Tamil, for the thousands in the bazaar or outer town, who speak that language; and in Canarese, for the inhabitants of the pettah and the surrounding country. Owing to this diversity of languages, they also have three churches connected with one mission: an English church composed of European soldiers, officers, and their wives, and two native churches, Tamil and Canarese. I had the pleasure of preaching both in English and Tamil in the church of the London Missionary Society; and here, for the first time in India, I saw a Sunday-school of white children. Quite a number of the soldiers are pious, godly men, and assemble on the Sabbath, not only to be taught, but also to teach. To see groups of white-faced, fair-haired children thus gathered into a Sabbath-school, carried my thoughts home to America, where hundreds of thousands would thus meet to study the word of God on this sacred day. It might, perhaps, seem strange to them to see soldiers in

their red coats, white belts, and epaulettes, seated in the teacher's chair; but under their uniform Christian hearts were beating, and here in heathen India they found work to do as soldiers of the living God. In a land of idolatry and sin, to see these groups of English children with Bibles in their hands, learning the way to heaven from soldiers in their red coats, was a delightful privilege.

A church has been gathered from among the Tamil population, over which a native pastor has been set. The labours of the missionaries are mainly directed to the Canarese people, who form the great mass of the population of the Mysore territories, and gave their name (Canara) to the country. The word *Carnatic* has been improperly applied to the province below the mountains by Europeans, probably from its having been conquered by Hyder Ali, who had already made himself ruler of the true Carnata or *Canara-desa*, the land of the Canarese.

The Roman Catholics, here, as in most accessible portions of India, preceded Protestant missionaries, and gave to the natives of the land the impression that Christianity, though a different religion from their own, was only

another form of idolatry. This false view of the religion of the Bible raises an additional barrier to the spread of the truth; for how is the ignorant Hindu to know that the first comer has not a right to the title of "the only true church of Christ?" In a morning walk through the neighbouring villages, when passing through some vegetable-gardens, I took occasion to converse with a man, from whom I inquired my way, on the subject of religion. While speaking to him of the folly and sinfulness of idolatry, I happened to say, "Wood is not God, and, therefore, should not be worshipped." Immediately, a man whom I had not observed, as he stood at some distance in a neighbouring field, cried out, in a triumphant and insulting tone, "What is your God but a wooden god?" at the same time, with a sneering air and gesture, holding up the forefinger of his right hand, hooked into that of his left, in the form of the cross. Supposing that I was a Roman Catholic, since I was a Christian, he was intimating that my worship of a wooden cross was no better than their worship of a wooden idol. The Roman Catholics have extensive institutions and many priests in Bangalore, and they are very bitter

against the Bible and its readers, combining with the heathen to thwart the labours of the missionaries and to persecute their converts.

The former pastor of the native church at Bangalore, Shunkuru-lingam, afterwards known as Samuel Flavel, was very successful in his labours among his countrymen, both heathen and Roman Catholic. Not only in this city, but in the surrounding villages and towns, many had their eyes opened to the folly of idol-worship and false religion through his preaching. Although in both cases a profession of faith in Christ brought reproach and persecution, they were not deterred by the love of friends or the fear of enemies from confessing his name before men.

Among others, two brothers employed as catechists by the Romish priest at Mysore, were convinced that they had received doctrines but little better than those of their heathen ancestors, and wrote several times to the Bangalore native preacher, begging an interview. He accordingly went to Mysore, (eighty miles distant,) and, by his teaching from the Bible, with the blessing of the Spirit of God, convinced them that it was their duty to forsake the Romish Church. On his arrival, informa-

tion was given to the Catholic priest, who commanded his people not to speak to him, and loaded this godly and devoted man with evil epithets; saying that he was "the greatest devil that he had known among the Protestants." The two brothers were entreated by the people not to leave them, and an offer of double pay was made to the elder of the two. But bribes, threats, and hard usage were equally unavailing. He told them that he left them, not because his pay was not sufficient, but because he sought the salvation of his soul; and he earnestly besought them to care for their eternal interests. At this, his enemies were the more enraged; and coming to him that same evening, treated him most abusively, kicking and otherwise cruelly using him. The brothers returned not railing for railing, but bearing reproach with meekness, in the midst of it prayed, as did our Lord, for their persecutors. Having been taken before the priest, they were asked why they wished to leave the church of Rome. They answered that the church of Rome presented the broad way to destruction; that they were seeking the narrow way to eternal life; and, therefore, must separate themselves from it. Upon this,

the priest, following the example of Ananias of old, (Acts xxiii. 1, 2,) commanded those who stood near to smite him on the face. This was readily done, but failed to convince the young men of their error. Unmoved by these persecutions, they repaired to the Roman Catholic chapel to remove some images which were their private property. This filled the people with consternation, and especially the thoughts of the loss of an image of the Virgin Mary, which was regarded with unusual devotion by the poor benighted creatures. They offered large sums of money if this sacred image might be left them, only asking the brothers to name their price. The converts told them that they felt constrained to take it away, as it was leading them into the sin of idolatry; that it was not money they wanted, but that as servants of Christ they could not suffer their property to lead their countrymen into sin. The brothers were next sued before the magistrate on false charges of debt, but they were fully cleared, and the people restrained from further violence. They were baptized by Shunkuru, and took the names of Nathaniel and Jonas.

The history of many of the members of the

Canarese churches, gathered through the labours of the missionaries at Bangalore, is deeply interesting, and shows the power of the gospel, when made effectual by the influences of the Holy Spirit, to change the heart of man and overcome the prejudices and enlighten the darkness of heathen idolaters. The day after our arrival at Bangalore, we attended the Canarese service on Sunday morning. The sermon was on "brotherly love," by a man who, a few years before, would have as soon cut off his right hand as hold any social intercourse with those of a different caste. Now, he exhorts his fellow-Christians to love one another, as Christ loved them. The man who sat next to me was formerly a devout heathen, living near a hill-fort named Krishna-gherry, (the mountain of Krishna,) who used often to go out into the woods, and spend much time in penances and meditation in order to gain a knowledge of God. He once heard a missionary preach, and received a tract. This he studied, and by it was led, in company with his brother, to converse with a native Christian about this new way of finding God. They were convinced that this was the true way, and came to the missionaries to declare their faith

in Christ, and ask for baptism. Having been examined and found worthy, they were baptized. This man had a wife and children whom he loved, but they were taken from him, as well as his living; and he had been now for two years deprived of wife and children, and destitute of all things, for Christ's sake. Yet how rich in the promised blessing of God was that humble and unknown Hindu! How few in Christian America make such sacrifices for Christ! How many from its happy and heaven-blessed shores will go away into outer darkness, as despisers of the mercy of God, when the poor Hindu of Krishna-gherry and his brethren ascend to rejoice and praise forever before the throne of God.

Reader! have you confessed Christ before men? "Whosoever shall confess me before men," he has said, "him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven; but whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven." Be persuaded to love and confess him who loved and died for you.

To Seringapatam.

THE conveyance which carried us from Bangalore to Seringapatam, and thence to the mountains, bore the somewhat ironical appellation of a "*shigram-po*," or "*quick-go*;" for, to our sorrow, we found it a most painfully *slow-go*, and, at times, a *no-go*. It was a square, two-wheeled affair, with a raised floor on which we laid our mattrass, and under which we packed our boxes, provisions, and cooking utensils, and was drawn by two bullocks. The Indian bullocks are commonly pure white, with horns rising directly above their foreheads, and curving gracefully backwards. The hump between the shoulders, and the long dew-lap hanging half-way to the ground, with the peculiar curve of the horns, make them look very unlike our American cattle. When well kept and trained, they are beautiful creatures, quick, and perfectly obedient to the driver, who guides them by a small cord attached to one horn of each animal. We, however, found the posted bullocks furnished us completely worn out by over-work; often at the commencement of their

stage, instead of being fresh, they were quite exhausted, and could only be made to draw the carriage by cruel goadings and blows. To eat beef is esteemed a horrible crime by the Hindus; but to kill the poor creatures by hard work does not trouble their consciences, if it put rupees into their purses.

The road westward from Bangalore to Seringapatam runs through a hilly country, whose hill-sides and rolling valleys are well cultivated, and yield fine crops of rice and other grains to the cultivators. It is rendered solitary and deserted in appearance by the absence of the farm-houses, which meet the eye of the traveller in Western lands, enlivening the way at every turn with their clumps of shade-trees, barns, and grazing cattle. Here men live, not each on his own land, but clustered in villages, from which in the morning they issue forth to their labour, returning at evening like bees to their hive. Thus you may travel for miles through a populous country, and not see a house or any sign of life, except the little elevated lodge for the watchman at the time of the ripening of the crops. It is to these solitary sheds in the midst of the fields that Isaiah refers when, describing the desolateness of his people, he says,

"The daughter of Zion is left as a cottage in a vineyard, as a lodge in the garden of cucumbers."

It is a most remarkable fact, that while other countries have the whole face of society changed by conquest and subjection to rulers from foreign lands, India—though swept over by successive hordes of invaders, though plundered and divided among contending despots, though transferred from hand to hand, as each dynasty was crushed by one more powerful than itself—has, to a great extent, remained unchanged. India now is, in its habits, feelings, and pursuits, very much what it was three thousand years ago. The Hindu of the nineteenth century lives and labours, plants, ploughs, weaves, and reaps as did his fathers at the Christian era, when savages roved and chased the deer in the woods of ancient Britain.

This fact is to be attributed more perhaps to the organization of the village government of India than to any other circumstance. Each town, with the adjacent lands, is, to a great extent, an independent community, having its own rulers, its own agriculturalists, its own police, and its own artisans. Though subject to the general government, its affairs are managed

within itself. The land is divided and recorded against its farmers, with its quality and extent, and the revenue is collected village by village. It matters little, therefore, to the Hindu peasant who is his master, so long as he is undisturbed in the enjoyment of his hereditary home. To him it is of small moment whether his rent be paid to "Hyder" or to "the Company," to a nabob or a collector. Districts have been depopulated, and provinces made a desert, by the monsters who have soaked India with human gore, and fattened her soil with human flesh; but, until thus depopulated, her villages remain the same.

Cruel as were the despots Hyder and Tippoo, who ruled the territory through which we were now passing, they had the sagacity to know that it was only in the prosperity of their subjects that they could prosper; and the Mysore territories were, on the whole, well governed. War, however, cannot be waged except at the expense of the blood, treasure, and happiness of the people. On our way, while we passed through thriving towns with their shop-lined streets, and saw old forts, unneeded for defence, crumbling to a happy decay, we also traversed lonely and melancholy wastes, where the Mu-

saljee brandished his torch, and joined his cries to those of the bandy-driver, to fright from our path the tigers who roam in these deserted lands. These fearful beasts are not so much dreaded in the dense jungle as in the waste places near to human dwellings. There the denizens of the forest furnish him his food; but here, tempted by hunger to attack man, he ceases to dread him, and prowls about his path and house, ready for the deadly spring upon his victim. Many a poor boy has been borne away in the jaws of the tiger while tending his cattle; and many a villager trembles and starts with hair on end at the thought of the "man-eater" as he returns at dusk from his work, or stoops to draw water from the stream. The successful tiger-hunt of the English officer, while it gives most exciting amusement to the sportsman, takes from the minds of the poor villagers an ever-present and oppressive terror.

Noon of the following day found us looking down from the brow of a hill upon Seringapatam, the far-famed citadel and metropolis of Hyder Ali and his son. Seated upon an island formed by the division of the stream of the Cavery, in the midst of a fertile plain watered by canals leading from the river to its many

fields, it realizes to the traveller his idea of an oriental city. The plantations of bright green sugar-cane are checkered by patches of brown grain and stubble-fields, and give an air of peace and plenty; while to the student of Indian history the hills and plains suggest thoughts of armed hosts, European and Mohammedan, meeting in bloody battle; of marauding bands of Mahratta horsemen; of victory and defeat, with all their sad train of horrors.

In the year 1791, after the capture of Bangalore, Lord Cornwallis advanced upon Seringapatam, and having captured the formidable hill-forts between the two cities, attacked Tippoo by night, and defeated him with great loss. Compelled to retire within his stronghold, and threatened by an immense array of English and Hindu troops, the proud sultan saw the uselessness of resistance, and made peace, with the surrender of one-half of his territories.

But this bloodthirsty prince, who is reported to have said that he would "rather live two days as a tiger than a hundred days as a sheep," could not remain quiet while English power was absorbing India. War was recommenced, and in May, 1799, an English army again looked down from the heights on which we stood on

the water-girt fortress of Seringapatam. The city was besieged, its walls were breached, and, led on by General Baird, who had himself been a prisoner within the dungeons of the "city of Sri-Runga," the English and allied Hindu troops carried the place by storm. Tippoo, sallying out, with hereditary valour, to meet the victors, fell pierced by two musket-balls. An English soldier seized the sword-belt, glittering with jewels, which surrounded the sultan's waist; but the prince's sword was still grasped in his stiffening hand, and with it he wounded the plunderer. The enraged soldier, not knowing his enemy, shot him through the head, and Tippoo was no more. Thus a dynasty set, as it rose, in blood; and thus was the saying of our Lord fulfilled: "He that taketh the sword shall be slain by the sword."

Seringapatam, no longer a metropolis, and scourged by fevers, is going to decay. Its ramparts are in ruins, and its cannon have been tumbled into the moat. The stranger, dreading the miasma which floats in its atmosphere, rarely spends a night within its walls. He stops to gaze at the magnificent tombs of Hyder and his son, in the beautiful Lal Bagh,

(red garden,) and mourn that man should thus live and thus die.

The name of Tippoo is synonymous with "tiger," both in the memories of Christian and heathen men. Being a bigoted Mohammedan, he not only hated the English as enemies, but also the native Roman Catholic and Syrian Christians as infidels, and the Brahmins as idolaters. In Calicut, he hung up mothers with their children suspended from their necks, and tied men to the feet of elephants, to be torn limb from limb. Hindus were forced to embrace Mohammedanism to save their lives, and Brahmins were made to break their caste by eating beef. Once seeing a Brahmin pass, he called him to him, and asked, "Where will you go, if you die?" "To Weicounta," (the heaven of Vishnu,) said the Brahmin. "Then send him there," said the tyrant; and fastening rockets to his body, they blew him into the air.

It will not be wondered at that the change of sovereignty from his hands to those of England, has caused little regret among his Hindu subjects, though the Mohammedans mourn that the sceptre has passed from their hands.

Palhully to Ootacamund.

PALHULLY, a little village three miles distant from Seringapatam, is noted as the residence of the Abbé Dubois, the French Catholic missionary to whom reference has already been made. After labouring thirty years for the conversion of the Hindus to Roman Catholicism, and seeking to win them to his faith by conformity to their customs, by concealing offensive Scripture truths, (as, for instance, the statement that the fatted *calf* was killed* for the prodigal son,) and by dressing and living as a Brahmin, he retired from India to Europe, confessing that the effort had been a vain one.

In a work published by him, he dissuades Protestants from missions to India, arguing that the Hindus are given over of God to a reprobate spirit, and cannot be converted. He reasons that, if he and his fellow-labourers, who have conformed in so many points to the prejudices of the Hindus, have failed, much

* The killing of a cow or calf is a heinous offence in the eyes of a Hindu.

more certain will be the failure of Protestant missionaries, who do not allow the natives such indulgence! While we agree with him that the preaching of Roman Catholicism has been a failure as to changing the hearts, and lives even, of their converts, and would also concede that, if the work were of man, Protestantism would have very few attractions for sensual and degraded Hindus, we do not fear for the issue. Our confidence is not in man, but in God. With the influences of the Holy Spirit, the gospel can and will change the hardest heart and attract the most sottish soul. Of this the history of Christian missions furnishes abundant proof. The history of the triumphs of the gospel will show to the world that though with man the conversion of a vast nation of idolaters is impossible, with God all things are possible.

Palhully is now the residence of an English family, who are engaged in the business of refining sugar for the market in Madras, as well as for exportation to England. In this retired spot we found a refined and Christian family circle, and were entertained for a day and a night with Christian hospitality.

The manufacture of sugar by the natives is very rude, and leaves it in a state that renders

it wholly worthless for European use. The sugar-cane is crushed in a hollowed log, sometimes the stump of a tree as it stands rooted in the ground. The beam used as a pestle is attached to a shaft which is turned by a couple of oxen, and the juice drawn off by a hole pierced in the bottom of the trunk. This liquor, full of impurities, is then boiled down, and crystallized in black cakes that would hardly be recognised by us as sugar. The Palhully sugar company, with their steam refinery, convert it into a very excellent and beautiful article. The only hinderance to their success is the great cost of transportation to Madras. This is a hinderance not only to this, but to a thousand other useful arts. When Christianity shall have made Hindus truthful and industrious, civilization will go forward, and the wealth of India be a hundred-fold increased. Without mutual confidence, there cannot be association; and without association, there cannot be improvement. What India wants to make her a happy land is the influences of the religion of the Bible.

The drive of eight miles from Palhully to Mysore would have but little to attract the traveller accustomed to Indian scenes, though

doubtless a new-comer would see much to interest and amuse him. A group of girls assembled under a mango-tree, and throwing up sticks and stones to knock down the green fruit, would carry his memory back to the apple-orchard of his fatherland; but the smile at the amusement of the little ones would turn to sadness when, a few steps farther on, his eye caught sight of a heathen temple, or, going a little farther still, he saw a tree with a low stone wall built about its trunk, and worshipped as a god. He would notice two little sheds built of bamboo and thatched with palm-leaves, with a screen in front, through which a bamboo pipe projects. Within sits a Brahmin, paid by some charitable person to supply passers-by with water, or, perhaps, with the greater luxury of buttermilk. He has his water-pot and cup beside him; but from these the traveller must not drink, for then it would be so defiled that the next thirsty passer-by could not drink from it. The Brahmin inside pours the water into the pipe, and the applicant, uniting his hands in the form of a trough, receives it as it falls, and drinks. Sometimes the bamboo trough is dispensed with, and the occupant of the shed pours the water into the hands of

those who come to him for refreshment. As he is a Brahmin, all castes can receive food or drink from his hands.

This work of providing water for the thirsty is one of great merit; indeed, according to the Madura Puranna, (a sacred history,) the god Siva manifested himself on one occasion as a man for the purpose of performing this meritorious act. The king of Madura, according to this Puranna, went forth to meet an enemy, with an army resembling a continuous river running into the sea. The two armies joined battle, and continued the contest for five hours, when the soldiers on both sides began to faint from thirst. At this juncture, a water-booth appeared in the midst of the army of Madura, within which stood the god, in the guise of a Brahmin, with a supply of Ganges water. From this all who came were instantly supplied, and the recipients of the favour of the god, engaging with renewed vigour, were victorious. The cut, which is taken from the Hindu illustrations of the Puranna, represents the warriors as standing with their hands joined to convey the water to their mouths. The figure of the disguised deity gives a good idea of the appearance and dress of a Brahmin,

Water-booth and Soldiers. p. 428.

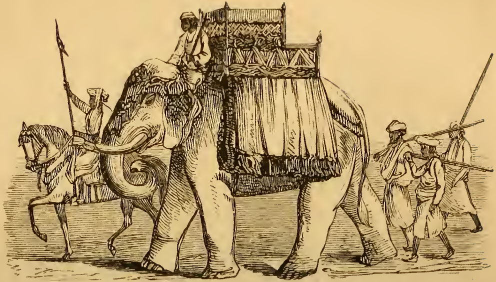
with the head shaved, except the *coodamy* or queue suffered to grow from the crown, and the body bare from the waist upwards. The dress of the soldiers, with the addition of an upper garment of cotton, would illustrate that of the peons or police of the present day.

Mysore, in its general aspect, is pleasing, and gives an impression of prosperity and progress. The streets are regular, and the bazaar (trading street) looks quite brilliant with its shops filled with bright-coloured silks, gay cotton goods, cloth, carpets, and other articles of merchandise. In the fruit-stalls were melons and white grapes, hanging in rich clusters, fair to the eye, and, as we found on trial, most refreshing to the parched lips of the weary invalid melting under a tropical sun. In an open space, a large number of elephants stood chained by the feet to well-fastened stakes, some feeding on long grass brought for them from the fields, others holding in their trunks large branches from the neighbouring trees, with which to brush the flies from their black, hairless sides.

Since the fall of Seringapatam, Mysore has greatly increased in population, in consequence of its being the residence of the rajah (king)

raised to the throne by the English after the death of Tippoo. His power is merely nominal; the true ruler of the country is the commissioner of the Mysore territory, an English officer, without whose permission the rajah can take no step of importance. A large revenue is allowed him; and, as he owes every thing to the English by whom he was taken from obscurity, though of kingly descent, he is content with his nominal royalty and its emoluments. His income he dispenses in a way that attracts a host of flatterers and parasites. Especially do worthless and greedy Brahmins flock about the palace, clinging to him as vultures to a carcass, for the love of what they can pluck from him. The whole city is corrupted by the influence of the court and its attendant Brahmins, who completely rule the rajah.

At first the English did not feel prepared to take the country entirely into their hands, and for the purpose of conciliating the Hindus, placed this child of their ancient kings (then but a few years old) upon the throne. He proved so worthless, and so completely a tool of the crafty and rapacious Brahmins, that the power given him was recalled, and the commissioner residing at his court constituted his guardian.



Elephant with Howdah, and Hindu soldiers, p. 431.

He amuses himself with the parade of royalty and with a multitude of diversions, hiring French circus-riders, keeping a great number of horses, whose stables are elegantly fitted up and hung with looking-glasses, and also maintaining a number of elephants. He had a carriage constructed large enough to hold ninety persons, to be drawn by six of these huge creatures, as a royal variety to the usual mode of riding in a howdah on the elephant's back.

The rajah is a bigoted Hindu, and completely under Brahminic influence. In his palace he keeps as an object of worship a cow, which is covered with jewels, silver, and gold. About the time of our return through the city from the Neilgherries, he had just gone through with a peculiar means of getting rid of his sins. He had been told by his attendantBrahmin, his confessor and the keeper of his conscience, that his horoscope, calculated from the position of the starry constellations at his birth, showed that he had but two years to live. The rajah therefore determined to get rid of the accumulated sins of the past years. For this purpose, a number of Brahmins, willing to bear his sins for a good compensation, were collected at the palace. The rajah, dressed in his robes, with

his sword to add to his weight, got into one scale of a balance; the other was filled with gold, silver and jewels, until it weighed him down. These were divided with certain prescribed forms among the Brahmins who took his sins upon their own heads. The infatuated rajah believes that these men will suffer the penalty due him for his sins, and that he is relieved of their weight. The next day, when he was distributing gifts to a crowd of applicants, some of the scape-goats, contrary to the law which requires them to hide themselves from human gaze, with shameless cupidity came forward for more. The rajah, though not led to question the ability of these liars to bear his sins, was filled with rage at their effrontery, and drove them from his court.

For the three millions of inhabitants of the Mysore there is but one European missionary, beside those stationed in the city of Bangalore. Need we then wonder that, though Christ has been preached in the capital, the way of salvation is so little known and heathen idolatry so strong? Yet the whole country is completely accessible, and residence perfectly safe in any of its towns or villages.

Soon may the name of Jesus, as the true sa

crifice for sin, as the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world, as he who hath redeemed us by his blood, be known throughout this land! And soon may its millions, finding peace with God and forgiveness of sins, join with us in singing the praises of redeeming love!

"Not all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

"But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

"My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,—
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

'My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

"Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love."

Leaving Mysore, we passed near the foot of a steep hill rising suddenly from the plain to

the height of a thousand feet. On its summit is a house belonging to the British residency, which gives its occupant a delightful prospect and the enjoyment of cool breezes. To the Hindus it is known as the site of two temples of great repute, and of a colossal bull cut from the rock. Hither the rajah, as well as a multitude of pilgrims, makes an annual visit for the purpose of idolatrous worship.

The sun was just setting as we reached Nungengood, fifteen miles south of Mysore. Its bright rays were reflected from the gilded summit of the pagoda of the great temple of Siva which stands here, making it look like a tower of burnished gold. How striking the contrast between this apparent brightness and beauty, and the real darkness and hatefulness of the place! The temple of Nungengood is famous even among the temples of India for being covered all over with figures so obscene that they might make the vilest blush. Yet this is the residence of one of the supreme gods of the Hindus; and the place of assembly, at certain seasons, for thousands of benighted idolaters, who come hither to adore and pray to the god who presides in such a dwelling. If no nation, as is said, will be better than its gods, what

must be the moral character of Hindustan, as it appears in the eyes of Him in whose sight even the heavens are unclean!

Soon after sunset, we stopped at a traveller's bungalow to cook and eat a meal of rice and curry. We were behind our time, and anxious to press on; but haste is a hard thing to make in India. We must have a change of bullocks, and that was an affair of time; then the musaljee had no torch—at last that was procured; then he must have oil for his torch, but, like the foolish virgins of the parable, at the hour for starting his vessel was empty; off he had to go to a neighbouring village to buy oil. At last all things were ready, and we were on our way again. Darkness brought sleep and forgetfulness; while we dreamed, it may be, of the magical railroad with its fiery steed and lightening speed, our poor *shigram-po* with its oxen was toiling along at the rate of two miles an hour. On waking before daylight, it occurred to us that our position was rather more perpendicular than was natural, and looking out, we found that we were quietly resting by the roadside, with the pole of the bandy on the ground, and its back pointing to the sky, while our driver and musaljee were seated comfortably

beside a fire of burning straw. They were waiting for fresh bullocks!

During the night we had made just twelve miles, which, as we were in great haste to meet an appointment, was somewhat provoking. We made the best of it, however, and pushed on, our troubles growing thicker as our bullocks grew more thin. We were now entering the jungle, a wilderness extending around the base of the mountains, and many miles in depth. The hills became steep, the road rough, the air close, and the sun glared fiercely on us. The cattle toiled over the stony way, worn out with labour, and seeming ready to drop. At times they cast themselves down in the road with exhaustion and obstinacy, and would not move until actually lifted up. The drivers, goading, pushing, yelling, beating, and hauling, urged them on. As we mounted the hills, they called on their gods to help them: "Swamy! Swamy! Hanuman! Hanuman! (the monkey-god,) oh help! help! just get us up this hill! get us up this hill, and you shall have a cocoanut!" At the next hill the same promise was made, and at the next; but whether the god got his cocoanuts or not, I cannot say.

We were to have reached the foot of the

mountains by early morning, so as to meet a conveyance sent down for us by friends to whom we had written, as our "shigram-po" would not ascend the heights. It was two o'clock in the afternoon, however, when we reached the Bandipoor bungalow, a rest-house on a hill-top, and twenty miles of jungle were yet between us and the mountain's base. To go on would have compelled us to spend the night amid the malaria of the jungle, with an almost certainty of contracting the deadly "jungle-fever;" and to stop would be to render it uncertain whether we should find any means of ascending the mountains on our arrival at Seegoor. We stopped, however, and spent the night at the lonely bungalow, as it seemed the less evil of the two. We managed to procure a chicken for ourselves and one for the bandy-men, and had a dinner of the never-failing rice and curry. Our little sick boy owed his supper of milk to the fact that a tiger had the night before carried off two kids from the flock of a company of Kuravers who were encamped close by. These Kuravers are semi-savages, and wander from place to place, carrying with them their houses, which are mere bamboo baskets inverted. They do not usually milk

their goats, but they sold us the milk of the dam that had lost its kids.

We were up with the morning star, and by daylight had our bandy repacked, our cattle yoked, and resumed our journey; but our speed did not improve. As we neared the Neilgherries, our road grew more hilly, rough, and precipitous; and the posted bullocks were utterly worn out. It was painful to be drawn by them, but to stop where we were was impossible. We were now in the midst of the jungle, a wilderness thinly or densely wooded, and the home of bears, tigers, leopards, and wild elephants. Men have frequently been carried by tigers from the public road; and not long since a young English officer was here killed by an enraged wild elephant which he had imprudently attacked. We had not the pleasure of seeing any of these savage rangers of the forest, for we passed through the jungle by the high road and in broad daylight, when they usually hide away in their lairs.

At length we found ourselves actually at Seegoor, with the massive mountains, whose summits had caught our eye and cheered our way from time to time, towering high before us. To our great joy there, too, was a light

bandy with four bullocks, waiting to carry us to the higher regions towards which we had so long been wearily journeying. It was two in the afternoon, and the thermometer stood at 93°; but, under the shelter of a little hut by the road-side, we changed our light garments for woollen clothing, to be ready for the cooler atmosphere above us. Transferring the luggage from our transit bandy to three coolies' heads, we gladly commenced the ascent.

The mountains rose eight thousand feet in height, clothed with wood and shrubbery, and broken by deep ravines, down which ran mountain streams. The hill-sides were on fire. Long lines of flame stretched hundreds of feet upwards, and columns of smoke rolled on high to mingle with the cloudless blue of the skies. It seemed a great altar sending up its incense before God its Creator.

The road, starting at the base of the hills, crept along the declivity awhile, then turning, zig-zagged its way up the face of the mountain-side; reaching a deep-setting ravine, again it wound its upward course with a brawling brook far down the precipice on its right, and the steep mountain rising high on its left. Sunset found us about half-way up the pass. The road

stretched its tortuous course before us, while behind us lay the country we had crossed, looking in the distance like a vast field, with the hills scarcely perceptibly raised above its surface, and its woods forming but a soft green carpet to the plain. Saturday night was closing upon us, and we must press on. The night air seemed cold, (it was forty degrees below that of the plain,) and our exhaustion was extreme. Never was a shelter more grateful than when, weary, sick, and faint, at ten o'clock, we reached the mountain-plain above, and received a warm welcome and sat down before a warm fire, surrounded by Christian friends in OOTACAMUND.

"In foreign realms and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes I passed unhurt,
And breathed in tainted air."

The Neilgherries.

IT was hard for us to realize, on rising the day after our arrival at Ootacamund, that we were still in India; and that from the peak just over against our window we could look

down upon the burning plains over which we had so wearily made our way. Two good blankets were on the bed, and a carpet on the floor; a wood-fire was burning in the grate, and there, too, was a chimney, (a thing unknown below,) with tongs and wheezing bellows, and close-shutting glass windows.

On going into the fresh, cool morning air, a strange luxury to the lungs, we found ourselves in front of a pretty residence on the summit of an elevation which sloped gently down to a little lake embosomed amid hills, and winding among their almost meeting bases. Along its margin ran a good red road; and neat houses, white-walled and red-roofed, were dotted here and there on the sides and levelled tops of the hills. Across the lake, on a prominent elevation, stood a village church; and behind it a high ridge bounded the view, and formed a fine background to the scene. It would have been easy to have imagined, if we had faith in the Arabian tales, that we had seated ourselves upon a magic rug, and had been transported from sultry India, the land of the palm-tree and the banana, to some sweet spot in the Scottish Highlands. We were, however, still

in India—the land not of sultry plains alone, but also of noble mountains.

The Neilgherry Hills are a range of mountains in Southern India, with a base two hundred miles in circumference, lying between the two ranges known as the Eastern and Western Ghauts. Though separate from both, they form a connecting link between the two, as they approach each other towards the termination of the peninsula. A deep jungle stretches on every side around the base of the mountains, giving a home to all the savage beasts of Indian forests, and rendered almost uninhabitable by a deadly miasm.

From out of this vast wilderness the mountains rise in an irregular square to the height of eight thousand feet. On gaining the summit of the Seegoor Pass, the traveller finds before him an elevated table-land, rather than a mountain-top, broken in every direction by hills, ridges, and valleys, sinking sometimes to an altitude of six thousand feet above the level of the sea, and in the highest peak rising to near nine thousand feet. Raised above all other mountains south of the Himalayas, their summits are seen in every direction clothed in the blue of the surrounding atmosphere; hence

their name of Nilagiri, *nila* (pronounced *neela*) meaning blue; and *giri*, (*girrey*,) mountain. By the English they are known as the "Neilgherry Hills."

The English for years had possession of Coimbatoor and Mysore, the provinces below the mountains, without suspecting the existence of the fair and healthful retreat that lay upon their blue tops. It was known, however, that tobacco was smuggled from the district of Coimbatoor across the range to the western coast, and that there must be a passable way over the hills. About thirty years since, two revenue officers resolved to follow these smugglers to their haunts. Climbing, with the help of guides, the steep and rugged path by which alone the mountains were then scaled, they at last reached the summit, and found, to their amazement and delight, a lovely country of hill and dale, pasture, woodland, and cultivated fields, spreading for miles before them. Invigorated by the cool air, and captivated with the scene, they reported the discovery in brilliant colours, and pioneered their countrymen to this truly charming retreat from the heat of the plains below.

While these mountains perform a most important part in the physical economy of South-

ern India, condensing into rain the watery vapours borne upon the two periodical winds called monsoons from the seas of Arabia and Bengal, and sending them in streams to water the lowlands, they also seem in a remarkable way to have been built by God as a health-retreat for invalids languishing under a tropical sun. Here, within three hours' ride of the intense heat of the torrid zone, you enjoy a climate delightfully mild and agreeable, though from its peculiarity not equal to that of the temperate zone. The mornings and evenings are always cool, nor at mid-day does the thermometer rise above 70° in the shade. The direct rays of the sun at noon are powerful; but when out of these direct rays, you are always cool. In January and February a slight coating of ice is found upon the ponds in the morning, and in the warmest season woollen clothes are not laid aside.

The total change of the vegetation from that of the plains adds to the charm of the place. Instead of the cocoanut, date, and mango, you have in the ravines dense forests of trees allied, not to those of the torrid, but to those of the temperate zone; and in place of the oleander and the lotus and other flowers of the plains,

you find hill-sides dotted all over with anemonies and buttercups; and gather violets, honey-suckles, and dog-roses under the shade of homelike forest-trees.

Ootacamund, the chief English station on the hills, lies in a hilly basin near the centre of this mountain-land, and has about two hundred houses for English residents. Some families remain here permanently; the greater part are sojourners, in search of health and invigoration. A few good roads furnish drives, while a multitude of bridle-paths cross the hills, and permit you to ride to many points of interest; but the change of climate allows you once more to use your limbs freely, and to walk for miles at a time among scenes beautiful, novel, and often grand.

Todars of the Nilagiri.

THE Neilgherries, though till lately unoccupied by the English, have not been uninhabited. They were found to be the home of several quite distinct races, numbering in all some thirteen or fourteen thousand souls. Of these

tribes, the most ancient and interesting are the Todars. Their number is small, not exceeding seven hundred; but their entire distinctness in many respects from the Hindus of the plains, makes them worthy of special notice. In appearance they are very striking, being tall and athletic, and of a bold, independent bearing. They wear no head-dress but their jet-black hair, which is parted in front, and curled in a bushy mass all over their heads, and meets in heavy black whiskers and beard beneath the chin. Their eyes are black, and the nose aquiline. Their clothing consists of a short under-garment fastened about the middle, and an upper mantle wrapped about the body and thrown over the left shoulder. The right arm is exposed, and usually grasps a staff. The feet are always bare. They carry no weapons, and, in fact, have no weapons whatever, beyond a staff. Of war they know nothing.

The women wear their hair curled in long tresses on each side of the face, and have a self-possession with strangers quite unknown among the Hindus of the plains. They are ready to chat with the stranger, and have smiles almost constantly on their faces.

The houses of the Todars are called munds,

Todar house, and family. p. 446.

and are built with two semicircular ends of upright planks, and an arched roof thatched with straw. They are usually placed three or four together on the skirt of a piece of woodland, with a sloping pasture before them, and form a picturesque addition to the scenery of the hills. They are poor places for residence, however, as they are but about twelve feet deep by eight feet wide, without any chimney for the escape of smoke. The door, which is the only mode of entrance both for air and light, as well as for the family, is but thirty inches in height, and less in width. It is well that the Todars are not given to corpulence, or they might find it difficult to enter their homes, or, when once in, to get out again.

Near the house in which a Todar family lives always stands another of the same construction, used as a dairy, and surrounded by a stone wall; and, close by the dairy, a stone enclosure for the herd of buffaloes. This herd constitutes the whole property of the Todar patriarch, (for they will not even keep cows, so highly reverenced by the Hindus,) and to tend and milk the buffaloes, and churn their milk into butter and ghee, is his sole occupation. Their mode of life is exceedingly simple, as they eat no

meat, living on the produce of their herds and the grains paid to them as the lords of the soil by another class called Badagas or Burghers. It has been a matter of much curiosity, among those interested in the origin of the Hindu races, to ascertain the language and religion of this apparently aboriginal tribe. Their language is evidently a form of the primitive stock from which the old Tamil and Canarese were drawn, and not at all based on the Sanscrit. Many of their words are Tamil words, pronounced with a deep pectoral enunciation. This would tend to show that the Tamil and Canarese races, allied to one another, dwelt in Southern India before the Brahmins introduced Sanscrit, and that these mountaineers are a part of the same race, who, separated from contact with the modern Hindu nations, have retained the ancient language of the land. This is still further shown by the interesting fact that they know nothing whatever of the Brahminic religion, now spread all over India. Of the great Hindu triad, Brahma, Vishnu, Siva, they know nothing; nor of Ganesha, Kali, Lachmy, and the thousand other gods of the modern Hindus. Nor have they idols as objects of worship. They offer some slight homage to

an unknown being, but have little religion of any kind. So far as they have any worship, it is connected with the dairy in which the milk is kept and churned. Into this the women are not allowed to enter; nor the men, until after performing certain cleansing ceremonies.

They have also temples built in a circular form, with a conical thatched roof, terminating in a point, capped by a stone; but in these also there is the same absence of Hindu idols. On one occasion I had an opportunity of entering one of these temples, and of making an examination as to the presence of idols. The Todars, not wishing to seem unlike their neighbours, always tell you that there is an image within; and to deter intruders from entering, inculcate the idea that to approach the temple would be attended with danger. I found, however, no such object of worship. With some difficulty I managed to remove the heavy slab of wood which served as a door and played in a groove within, and squeezed my body through the narrow opening. The apartment was small, and contained nothing but the dairy implements; it was separated by a partition of upright planks from an inner room. The door to the second room was, if any thing, still smaller,

but turning upon my side I effected an entrance. It was totally dark, except as the rays of light traversed the two doorways; but my eyes became accustomed to the darkness, and for further assurance I passed my hands around the wall. I found, however, no object of worship. In one corner was a stone on which was laid a pile of buffalo-butter, doubtless with some vague notion of worship; it is said that libations of milk are offered to a lighted lamp upon this stone. But of Hinduism, it may be asserted, they are quite ignorant; it must have entered Southern India since this ancient tribe took up their abode—perhaps driven hither by invasion from the north—upon these mountains. Early travellers, charmed with the simple character and patriarchal mode of life of these mountain herdsmen, isolated for centuries in their highland homes while revolutions raged below, gave so glowing a description of their habits and morals, that a distinguished modern historian in Germany expresses the hope that missionaries will not be permitted to enter this Eden and disturb its happy state of tranquil virtue and contentment. But alas! the Todars are not exceptions to the universal stain of human depravity. Here, as elsewhere, man is found

to be sinful and to need a Saviour. The Todars, though in many respects pleasing and simple, are, nevertheless, slothful, given to lying, and, in their social relations, degraded. They have been in the habit of killing their female infants, and of making amends for the difference in the number of the sexes by allotting one wife to several husbands. Their views of a future state are dark, and their sense of responsibility for their acts to a higher power very dull. The historian need have no apprehension of the Todars receiving injury from Christian ministers, though they may lose their simplicity by contact with thoughtless and godless Europeans.

A hill, partly covered by a dense wood, and in part bare of trees, but clothed to its summit with grass, rose at the back of the house in which we lodged while at Ootacamund. Between it and us was a deep valley, through which a little stream found its way towards the lowlands. About half-way up this hill, and in a bray in the forest, was a Todar mund which I often passed in my morning rambles. By means of my Tamil, I managed to form an acquaintance with the family, whose herd of buffaloes was pastured on the hill-side. The head of the

household calling on me one morning, told me that there was to be a funeral ceremony for a deceased member of his tribe, on a hill some five miles distant, and offered to be my guide to the place. Having never witnessed a scene of the kind, I accepted his invitation, and in company with one or two companions started for the place chosen for the funeral rites.

It was a lovely day, the sun shining brightly on hill and valley, and our guide strode rapidly on to point out the way, while we followed up hill and down on horses. The mound-like eminences which we crossed were mostly destitute of wood and of animal life. Though in the forests there are deer, elk, jackals, leopards, and other beasts, you see but little of them in passing over the hills by day. Occasionally, on a sunny slope, we would see the mund of some Todar family, with a herd of a hundred or a hundred and fifty buffaloes feeding near it. As we approached them, the ungainly creatures would raise their heads, snuff the air, and rolling their wild black eyes, draw together as if to attack us. A charge upon them with shouts, however, always put them to flight. On many of the hill-tops ancient burial-places, in the form of circular stone-walled cairns, are found;

but of their occupants or builders even the Todars have no tradition.

At length, passing through a little stream, and climbing a steep hill, we came in sight of the mourners. They were assembled to the number of two hundred, as is their custom, about midway up a gently-sloping hill, and near a pretty wood. A single house, built for the purpose, contained the females and chief mourners of the family. The others were gathered in groups in the open air. Many of the men were most patriarchal in their appearance, and carried the imagination back to the days of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. Not far off sat a company of *Kohaters*, another of the hill tribes, with filthy robes and tangled locks, waiting like vultures for the flesh of the sacrifices. These degraded creatures are the artisans of the Neilgherries, the smiths and potters of the other tribes; they also cultivate the soil, but they are, in their habits of life, far below the Todars. They are not only flesh-eaters, but eaters of carrion. If a bullock dies of disease, they mark the spot, and returning when the owner has left it to rot, cut the flesh from its bones and carry it to their homes. I have met a company of them bearing a load of meat

hung upon a pole between two men, when its smell even in passing was most offensive.

The deceased had died a month before, and had then been burned, with the offering of sacrifices and other rites, so that this was a second funeral. A few fragments of the bones of the dead had been preserved, and now, wrapped in a mantle, were laid on the ground in front of the house of mourning. On the preceding day the company had mourned and fasted; on this day they met to continue the ceremonies. When all were assembled, a number of young men, each with a heavy staff on his shoulder, forming themselves into platoons and holding hands, commenced a peculiar marching dance, going round and round in a circle, with loud guttural cries of "Haugh! haugh! haugh! haugh!" until they were exhausted. Others then took their places and continued the club-dance. The mantle containing the relics of the dead was now brought forward and spread upon the ground, and some thirty or forty of the younger men, throwing aside their upper garments, moved to a stone-walled pen hard by, in which a number of buffaloes were confined. With their staves in their hands they leaped into the enclosure, and

with loud shouts marched, as before, around its area, driving the buffaloes with blows before them. Suddenly, two of them sprang upon one of the buffaloes, and each seizing it by a horn, threw their whole weight upon its neck, hanging with one hand to the horn, while, with the other, they grasped the cartilage of its nose. The half-maddened and powerful beast plunged and tossed its head, but others leaped upon it, while others still, with loud yells, beat it with their clubs. The buffalo drove among the herd and against the stone wall, plunging and tossing its head to disengage its assailants; but it was in strong hands, and finally was led and driven without the enclosure to the place where lay the relics of the dead. Forcing its nostrils down to the mantle, they held it while the sacrificer, with the blunt end of a small axe, struck it in the forehead. The huge beast quivered and fell, breathing out its life upon the relics of the dead, whose spirit it was supposed to accompany into the future world.

One after another, seven buffaloes were thus overpowered and slain before the dead. While the slaughtered beasts were lying thus upon the green, the mourners drew near, and seating themselves upon the ground, began to wail.

Seated in pairs, they laid their foreheads together and sobbed aloud; the tears rolled down their cheeks in streams, and they presented the appearance of the deepest anguish. Two, who had thus been weeping on each other's shoulder, would separate and unite themselves to other mourners, saluting one another in a style peculiar to these mountaineers: the man stretching out a foot, the female applied her forehead to it, and then did the same with the other foot; after this they united their tears and sobs. Gradually the number of the mourners increased, the wail swelling and deepening until the beautiful hill-side became a very Bochim—a place of tears. Although we knew that this burst of grief was but a working up of excited feelings in many, and a feigned thing with others, it could not be beheld without emotion. I turned homeward with a heart full of sadness for these mourning families. These funeral rites, so vain, so meaningless, so void of all power to help the soul, were but an index to the darkness that reigned within the assembled multitude. Oh, why has God made me to differ from these heathen? Why is it that I know Jesus to be the resurrection and the life, while darkness broods on their minds?

Why is it that when friends depart, I sorrow not as those who are without hope? May we, who have been enlightened from on high, understand the gift of God, and not sink to a more hopeless grave by turning from the proffers of ETERNAL LIFE IN JESUS CHRIST!

The Badagas.

ABOUT four miles from Ootacamund, and in the bosom of one of the loveliest basins of the Neilgherries, is the home of the German mission to the peasantry of the mountains. Looking down from the saddle of the higher Ootacamund Valley, its appearance is most charming. The road winds its zigzag way down a steep hill-side to a rolling surface of rounded hills in a high state of cultivation, and dotted here and there with villages, while the slopes of the heights rising beyond are all green and gold with fields of wheat, barley, and other grains. Beyond these the summits of still higher peaks mingle with the blue of the sky.

The Kaytee-house was built entirely away from European society by Lord Elphinstone,

then governor-general of India. It was purchased after his departure from the Neilgherries by a civilian high in rank, and as high in Christian character. This godly man personally laboured with the villagers about him, and invited the German missionaries on the western coast to commence a mission among that part of the hill population known as the Badagas or Burghers. At his death, he left the house with other property for the continuance of the mission commenced under his auspices. Now, despoiled of its rich furniture, its carpets, and mirrors, it is the dwelling of three simple-hearted and earnest German missionaries. The library has become a chapel, and poor, half-naked Badagas move where once gay lords and ladies assembled for the feast and dance. Little did Lord Elphinstone think that he was laying out grounds, planting trees, and building halls for these humble, but not less honourable men.

The *Badagas* (changed to *Burghers* by the English) are the farmers of the Neilgherries. They are now some twelve thousand in number, and, as their name indicates, came from the north. According to their own account, their ancestors fled to the hills six generations since,

to escape the evils which followed on the overthrow of an old dynasty in the Mysore. Their language, the Canarese, is somewhat corrupted, but they are in all respects Hindus. To the Todars, as lords of the soil, they pay tribute of grain; for though superior to them in civilization, they are inferior to them in moral and physical force.

In religion, they are, like the people of the plain, worshippers of Siva in the form of the Linga, of Bursawa, the bull on which he rides, and of other Hindu deities. Their superstition is unbounded. Mr. Metz, of the Kaytee mission, greatly shocked them by his contempt of their fears. On the mission grounds stood a tree to which, in former times, they had been accustomed to offer sacrifices, regarding it as the residence of a god. By the predecessors of the missionaries this had been overlooked, but these sturdy followers of Luther would allow no idolatry on their premises. As the people of the neighbouring village were determined to continue their sacrifices, Mr. Metz announced his resolution to cut the tree down; they remonstrated, but in vain; they sent to the policemen for help, but the missionary was not to be frightened by the belted peon, (con-

stable.) Axe in hand, he repaired to the tree. The Burghers warned him not to tempt the power of the god, and, when the axe fell with vigorous strokes upon its abode, foretold his sudden death, assuring him that the god would enter his body and kill him. The missionary plied his axe, calling on the god to come out and do his worst, until the tree was felled to the ground. Like the inhabitants of Melita, "They looked when he should have swollen or fallen down dead suddenly;" but when they saw that no harm came to him, they knew not what to say. Had he met with any accident or sickness months after this feat, it would have been set down as an evidence of the power and anger of the god.

The Badagas have an extreme superstitious fear of another tribe, the *Curumbars*, who live far down in the ravines and clefts of the mountains, two thousand feet above the level of the sea. They are about a thousand in number, and, while following a rude kind of cultivation, live largely upon their reputation as sorcerers. So greatly do the Badagas dread their magical powers, that if sick they will impute it to the incantations of some poor Curumbar whom they may have met when crossing the moun-

tains. Indeed, scarce a misfortune befalls them but it is charged upon the sorcery of their neighbours. On one occasion, disease attacked the inhabitants of a village at the same time that a murrain carried off many of their cattle. There was not a doubt in the minds of the people that a Curumbar had done them this mischief by his sorceries. After watching some time for an opportunity, a number of them surrounded him in open day, and barbarously murdered the poor wretch. By the Badagas this was looked upon as a righteous punishment of a sorcerer; but the English authorities, not taking the same view of it, hanged one of the murderers. Need we say more to show that the teachings of the Bible are as much needed in these lovely mountain villages as in the towns and cities of the plains?

The state of morals among the Badagas is deplorably low; and, as they are devoid of education, the work of their enlightenment and conversion must involve an expenditure of much time and labour. Still, we doubt not that the lately-commenced efforts of these excellent men will in due time be crowned with success. When an entrance is fairly made into the mass, we may expect the work to go rapidly on. They

now confess the folly of idolatry, and say that they wait for some to set them the example of embracing Christianity, so that they may not stand alone among their brethren and encounter the persecution of the nation.

In company with one of the German brethren, I had the pleasure of making an excursion among the villages of the Badagas lying to the south of Ootacamund. My companion was a true German, with his broad-skirted blue coat, and eyes as blue, honest, open face, and square-built person, he looked the man he was, simple-hearted, mild, persevering, and hardy. In his hand he carried a stout staff with a heavy brass head, for the purpose of defence from the buffaloes while journeying on foot from village to village over the hills.

Our road, or rather our way—for road there was none—lay over and among the mountain-ridges. Some of the hill-sides were clothed with dense woods. These woods abound with flowers: jessamines hang in fragrant festoons from the boughs of tall trees, with parasites, air-plants, and orchids of various hues, while the prickly branches of the blackberry and raspberry, with other shrubs, often make the forest almost impenetrable. Within the dark

recesses of these groves, leopards, wild dogs, jackals, bears, and, more rarely, tigers, lie concealed, going forth by night to seek their prey. One village was pointed out to me which had been deserted by its inhabitants, because a woman had been carried off by a tiger from a neighbouring forest; and while we were on the hills, a poor *shikaree* (native hunter) was killed by one of these savage beasts while with a party beating the woods for some English sportsmen. Happily, they rarely attack man if not pursued or brought to bay, excepting, as has been before mentioned, in the case of "the man-eater," who, having tasted human blood, seems to hunt for men, lying in wait for them with wonderful craft. In such cases their ravages are fearful. Although I was constantly wandering through the forests, while on the hills, none of these dangerous neighbours showed themselves to me; if I passed their lairs, they kept quietly within them; yet, in some dark, dense, jungly-places, I would at times have a nervous inclination to look over my shoulder to see if I had company. One morning, while walking, staff in hand, upon a hill-side, I met a leopard apparently returning, from a night excursion, to his den. He came slowly up the declivity as I

was walking around it, so that our paths would have just met. I stood still, however, and had a good opportunity to see him, as he did not notice me until within some twenty yards or so of where I stood; he then raised his head, and seeing a stranger, politely left me the open hill-side, while he turned into a bit of wood close by. In form, he was full, round, and graceful, with a tawny coat beautifully covered with black spots. As his behaviour was so proper, I was pleased to have had a sight of an uncaged citizen of the jungle. Jackals are very numerous and bold, and make constant forays into the barn-yards. Porcupines also are troublesome, doing much mischief to the gardens.

The district through which we passed was, to a great degree, under culture, and many of the views were exceedingly pleasing. The peculiar rounded shape of most of the hills allow them to be ploughed from the base to the summit, and the village is usually placed on the sunny side, a little below the highest point. The kinds of grain most cultivated are wheat and barley, with others not known in America. The prince's-feather is grown for its seed, which is used for food. They sow in May, and reap in September; and, no sooner is the crop ga-

thered in, than another of some different grain or pulse is sown, to be reaped in December or January. The fact that the Neilgherries receive the rains of two monsoons,—one from the south-west, and one from the north-east,—enables the Burghers thus to make two crops in every year without any very great effort. One of their grains very much resembles timothy-grass; another is *ragee*, a small seed from which a coarse black bread is made. This ragee is a staple article of food in the Mysore territory, and is greatly praised by the Mysoreans as a substantial diet. One of them, comparing it with rice, remarked that the Madras man eat his rice, and an hour after it was all gone; but he eat his ragee in the morning, and he had something to go upon, for "here it lies," said he, patting his stomach, "like a cannon-ball all day." It is not commonly known that, cheap as rice is in India, millions of Hindus cannot afford to buy it, but live on inferior seeds and grains. The habits of eating among the Badagas are very simple: the grain is parched, pounded, and then eaten, mixed with water and a little salt. As you cross a rivulet, you will see a company of them squatting beside it, unloosening a little store of flour tied

in the corner of their cloths, and eating their frugal meal, made by mixing it with water dipped from the stream.

The little house at Waderoo to which my companion piloted me, and in which he lived when in this part of the hills, was a mere hut, with mud walls and a roof of thatched grass. His own mattrass he gave to me, and soon made himself another by filling a large bag with straw. A chest contained his lamp and house-keeping apparatus, which was simple, but enough for his moderate wants. Accustomed, if necessary, to eat with the Badagas or sleep in the verandah of their houses, he did not require many luxuries in his dwelling. The situation of the house was most charming, as it stood upon the summit of a hill surrounded by cultivated fields, and in sight of a number of Badaga villages. Several of these we visited, and were very kindly received, for all recognised a friend in their missionary, and discussed with him their quarrels and business with great freedom. He told them that *his* business with them concerned higher matters, but these, as yet, have but little interest for the villagers of the Neilgherries. To them, this life is all-important; the next, a matter of slight moment.

The villages of the Badagas are built with the houses standing in a row, each adjoining its neighbour, so that one roof covers the whole street. Sometimes a second street is built immediately back of the first, and in the same manner. The eaves of the roof in front are prolonged, so as to cover in a narrow verandah, on which the men sit or lounge when not at work. Before the houses is a level, hard-beaten area, bounded by a low stone wall. This is the thrashing-floor; and, as our visit was in September, it was being used for that purpose. Their mode of procedure struck me as a most lazy substitute for what is known as thrashing to the American farmer. A sheaf was laid on the ground, and a woman, with her cotton mantle wrapped directly around her body beneath the arms, taking a light stick, whipped the heads of the wheat until they were empty—all the while laughing, talking, and joking; while the men looked indolently on, or separated the grain from the chaff by pouring it from a basket to the ground in the wind. Some of their grains are thrashed by driving oxen over them on a circular hard-beaten floor. As you see the oxen stooping to take up a mouthful of straw while they walk their monotonous round,

you are reminded of the command, "Thou shalt not muzzle the mouth of the ox that treadeth out the corn." A large share of the agricultural labours falls to the lot of the women, who, as in all heathen countries, are made the drudges of the family. Although neat in their villages, the Badagas cannot be praised for cleanliness of person or of dress. As they are in the habit of oiling their bodies, and not in the habit of washing their robes, the latter become so fragrant in the process of time, that a blind man would have no difficulty in telling when a Badaga passed him in the road. True religion makes men seek cleanliness in the outer man as well as holiness in the inner man, while heathenism tends to filthiness in person and dress, as well as to unholiness of soul.

At the funeral of a Burgher of some note, which I attended on another occasion and in another part of the mountains, some of the ceremonies struck me as peculiar. When we arrived at the village, the verandah of the united row of houses composing it was filled with a large company of friends and acquaintances, and many more were assembled in the area in front of the houses, or on the stone wall by which it was enclosed. In the centre of this

area was a pyramidal bier, four stories in height, in the lowest story of which the body was placed, while long pieces of white cotton-cloth floated from the corners of the upper stories. A number of Kohatars were in attendance as musicians, and from their horns and pipes extorted most doleful sounds; while a large number of the mourners, with loud outcries, performed a singular dance around the bier, moving slowly round and round with their arms stretched out at length. My companion, Mr. Bühler, had taken his seat at some little distance on the area wall, and gathered quite a company about him to listen to his discourse. In the midst of it, the whole multitude, with a sudden rush, drove past us and up the hill, carrying off all the auditors but one, whose politeness led him to remain and tell us that they were going to the cattle-pen. We followed, and found a number of cattle in a large stone enclosure, which was almost knee-deep with dung. Into this mass of filth, a number of young men leaped, and seizing one of the animals, led it out of the fold, but not until they were completely bedaubed with ordure. After a short invocation, the resisting and struggling creature, upon whom the sins of the dead were supposed to be

laid, was let go, and, with loud shouts, driven from the village, bearing away with it the guilt of the departed.

The bier was now carried a short distance down the hill, and, the body having been removed from it, new ceremonies were gone through with. Prayers were offered for the safe passage of the dead over an imaginary river in the spirit world, and a piece of money to pay his fare was placed in his mouth; the widow was brought near and stripped of her upper mantle and jewels, which were thrown upon the body; both body and bier were then carried to the borders of a little stream, wood was piled about it, offerings of grain thrown upon it, and the whole consumed.

The thoughtful reader will not fail to notice the universal acknowledgment, even by the most degraded tribes, of the necessity of some provision for the future world. In the ceremonies of some, the idea of sin and sacrifices for sin is a prominent one; in those of others, an effort is made to provide for wants which they believe to resemble the wants of this life. It is most rare to find a nation which does not recognise the necessity of some preparation or provision for the future world. But how dark

are their views, and how ineffectual their expedients, until the light of the gospel comes in to tell of the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world! While we long, and, it may be, labour that the heathen may receive the truth, and so learn the way to a glorious heaven, let us *take heed to* OURSELVES, *that we neglect not to provide for our own immortal souls* and their eternal interests. Vain and meaningless though the sacrifices and ceremonies of the heathen may be, we, who enjoy a brighter light, should from them learn, at least, not to live without a preparation to meet our God in judgment. Should we do so, even the Todars and Badagas of the mountains of Hindustan will rise up to testify against us in that day. *Reader! how is it with thee?*

Pleasing as it would be to the writer to recall and to attempt to describe the varied scenery of the NILAGIRI, he well knows that to the reader it would be far less interesting than to himself. Were it not so, he would be tempted to revive the memory of views from the summit of *Doda-betta*, (the great mountain,) when nothing but a sea of milky vapour rolled in fleecy waves over the whole lower world, and

to paint the gloriousness of the expanse of hills and plains revealed when these vapours melted before the morning sun, and, breaking, mounted up in contorted masses to the clouds above; or of *Kartery*, three thousand feet lower, with its waterfall, and plantations of white-flowering coffee. He would essay to lead the reader up the declivity of the *Mukortee* peak, and bid him lie down upon the brink, and look into the abyss from the summit of the sheer, unbroken, perpendicular precipice; and then, withdrawing him, roll into the chasm the stone on which his elbow had leaned, and let him listen to its echoing thunders as it reverberated in its fall to the depths below; or would invite him to journey to *Sisparah*, the summit of the pass to the western coast of India, to look out upon huge buttresses of granite mountain clothed with a forest dense, deep, unbroken,—the abode of the wild elephant, the tiger, the buffalo, and ten thousand smaller beasts,—and stretching in one sheet of living green from the summit of the pass to its base, miles distant, and far away into the plains of Malabar. But it would be in vain; such scenes must be the reward of toilsome journeys and laborious ascents. Great and glorious are these works of God; most

precious is their memory; but, to be known in their grandeur and beauty, they must be seen. We cannot do less than say that such things are; but the reader shall be spared the vain attempt to paint them for his admiration.

Coimbatoor.

THE sojourner on the Neilgherries, when looking down from some lofty summit upon the lowlands basking in the bright sunlight with glistening tanks and checkered fields, longs to be once more at home among the objects of his anxious labours. Heat and languor are forgotten, and he sighs to be with his brethren amid the toils of the missionary-work. Such, at least, was our experience; and, when circumstances favoured it, we embraced an opportunity of going down for a few days to the plains, to see "India" again, and to meet friends from the island of Ceylon, now in Coimbatoor, a town heretofore unvisited by us. Prepared with clothing for a new climate, we set out, Mrs. D. in a palankeen, I on a little shaggy white poney, who bore on his shoulder

the mark of Hindu surgery, a large branded wheel, a specific for all internal ailments.

Our road took us through a beautiful dell, where we noticed on a single tree some seven or eight honeycombs hanging from its boughs in semicircular masses, each not less than three feet in diameter. The wild bees, though robbed of their stores both by the hill-tribes and bears, (for Master Bruin is a lover of honey in India as well as America,) find a profusion of flowers spread for them from which to repair their losses. Emerging from Love-dale, as this valley has been named by the English residents, we ascended a steep hill, and gaining the top of the Kaytee Pass, began our descent through the Kaytee Valley to Conoor, twelve miles distant. The road, sometimes steep, sometimes quite level, and sometimes gently sloping, leads you through cultivated fields and Badaga villages to a point sixteen hundred feet lower than Ootacamund. Being thus at a less elevation, Conoor has a milder climate, and is chosen as a residence by those who prefer a less sudden change from the heat of the plains. A dozen English houses are scattered over the hills at the head of the pass leading to Coimbatoor. The spot is one of great beauty, and commands

a noble view. Below you, a mountain-stream finds its way through a deep ravine, on the other side of which Hoolicul, *the Tiger Mountain*, rises toweringly, clothed with wood from its base to its summit, and crowned, where it hangs over the lowlands, with a deserted fortress.

There is here a bazaar for the natives, where they stop to spend the night on their way from the villages to the weekly market at Ootacamund. The narrow road is crowded on these days with Hindus and their pack-oxen, bringing produce from Coimbatoor. The patient camel, silently chewing his cud by the roadside, waits for the word of command; and elephants, in the employ of government, move heavily along; or you may see them lying in the stream on their broad sides, while the mahouts, (keepers,) seated upon them, scrape their brown hides with pieces of rough stone. This the huge creatures seem greatly to enjoy, lying with their heads entirely beneath the water, from time to time lifting their trunks for a breath, and then lazily dropping them again into the stream.

We left Conoor at three in the morning. The moon had set, the air was cold and damp,

and the silence of the night was broken only by the voice of the dashing stream that leaped down the gorge, as if in haste to mingle with the placid waters of the Bowany in its course through the plains. The musaljee's torch threw a fitful glare upon the bearers, enabling them to pick their way down the steep mountain-pass. Hoolicul stood out against the starry sky, black, frowning, and sombre. The steep bank on our left, from which our path was cut, was shrouded with shrubs and trees, upon whose leaves our torch cast a glancing, flashing light, that made the gloom beyond seem more impenetrable. It was a place and an hour to call up the memory of fearful tales of night attacks made by the prowling panther or the more ferocious tiger; but the loud cries with which our bearers made the silent leafy arches ring, would have been protection enough in less-frequented ways than this.

As the day began to break, the scene grew more cheerful. The mountain-top, first to announce the coming dawn, framed itself into distinctness, and the hill-side on our left became visible as an overhanging wall of wood, with luxuriant creepers climbing the trunks, hanging in festoons from branches, and trailing till they

swept the earth. The hoarse voice of the stream, no longer solitary, was mingled with the crowing of the jungle-cock, the whistle and song of birds in the dark recesses of the ravine, and the loud "Moop! moop! moop!" of the wild monkey.

A little later, and the purple rays of morning, first lighting up the forest-clad mountain's brow, then sweeping in soft pencils down its side, came full upon us; the sun rose, and a flood of light was poured on all nature, changing the gloomy forest-path and dark haunts of prowling beasts of prey into a scene of life, tranquillity, and beauty. Thus, into the tempest-tost, sinful, anguished soul, oppressed with the darkness of unbelief, "The entrance of thy word giveth light," O Lord!

It was a way to be remembered, and each step gave fresh enjoyment; for, ever descending, every turn revealed some new and more tropical type of vegetation, until the rhododendron, the holly, the anemone, and the violet were exchanged for the lime, the bamboo, the mimosa, and the cactus. But stern reality broke in upon romance. As the bearers jogged and grunted, jolted and shouted on their way, thinking less of scenery and sentiment than of

their shoulders, "Crack! crash!" went the fore-pole, and down came the palankeen and its load upon the stony road. The pole was broken short off, and affairs looked rather gloomy; but, after a short consultation, and some scolding and grumbling, a slim tree was cut and divided into three portions. These were lashed, one to the palankeen and two to that again, so that the palankeen might be carried "cooly-fashion," and we jogged on again, though more slowly than before.

In vacant spots in the jungle, near the base of the mountain, you notice small patches of ground with a few plantain-trees and some traces of cultivation, and hard by a rude hut or two. These are the habitations of the *Erulars*, who are among the least civilized and most degraded of the inhabitants of India. Like the Khonds of Central India, known for the cruel sacrifice of human victims, whom, to this day, they fatten and cut to pieces as an offering to their gods, and, like other hill-tribes equally debased, they seem to be the ancient inhabitants of India, perhaps aboriginal tribes, driven to the jungles and mountains by the present races of Hindus. They are small, ill-formed, and go almost naked. Of the family tie they

have little notion, and in morals and intellect are exceedingly degraded. By the Hindus they are looked upon as savages. The citizens of Madras or Calcutta would feel themselves greatly scandalized if they knew that they were classed with these degraded tribes, whom they view as we do the American Indians or the South Sea Islanders; and they would revolt at the idea of the atrocities of the Khonds being considered a part or a representation of their system and acts.

The cultivation of the Erulars consists in scratching the earth with a stick, and throwing in the seed. When the grain is ripe, they take up their abode in its neighbourhood, and live upon it until it is gone. The grain is parched, pounded, baked on a hot stone into coarse cakes, and eaten. They lay up nothing; and hence, when this is consumed, they wander about the jungles in search of berries and roots. Deserted mothers, that they may be free to search for something with which to satisfy the cravings of nature, will even murder their own infants. Poor Erulars! wretched children of the Indian jungle! Degraded, depraved, brutalized, well do they deserve their name! *Irul* signifies darkness; and theirs is the gross dark-

ness of the depths of heathenism! Oh, when shall the Sun of Righteousness arise upon their darkness, chasing it as the natural sun chases the darkness and gloom from the jungly ravines in which they dwell!

The sun was high in the heavens when we reached the plain, and we had yet some miles of travel before us. Accustomed to the cooler air of the mountains, the glare seemed almost intolerable. The sun's rays poured with an intense, unmitigated fierceness, that pierced to the brain, making it throb and boil. Beautiful and desirable as the plains seemed when viewed from the cool mountain-top, a breath of that mountain air would have been gladly hailed by the travellers toiling slowly over the barren sandy waste at the foot of the mountain under the blaze of an August sun. Towards noon, we reached the poor bungalow at Mettapollium, and renewed our acquaintance with the ants, mosquitos, and eye-flies—friends from whom we had been separated while at Ootacamund, where they are quite unknown.

Our journey from Mettapollium to Coimbatoor, a distance of twenty-four miles, was made by night. The way was solitary; and as I rode on my little poney utterly alone, I could not but

think with wonder and admiration of the perfect safety with which I thus passed, unguarded and alone, by night, through a part of India to which I was a complete stranger. And so you may go through almost any portion of this great heathen land. Is there no meaning in this? Is there in fact no call from God to the church to enter in and possess the land? Surely there is a most unmistakable call to sow the seeds of truth in the fields thus spread before us. Not to do so will bring upon us the guilt of disobedience to the intimations of Providence, as well as to the direct command of Christ, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." By thus throwing open the door of entrance, God is, as it were, making that command specific for India.

The town of Coimbatoor is the centre of a district of the same name, containing about a million inhabitants, and is three hundred miles distant from Madras. It is a flourishing place with sixty thousand inhabitants, and surrounded by a fertile plain, yielding large crops of cotton, rice, and tobacco. This plain spreads itself towards the south and east, but on the north are the Neilgherries with their belt of woodland, and on the west the forests and

jungles of the Aney-Maley, or Elephant Mountains. These forests yield to the government large supplies of teak-wood, invaluable for house and ship-building, and furnish a hunting-ground for adventurous sportsmen. All kinds of game, from the buffalo and wild boar, the leopard and tiger, up to the greatest of all, the wild elephant, (who give the mountains their name,) here abound. The chase is attended with danger, and not unfrequently with loss of life. While in Coimbatoor, we heard of the escape of a civilian high in rank from a situation of fearful peril. In company with a party, he had succeeded in coming upon a wild elephant. They fired, but the elephant, though wounded, was not struck in a mortal part. Infuriated by his wounds, he charged upon the assailants, seized this gentleman with his trunk, dashed him to the ground, ran upon him, and kneeling down, thrust at him with his tusks, burying them deep in the ground; then rising, he threw the body from him. The companions of the unfortunate officer had now come up, and seized the opportunity to send a rifle-ball into his brain. The monster fell dead; the gentleman was found, not run through as was supposed, but only stunned. The tusks had passed one

on each side of him—one of them, as I was told, shaving the hair from the side of his head, the other just missing his thigh.

Coimbatoor affords a fair specimen of the towns of Southern India. Its streets are regular, many of them narrow and mean, some of them broad, and quite well built, with houses one story in height, but without windows upon the street except here and there a grated aperture for the admission of light to a room not facing on the central court. Each house has in front a small verandah, or *piol,* of masonry or clay, where the occupants, at least the males, spend much of their time; in the front wall are small triangular niches for lamps. Within the solid wooden door is a small vestibule, leading, in the better class of houses, to the square court in the centre, in which the household duties are carried on by the women. The rooms face upon this court. The furniture of the houses of the poor, and indeed of all who are not rich, is most simple. A mat, rolled up by day and spread upon the hard earth-floor at night, serves for a bed, and the cloth worn by day is all the covering needed at night. A teak-wood box, with polished brass clasps, holds the valuables of the family; and a bench or

two, with the cooking and eating utensils of clay or brass, complete the furniture of an ordinary house.

They do not need book-cases, for they have no books; nor do they want bureaus and wardrobes, for they seldom have more than a change or two of garments, and the poor, nothing beyond the piece of cotton-cloth they wear by day, and under which they sleep at night. They do not want chairs and bedsteads, as a mat on the floor answers for both; and they need no drawers for spoons, knives and forks, as fingers are found more handy and cheap, and are more easily kept clean. Tooth-brushes grow on every tree, for they abominate the thought of putting a second time into the mouth what has been once defiled by spittle, and break a fresh twig every day with which to rub the teeth. For the same reason, they will not put a cup to their lips or a spoon to their mouth, as they would be defiled by contact with saliva, and could not be used again in food.

In truth, so mild is the climate, and so few are the wants of the people, that their houses are not properly abodes or dwelling-places. They serve for a shelter during the rains, for a place of privacy for the women, for kitchen

and storehouse; but much of the time of the Hindus is spent abroad, and quite as many sleep without as within doors. In the hot weather their houses are close, and in the wet weather they are damp. They bathe in the tank, or river, if one be near, and perform other toilet duties at the same place. They smoke under a tree, and are shaved at the corner of the street, seated on the ground. Trades are carried on in the open air, and goods exposed for sale without the house. Company is received on the piol; and schools are taught there, or under the shade of a tree. Hence, as we have said, the house cannot be considered as the family abode. When, through the ameliorating influence of Christianity, *the family circle* becomes a happy and attractive place, changes in their mode of life will lead to a change in the structure of their houses. Increased comfort and improved health will accompany an increase of love and mutual affection. Then the house of the Hindu will be what it is not now—his home.

The houses of the more wealthy are sometimes two stories in height, with a flat roof surrounded by a wall, where the owners enjoy the evening air and look out upon the passers-

by. But even such houses are close, ill-ventilated, and unfit for habitation in a tropical climate.

In the bazaars, or trading streets, the front verandah is enlarged by a stiff mat of split bamboo, which is supported by posts, and extending into the street, affords a shelter for the tradesman and his goods as well as for the purchaser. Here all the varied articles of Indian traffic and consumption are exposed for sale, and a constant hubbub is kept up by the disputes of the buyers and sellers. Generally, the Hindu knows to a hairs' breadth the value of every article, and he will spend an hour in debate rather than lose a pice.* The foreigner is sure of being cheated, if he does not know the price he ought to give a native tradesman, as his rule is to get all he can, without any reference to the value of his goods.

A variety is given to the scene by the groups of men, in their white robes and red or white turbans, moving hither and thither, by half-naked coolies, cavady-men with their boxes slung on a bamboo over their shoulders, bandies from the country, and the occasional passage

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* *Pice*, small copper coin, worth one-fourth of a cent.

Bazaar of a Hindu Town. p. 486.

of a palankeen with its noisy set of bearers; while the European soldier, with his wife upon his arm, serves to remind you of the supremacy of English rule over these populous and wide-spread provinces.

Coimbatoor owes much of its wealth to a large and lake-like tank, formed by collecting the waters of a small river. The water is retained by a dam until wanted for the rice-fields in the dry season. It is then distributed, by means of a graduated sluice, through small canals to the various fields, each owner paying so much per inch for the water. Thus a small stream is made to spread fruitfulness and plenty over a large district of country, increasing immensely both the wealth and comfort of the people and the resources of the government. In this and in a thousand other ways the prosperity of India may be increased, and will be increased by the prevalence of true religion, infusing life, energy, industry, and mutual confidence into the popular mind. In the day when her idols have been cast to the moles and the bats, her wealth will be doubled, and her population, if doubled, will be more rich and prosperous than now. When this blessed change shall have made, all over the earth, the desert

to bud and blossom as the rose in things physical and temporal as well as in things spiritual and eternal, our Lord shall see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied.

As yet Coimbatoor is bound in the chains of idolatry. We were annoyed during our stay there by the almost incessant celebration of heathen festivals. By day and by night, the noise of tomtoms and horns, and the reports of fire-arms, filled the town with their discordant music. Processions were frequent, and accompanied by the usual routine of Hindu shows—music, torches, gods, and men. Hearing, one day, the clatter of brass cymbals, we looked out and saw a crowd following a man who presented a most woful spectacle, and whose sufferings were being chaunted by an attendant musician. His body was naked, except a strip of cloth wrapped about his middle, and his face and person were smeared with ashes and yellow paint, giving him a most hideous and revolting look; he walked, writhing and stooping, apparently in intense anguish, and with a sword (so far as we could see) thrust through his body just below the ribs, the handle projecting on the right and the tip on the left side, while the clotted gore adhered to his skin. It must, of

course, have been a trick, the sword being divided and passing around his body under his cloth; but the deception was complete to the eye, and doubtless the gaping crowd believed that the transfixed person was miraculously preserved from death by his god. It is by such deceptions that the reputation of their deities is sustained. Another common miracle is that of having the tongue restored by the power of the god, after being cut off. A man will give out that in fulfilment of a vow he has cut out his tongue. His mouth is bandaged, and a tongue (supposed to be his, but really a sheep's) is exposed by his side. The credulous multitude look on with admiration; and when, some days after, the bandages are removed, and his tongue is found in his mouth again, they are loud in their praises of the might of their wonder-working god.

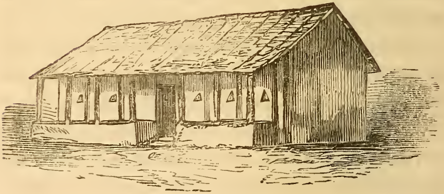
Coimbatoor is not, however, entirely without the light of the gospel. A diligent and persevering missionary of the London Missionary Society has been stationed here for a number of years, and has proclaimed the truth extensively in the town and province. His parish consists of about a million souls! Were he multiplied into ten men, each might have a

hundred thousand committed to his charge. But, though thus alone in this mass of heathenism, his labours have not been in vain. A church of forty or fifty members has been gathered, while a number have died, looking by faith to a heavenly home; twelve schools have been established in Coimbatoor and other towns of his district. In addition to a son who is associated with him in his missionary work, he has twelve native assistants, who labour in connection with his out-stations, and come from time to time to head-quarters to make reports and receive instructions. A large amount of information on the great truths of Christianity is thus diffused among the people, and the way prepared for the conversion of multitudes when the Spirit of God shall be poured out from on high.

A neat church has been erected on the mission premises, where we attended on the services of the Sabbath with much pleasure. It was the communion-day, and the assistants from the out-stations were all present, with a large congregation of Christians and their families. They seemed to have been trained to habits of military regularity and order. At the close of the prayer, they fired off their volley of

"amens" with the precision of a discharge of musketry. The singing, if not very melodious, was hearty and powerful, and the attention perfect. When Mr. A. announced a quotation, the words, "First Corinthians, sixth, first," or whatever it might be, would hardly be out of his mouth before the place was found and the verse read by some one of the auditors. So marvellous was their quickness, that I supposed they had the quotations furnished them beforehand; but such was not the case. All, both men, women, and children, took notes with their iron styles upon their ollas (strips of palm-leaf) with a noise resembling the nibbling of fifty mice. They are afterwards catechized upon the instructions of the day—the men by the missionary, and the women by his wife, who is truly a help-meet to him, both in his house and in his work. Her instructions have been the means of gathering a most interesting school of girls, several of whom have become Christian wives and mothers, forming, as we trust, the nucleus of a Christian community. Female efforts and usefulness should not be unrecorded and unknown now, as they were not in the days of the apostle Paul. There are at the present day many women in India whose labours would

call forth an apostle's commendation. Their names are not noised abroad; they desire not that they should be; but, while cheering, comforting, and aiding their husbands in their arduous labours, they are, in a sphere more humble but most necessary and important, contributing to the spread of the truth and the regeneration of India by their efforts in the department of female education; they are training the wives and mothers of a coming church.



HINDU HOUSE.

PART VI.

Calcutta.

It needs but a few days at sea to make the sight of land most grateful and exhilarating; and doubly exciting is it when such associations cluster around the region you approach as those which are connected with Calcutta, the emporium of the East, and the holy river of India, the far-famed Ganges. The Hooghly, which is one of the many streams by which the Ganges empties its waters into the Bay of Bengal, is esteemed the most sacred of its mouths. The river is itself a god, and when Gunga (the Ganges) meets the sea at the island of Gunga-Sagor, (more commonly written Saugur Island,) the spot becomes most holy. Hither tens of thousands of Hindus resort at the annual festival of Gunga-Sagor, the union of river and sea, in the month of January; they descend the river in boats which line the shore in a dense fleet, and, landing, engage in the performance

of their idolatrous worship to the river-god. Offerings are laid upon the shore, and when swept away by the rising tide, are held to be accepted by the deity. Mothers, in former times, here threw their own babes into the flood, and looked on, unmoved, while sharks and alligators tore their tender limbs asunder. Adults, too, cast themselves into the stream, giving their own lives as a free-will offering to the god. These bloody practices have now been arrested by the British government. During the festival, soldiers are on guard to stop such deeds of cruelty and of idolatrous madness. Yet it cannot be doubted that, in private, many a life is sacrificed at this shrine of superstition.

Before reaching Sagor, and while yet out of sight of land, you are boarded by a pilot from a pilot-brig which is on the look-out for vessels arriving at the "Sandheads," and then are guided by an unseen channel, through unseen shoals, towards an unseen coast. These sandy shoals, to which the river each year adds the soil brought down from above, are full of danger. An efficient pilot service, however, removes the anxieties of the voyager. Under the direction of one of them, your ship advances to Sagor, and, if night is approaching, there

anchors till daylight, for the intricacies of the channel forbid an ascent by night. The island lies just above the level of the sea, and has a dreary aspect. After passing its shores, the coast upon your right hand continues of the same low character, and wears the aspect of a complete wilderness. This jungly tract of land, intersected by crossing creeks and streams, is known as the Sonderbunds. It is the home of savage beasts of prey, and the abode of every noxious reptile. Once, and that not at a distant period, it was cultivated by a rural population, but war spread its ravages over the land; and it is now given up to the prowling tiger, the serpent, the crocodile, and their fellows, while fever broods upon the atmosphere, and adds to the terrors of the place.

The river now begins to assume its proper dimensions, allowing you to see both of its banks; but it is still some miles wide, and rolls on to the sea, its turbid yellow current loaded with alluvial matter from the uplands, with wonderful volume and swiftness. We are told that were two thousand ships, each bearing fifteen hundred tons of soil, to sail down every day in the year, they would not carry as much solid matter as is borne to the ocean in a single day

by the Ganges. As you advance, the stream still narrows, the banks cease to be jungly wastes, and little villages of thatched cottages, embowered amid palms, tamarinds, and other tropical trees, give life and beauty to the scene. The exquisite greenness of the rice-fields, the luxuriance of the foliage, and the gracefulness of vegetable life, so characteristic of the lands of the sun, give an indescribable charm to Indian scenery; though those rude huts and verdant fields are the dwelling-places of sin and heathenism, their beauty, as seen across the bosom of the river, is most captivating. Truly, here

> "Every prospect pleases,
> And only man is vile."

The river itself abounds with objects of interest: the ships of many nations—Asiatic, European, African, and American—are going towards the emporium of the East, the metropolis of British India. Boats from the shore, with their noisy and almost naked boatmen, bring fruit, fish, hats, and other articles of trade alongside, and the crews hail your vessel to seek admission to the deck.

It is not only to the voyager fresh from home that the ascent of the Ganges is novel and inte-

resting. These things are as new to the resident of Madras as are the scenes of Italy to the Englishman. The people of Bengal differ from those of Southern India in language, dress, and looks, as well as in other respects. In frame, they are more slightly built, and less manly; indeed, they have the reputation of being the most effeminate of the Hindu races.

About a hundred miles above the island of Sagor, a bend in the river, now but a mile wide, opens to your view Garden Reach, a suburb of the great city. As you glide gently up with a favouring breeze and silent but powerful tide, you pass house after house, elegantly built, plastered with chunam, and surrounded by a beautiful shady compound, with a green lawn running to the water's edge. These are the country residences of the English gentry. You recall (if a reader of Sunday-school books) the story of Ermina, and almost wonder through which of these gardens the thoughtless Minny and her gentle Anna walked to the home of the rich merchant. But the scene has become too exciting for meditation; you are passing the fort and city. Steamers, ships, awkward craft from the Laccadives or Maldives, China, and Malacca, boats of various kinds and shapes, are

steaming, sailing, and pulling hither and thither, while the Bengalee boatmen keep up an unbroken jabber on every hand. The vessels in port are moored in tiers three deep, broadside to the shore, which slopes down, without wharves or docks, to the water's edge. Their cargoes are unloaded by lighters which lie alongside, and the officers, agents, and sailors, with a host of Hindu tradesmen, are continually passing and repassing in small boats called dingeys.

We had to anchor in the stream, for there was no berth vacant for our vessel near the ghats, as the landing-places are called. We had no difficulty, however, in procuring boats in which to reach the shore. The boatmen rowed in through bathers who were at once washing away the stains of the body and of the soul with the yellow but most sacred water of the river, and set us on shore near the spot on which stood the famous "Black-hole of Calcutta," where in one night a hundred and twenty Englishmen died, stifled, suffocated, and trampled to death, locked in a little cell, because the guards dared not disturb the sleep of an oriental despot to tell him that his prisoners would in a few hours be dead men. Now, how changed are all things in India! The descend-

Government House, Calcutta. p. 499.

ants of the Grand Mogul, then master of scores of such petty despots as the nabob Suraj-ud-Dowbut, to whose greatness these English lives were sacrificed, are glad to eat bread from the coffers of the English treasury.

The city of Calcutta stretches along the eastern bank of the Hooghly, or Bagirathy, as it is called by the natives, for a distance of six miles above the fort. Its population is not accurately known, but probably is not less than eight hundred thousand. It owes its greatness entirely to the supremacy and commerce of Great Britain. When granted as a trading-place to the English, in the year 1717, it was a petty village of mud-huts; and in 1756, it was taken from the English, who were driven from Bengal by its nabob. Now it is known as the "City of Palaces," and with reason; for few cities certainly in the East exceed it in extent and in the magnificence of its dwellings.

Fort William is deemed almost impregnable, and has quarters for a large number of troops. It faces the river, and, like Fort St. George at Madras, is surrounded by a wide, level, open esplanade. Just beyond the esplanade stands the government-house, a large and noble building erected by the Marquis Wellesly as a

suitable residence for the governor-general of all India. It is surrounded by a handsome square, with a tank and beautiful shrubbery. The newly-arrived stranger is much amused by the strange forms of the multitude of adjutants, not of the military but of the bird-kind, that are perched here and there all over the buildings. These peculiar birds, with their long legs, long necks, and great pouches pendant from their throats, stand on the balustrades and porticos, ready to remove from the streets carrion of every kind. Dead rats, bones, and even whole cats, are received as tit-bits into their capacious maws. It gives rather a ludicrous air to the grave marble lions, emblematic of the supremacy of England, to see these great, gawky birds perched upon their heads and backs.

The English residences lie on the further side of the esplanade and public square, and are of a lordly character. Large, two-storied, with pillared fronts, and close-shutting Venetian verandahs, and occupying each a separate enclosure surrounded by a high substantial wall, they have an air of grandeur and wealth. The compounds are smaller than in Madras, giving more the appearance of a city, and the houses

Hindus eating. p. 501.

are more lofty and compact. Nor are these external marks of luxury deceptive. The style of living is suited to the dwelling, combining the luxuries and elegancies of the East with the imported comforts of the West, to a degree probably nowhere surpassed.

Close by these palaces of the ruling race, and even against their compound-walls, you will find a row of the huts of the ruled, presenting in their meanness a striking contrast to the splendour with which they are brought into such close contact. Yet the poor Hindu, with but a bit of cloth about his middle, and an earthen dish of rice and curry for his frugal meal, is as contented, and perhaps far more comfortable than the officer who dines within the palace, fanned by punkahs, waited on by a train of obsequious servants, and stimulated to excess by wines, liquors, and tempting dishes. The one is living an artificial life in a strange and hostile climate; the other is at home, and dips his hand into the dish that his wife sets before him with an appetite and a relish to which his more wealthy neighbour may be a stranger.

The churches are numerous, and some of them have claims to architectural greatness; but to the missionary no place of worship is so

interesting as the old church in which Henry Martyn* preached, and where David Brown and Thomas T. Thomason held the pastoral office. The building is large, and stuccoed within with chunam of dazzling whiteness. A multitude of lamps in Indian shades illuminate it at night, and punkahs swing in every direction over the heads of preacher and audience, like the waving of branches in a forest. Against the wall, tablets are fixed to perpetuate the memory of the excellent and devoted men who here laboured, Corrie, Brown, and Thomason, and one to the memory of Martyn, who died far away in Tocat, with the simple inscription, "He was a burning and a shining light." The Cathedral, the Kirk, the Free Church, the Baptist and Independent chapels, are places of interest, and some of them are fine structures. Many of the public and charitable buildings also are on a most noble scale.

If the dweller in Calcutta have in mind the fact that but a hundred years since the English were driven by a Bengal nabob from the place, and that all that he sees is the creation of a single century, by a little band of men in a

* See memoirs of Henry Martyn, Thomas T. Thomason, and Catharine Brown, by the American Sunday-school Union.

hostile climate and a hostile land, twelve thousand miles away from home, he will not fail to look with wonder upon the unconquerable energy and enterprise that has wrought this magical change. Even now, at night, the cries of packs of jackals come swelling and fading, and swelling again in wild, sad cadences upon the ear at the dead of night, reminding you that Calcutta is but a strip of human habitations redeemed from the waste lands that lie just behind its stately palaces.

In addition to the missionaries of the English and Scotch societies, there is a large circle of pious persons among the English residents at Calcutta. In nothing is change more apparent than in the moral and religious tone of society in India. Forty years since, as is well known, Protestant missionaries, even Englishmen, were compelled to seek refuge under the Danish flag at Serampore. The devoted (and now famous) Ward, Carey, and Marshman were not permitted to reside within the territories of the East India Company. Our own Judsons and Newells were driven from India by their authority. Now, not only is the government willing that the preacher of the gospel should make his home among the Hindus, but he finds

favour in the eyes of the rich, the great, and the powerful. Immoralities once openly practised must now be renounced or hid from the public eye. Formerly, Englishmen high in station made offerings at heathen shrines, built temples, joined in idolatrous processions, and even worshipped idols. Such things now would not be tolerated by the public sentiment of the English in India. The remaining links by which the government is united with idolatry will, it is expected, soon be severed, and heathenism be left to take care of itself. In no country will you meet men of more ardent zeal for the glory of God, of more devoted piety, or of more deep spirituality, than are some of the gentlemen of the East India Company's service. Were it proper, the names of many, high in rank, both in the civil and military branches, might be adduced as examples of what a Christian gentleman should be, and may do. To have the counsel, aid, prayers, and sympathies of such men when in a heathen land, is a great and delightful privilege. In the presidency of Madras, especially, is the religious element in society strong, decided, and advantageous to the cause of Christ.

The native part of the city lies to the north

of the English quarter, and consists of a dense network of narrow and dirty lanes, lined with houses of a small and mean appearance. Some of them have walls of brick or of mud, but whole streets will consist of houses made with walls of bamboo-mat and roofs of palm-leaf thatch. When a fire breaks out in these streets, it sweeps every thing before it, and would entail boundless misery were it not for the mildness of the climate.

Some of the native residences are extensive and showy; for there are many rich "*babus*," or native gentlemen, in Calcutta, and these are surrounded by large compounds with tanks, palm-trees, and the appliances of Eastern luxury; but the mass of the people live in houses much meaner than those of the native city in Madras. The bazaars are scenes of much interest and novelty to the stranger; the burra (great) bazaar, especially, is a complete hive of shops, swarming with tradesmen and purchasers, who fill and choke up every avenue through the rows of cell-like stores. The concentration at this port of the commerce of all the East, from Arabia to Singapore and China, brings together a wonderful assemblage of national dress, language, and looks. It is one of the great centres

of the world, and a place for the study of men, not of the Bengali race alone, but of a multitude of kindreds and tongues. All, however, seem intent upon answering one question, "What shall we eat, what shall we drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed?" For concentrated worldliness, a Calcutta bazaar is unrivalled. THE GREAT WORSHIP OF THE PEOPLE IS THE WORSHIP OF MAMMON.

Calcutta has fewer temples of note than many cities of far less importance. It has no shrines invested with a sanctity made venerable and great by the traditions of ages; and those temples which have been erected are, for the most part, small and mean. Yet it is a city wholly given to idolatry. The forms of idolatrous worship most common here are those paid to the river Ganges and to the goddesses Durga and Kali. The Ganges, which is itself the goddess Gunga, may be regarded as one continuous temple for heathenish devotions, stretching in an unbroken line from the snow-capped Himalaya, fifteen hundred miles, to the jungly shores of Gunga-Sagor. At every point of its course it is supposed to possess the power of removing sins and conferring heavenly bliss. The Purannas (holy books) declare that the

sight, the name, or the touch of Gunga takes away all sin, no matter how aggravated. Even to think of this holy river, when far away from it, is sufficient to remove the taint of sin; while to bathe in it conveys blessings which no tongue can tell.

With a stream of such wonderful powers rolling its current at their very doors, it will be believed that Gunga's banks are scenes of daily rites and of idolatrous worship. Many visit it morning and evening merely to look at the river, and so remove the sins of the day or night just passed. Others walk into the yellow stream, bathe, and then, regaining the shore, mould the mud upon its banks into the form of a Linga, the symbol of Siva, and offer to it their morning prayers. Presenting to it flowers, betel, and fruits, again they invoke the god which their own hands have formed. When they have ended, they throw the image away, and return to their homes or business. Surely, as the Psalmist says of the worshippers of idols, "They that make them are like unto them."

In sickness, the body is smeared with Ganges mud as a means of restoration, and, above all, when death seems inevitable, Gunga's shore is the place on which to die. To die immersed

in its waters, and while swallowing its sacred mud, is the very height of blessedness. One of the Purannas asserts that should a grasshopper, or a worm, or even a tree growing by its side, die in its waters, it would attain to final bliss. Nay, more; to illustrate the virtues of Gunga, it is related that a Brahmin who had been guilty of the greatest crimes, and had been devoured by wild beasts, sprang to life and ascended to heaven, because a crow dropped one of his bones into its stream. Hence, multitudes of the dying are brought to the banks of the river, and, regardless of their weakness and wretchedness, exposed to the glaring sun, and choked with the water and mud, until death delivers them from the persecutions of their benighted friends. Even to the commission of suicide in this stream the highest merit is attached.

Hither the bodies of the dead are brought for burning. A funeral pile is built upon the shore, and the body having been laid on it, it is kindled by the oldest son or nearest heir. When too poor to buy fuel for this purpose, the body is thrown into the river. Human corpses come floating down the stream entirely unnoticed by the throngs of boats busily going hither

and thither on the bosom of the river. To abate this, which, to English minds, appears a nuisance, boats are stationed for the purpose of sinking the floating bodies as they pass.

The Durga-pujah, or festival in honour of the goddess Durga, one of the forms in which the wife of Siva has manifested herself, occurs in the autumn. It is one of the greatest of the many great festivals in the Hindu year, and in Bengal is their chief holiday. So universal is the cessation from business, that even the government offices are closed for a week. The story of the cause and results of this incarnation of the terrible goddess, is described in the Shasters, and translated by Ward. The sum of it is, that a certain giant having by religious austerities obtained a boundless store of merit, conquered the three worlds, dethroned all the gods save the supreme triad, Brahma, Vishnu, Siva, and their consorts, drove them from heaven, and made them fall down and worship him. The wretched immortals found favour in the eyes of the goddess Durga, and she went forth to slay their oppressor, who met her with an army of thirty thousand giants of enormous size, ten millions of horses, a hundred millions of chariots, and one hundred and twenty

thousand millions of elephants! The combat was a fearful one, but ended in the death of the giant and the deliverance of the gods, who, by way of showing their grateful remembrance, transferred to the goddess the name of the slain monster, Durga.

Durga, as worshipped, is represented as a female with ten arms and hands, in which she grasps various warlike weapons. She is in the act of thrusting a spear into the breast of a giant, while a serpent, held in one of her hands, is striking its fangs into the prostrate wretch, who is also being torn by a lion at the goddess' feet. On her right hand stand two of her children, the god Ganesha and the goddess Lachmy; on her left, another son and daughter. Behind her is a canopy dotted with stars to represent the minor gods. These images are newly made each year for this occasion, and are of various sizes to suit the differing means of purchasers. The ordinary size is that of life. They are not made for temples, but for family use; and each family expects to have its Durga installed in the house to receive the worship of the household and their friends.

Although the festival extends through many days, there are three great days of the feast;

and on the first of these is performed the service of bringing the goddess into the image. The figure, as it comes from the hands of the image-maker, is only looked upon as a representation of her form, but on this day it is to be animated by her actual presence, and thus become an object of worship. This is the doctrine of the intelligent; but the ignorant look upon the image as truly transformed into Durga herself, very much as the Roman Catholic believes the wafer to be transubstantiated into the very body and blood of Christ. This introduction of the deity is effected by certain prayers and ceremonies on the part of the officiating priest, who touches with his fingers the breast, the cheeks, the eyes, and the forehead of the image, each time saying, "Let the spirit of Durga long continue in happiness in this image." He touches the eyes with soot, and having thus invoked the goddess, she is believed to look forth through these eyes, to smell with the nostrils, and to hear with the ears. The goddess is as it were infused into the image, so as to make it her body.

Flowers and fruits, incense and music are offered by her delighted votaries, and these offerings, as they believe, are received by her

with joy and approbation. The wealthy merchants of Calcutta on these occasions indulge in an expenditure that is astonishing, making most costly entertainments, not only for their own countrymen, but also for Europeans, with tables set out loaded with viands and wines, and giving away vast numbers of presents. It is calculated that more than two millions of dollars are expended every year, in Calcutta alone, on this single festival. How do the gifts of Christian cities for the spread of the gospel sink into insignificance before this sum, expended in honour of a false god, and to foster self-love, in the idolatrous metropolis of India!

The house of the babu to which I went to see the worship of Durga was built in the ordinary shape of a hollow square. On the right and left of the quadrangle are galleries and apartments, two stories in height. The central court was roofed by a canvas covering, from which hung numerous chandeliers, which threw a glittering light on the tinsel and ornaments with which the house was hung. At the opposite extremity of the court, in an apartment elevated and fronting on the court, stood the image before which the pujah was performed. The group of gods and goddesses, as large

as life, with the prostrate giant and the lion, was mounted on a platform and glittered with tinsel and mock jewellery, which had all the show of real and costly splendour. The babu made the crowd of spectators give way for us, that we might see the image of the great Durga. She was almost hidden in a cloud of incense ascending from the censer of a servitor, while the family priest waved before it burning lamps, bowed, and worshipped, tinkled his bell, and made to it various offerings to the sound of discordant music.

This, however, is the least abominable part of the worship of this deity. On ensuing days, vast numbers of bloody sacrifices, sheep, goats, and buffaloes, are offered before her, and the multitudes, worked up to a phrensy of excitement, indulge in the most indecent acts and the most frantic revellings.

And, when these days of revelling and license are past, how do these idolaters dispose of their god? The goddess having been dismissed from the image, it is carried to the river-side and cast into the stream! The whole group, mounted on a platform, is borne on the shoulders of men, with attendants to brush away the flies, to fan it, and make music for it, to the banks of the

Ganges. From the various streets of the teeming city processions stream down to the holy river, each with its image, while multitudes of spectators flock to the shore. The images are borne to the brink and placed between two boats, which are united for the purpose, and then rowed to the middle of the stream. The attendants now fall upon the representative of their god, strip it of its ornaments, dash it to pieces, (it is made of painted earthenware,) and cast it into the water.

Thus ends the Durga-pujah, and thus are millions of our fellow-men *now* living and worshipping. Thus have they lived for ages past, and thus will they live for ages yet to come, unless the church of Christ, in dependence upon the power of God, says that darkness shall no longer brood over the face of fair and fertile India.

We give one more glance at idolatry as seen in Calcutta, and then turn to brighter subjects.

The other popular object of idolatry in Bengal to which we referred is the goddess Kali, another form of the dread being, who, when manifested as Durga, performed such prodigies of strength and courage. If, as Durga, she was a terrible being, as Kali, she is a thousand

times more ferocious, bloodthirsty, and fearful. It is said of her that the blood of fishes will please her for a month; the blood of an antelope or bear will please twelve years; the blood of a tiger, a hundred years; the blood of a *man*, a thousand years; and the blood of three men, a hundred thousand years. In the Kali-puranna minute directions are given for the sacrifice of human victims to this monster. She is said on one occasion to have cut her own throat, that the blood issuing thence might spout into her mouth to quench her appetite for blood.

Such is the being whom the Hindus of Bengal delight to honour. Her most famous temple is at Kali-ghat, a village on the south side of Calcutta. It stands near a stream, once the main body of the river Ganges, but now only an inconsiderable channel. It is, however, still regarded as the most holy and genuine Gunga; and here, under the bending cocoanut-trees, the people wash away their sins, (as they suppose;) here they bring the sick to die, and hither they bear the dead to be burned. The village is mainly composed of shops in which are sold rice, flowers, ghee, cocoanuts, and other articles used as offerings to the goddess, and also earthen images and painted pictures

of the more popular deities. Passing through the villages, you reach a gate where are Brahmins ready to receive offerings and lingas of stone for worship. Entering by the gate into a court, you see a portico of stone, with a roof supported by pillars, and beyond it the famous temple of Kali. Its fame is not owing to its greatness or beauty, for it is both small and mean, but to the reputation of the idol it contains. This was shown to us without any hesitation by the attendant priests, and certainly a more hideous and disgusting object can hardly be conceived than that which the refined and polite Bengalis have chosen as their favourite deity. It stands within a small, dark, windowless room, but could be seen by the light of the lamps which were lit for the coming services. Larger than human stature, it is painted of a jet black. The form is that of a woman with four arms, one of which grasps a sword, and another a human head, held by the hair. Her hands and the head are of gold, and so is the necklace of skulls which surrounds her neck. Her girdle is of hands cut from her foes, her eyes are red, and her mouth streams with blood. She is represented with her tongue thrust out, and standing upon the body of her husband.

This is explained by the fact that once, when intoxicated with victory, she danced so furiously as to shake earth and heaven, threatening to involve all things in one common ruin. The gods besought Siva to arrest his wife in her mad career of joy, and this he effected by casting himself under her feet. Perceiving this, she was so shocked, that she thrust out her tongue to a great length, and remained motionless.*

At one side of the temple forked stakes are fixed in the earth, through which the heads of goats or buffaloes are passed to be severed by the axe of the sacrificer, and below is a mound of Ganges mud, to catch the blood of the victims. The soil is ever wet with gore from the daily sacrifices; and at certain seasons the whole place runs with the blood of the multitudes of victims offered at the shrine of this demon. No Christian could look upon this hideous block and the immortal men, creatures of God, who fell down and worshipped it, without praying that God would hasten the time when Kali should be dragged from her den and cast out as an unclean thing, and God,

* To run out the tongue is the common expression of astonishment or surprise among the Hindu women.

even our God, be worshipped by the millions now bound in Satan's chains.

At the season of the Charak-pujah, Kali-ghat is a scene of more than ordinary interest. By sunrise the multitudes from every quarter of the native city pour forth like bees from their hives, and uniting in the suburb of Bhowanipur, stream towards the temple. The mass, arrayed in holiday robes, attend as spectators; others, with garlands of flowers about their necks, or with their bodies besmeared with ashes, are seen to be devotees. Of these, some carry iron rods; others, twisted cords or bamboo-canes; while others attend with the clangour of cymbals, tomtoms, and horns, or bear flags, banners, and images of the gods. When they reach the temple-gate, they cast down their offerings and press within the court and to the temple itself, to catch a sight of the great goddess and utter their praises in her ears. The courtyard is now crowded, and the devotees come forward to fulfil their vows. Several blacksmiths stand ready with sharp instruments. A man advances and presents to him his side. It is pierced, and the cane or rod which he has brought with him is thrust through the cut. Another has his arm thus pierced; another, his tongue slit, and a

piece of cord or cane passed through the wound. Company after company thus comes forward to honour their goddess, till all are attended to by the smiths, who cut and pierce with utter carelessness or with merriment. The final sacrifice is now at hand. Men, with iron rods passed through their sides and meeting in front in shovel-like vessels, arrange themselves around the elevated portico, and just within the columns. Then, to give the description of Dr. Duff, "All the rest assemble themselves within this living circle. On a sudden, at a signal given, commence the bleating and the lowing and the struggling of animals slaughtered in sacrifice, at the farthest end of the portico, and speedily is the ground made to swim with sacrificial blood. At the same moment of time the vessel-carriers throw upon the burning coals in their vessels handfuls of Indian pitch, composed of various combustible substances. Instantly ascends the smoke, the flame, and the sulphurous smell. Those having the musical instruments send forth their loud and jarring and discordant sounds; and those who were transpierced begin to dance in the most frantic manner, pulling backwards and forwards through their wounded members the rods and

the canes, the spits and the tubes, the cords and the writhing serpents, till their bodies seem streaming with their own blood! All this is carried on simultaneously; and that, too, within a briefer period of time than has been occupied in this feeble and inadequate attempt to describe it. Again and again would the loud shouts ascend from the thousands of applauding spectators—shouts of 'Victory to Kali! Victory to the great Kali!'"

If the heart of the apostle Paul was stirred within him when he saw the city of Athens wholly given to idolatry, why may not we have our hearts stirred within us at the contemplation of such scenes, even now enacted in a city at whose side our ships continually lie moored, and to which access is as open and as free as to any spot in our own or any Christian State?

Missions in Calcutta.

Sad as is the darkness which broods over Bengal and its metropolis, it is not an unbroken darkness. The different English and Scotch societies have missionaries stationed in or near Calcutta, who are labouring for the spread of the gospel among the people. Although the

success, as to the number of converts, has not been so great as in Tinnevelly, there were in Bengal, in the year 1852, some thirteen thousand native Christians, of whom six thousand are in the vicinity of Calcutta.

Serampore, on the Ganges, fifteen miles above Calcutta, is famous as the residence of the first missionary labourers in Bengal. Here the venerated Carey, and his associates Ward and Marshman, planted themselves under the protection of the Danish flag, preaching, teaching, translating, printing, and proving that there was no danger to the State in the conversion of Hindus to Christianity. They have been followed by others, and the truth is now widely made known in this great city. The same state of things which was alluded to as existing in Madras, and leading young men to be very anxious to study the English language, exists here also, and to a greater degree. English is the language of the court and of commerce; and every young man who would make any figure in society must understand English. So great is the passion for this study, that English they will get at any hazard. Hence, almost all of the missions have opened schools in which, through the medium of the English language,

lads and young men are instructed in the truths of Christianity as well as in secular learning, with the avowed object of leading them to acknowledge Christ before men.

At Bhowanipur, in the school of the London Missionary Society, are six hundred youths, studying with great interest the Bible and the evidences of Christianity. In Cornwallis Square is the school of the Scotch Kirk Mission, with twelve hundred pupils; and in the school of the Free Church Mission are thirteen hundred boys and young men. These, be it understood, are the children of heathen parents, and many of them from the highest and most influential families of Calcutta.

Dr. Duff, the distinguished advocate of the educational system of missions, commenced his labours in 1830 with a class of five scholars, which, in three days, increased to one hundred and twenty, and, in a few days more, to two hundred and fifty. As his work grew, he was reinforced from Scotland; and at the time of the disruption of the Scottish Church, had some eight hundred pupils in a large and commodious edifice on Cornwallis Square. At the disruption, all the missionaries left the Established Church or Kirk, to throw in their lot with the

Free Church of Scotland. They relinquished their buildings and their pupils to the Kirk, and going into the heart of the Hindu town, hired the house of a native gentleman, and began anew. What has been the result? The old school is larger than it was; and at the end of ten years the new school has one thousand three hundred and eighty boys, lads, and young men on its roll. Thus, even dissension and division are made to advance the cause of Christ.

My visit to this school was deeply interesting to me; and certainly no Christian man could look without interest upon such a scene. Guided by one of the missionaries connected with the institution, after passing for a long distance through the narrow and populous streets, with their swarming huts and bazaars, we passed through the gate of a courtyard leading to a large, square, two-storied building. Entering, you find it to be an oriental dwelling upon a grand scale, consisting of four galleries, each fronting upon a large, square paved court, once the residence of a Calcutta babu, now a mission schoolhouse. The exercises of the day were opened with prayer by the missionary, who stood in the middle of a long hall so that he might be heard

by the young men who were arranged in rows on both sides of the speaker. After prayers, the janitor struck his bell, and the classes formed.

We first visited the youngest class. It was assembled in the open room, facing the court which has been before described as the room appropriated to idolatrous worship. Here I found *two hundred and fifty-five* bright little fellows composing the *twenty-first class!* This is the nursery from which the other classes are supplied. From it, I was taken to the next highest—that is, the twentieth class—and thence to the nineteenth, and the eighteenth, and so on to the first class, asking a few questions to see the progress made from grade to grade. Here you will suppose it ends; but no! this is the school department, and above these there are five classes higher still in the collegiate department, embracing a hundred and thirty young men, some of whom have been for ten or twelve years under instruction. Of the pupils, at least one-fifth are Brahmins, and many of them from the most influential and even the most bigoted families in Calcutta. Intelligence, deep interest in their studies, and admiration of their teachers, show unmistakably in their

faces. Here, as at Bhowanipur, I was struck with the fact that the heathenish marks were removed from almost every forehead, (if not from every one,)—a thing which would in Madras be held a sign of renunciation of Hinduism; and, in place of the shaved head, with the sacred coodamy or queue, there universal, here the lads, almost without exception, wore their hair all over the head, in the European manner. They also, for the most part, wore shoes; and if transported to Madras, would be taken for a company of professed Christians. These are but straws showing which way the stream flows, revealing to the observer familiar with Hindu customs the great change which is working its way through the apparently impenetrable strata of Hindu society. At no very distant day the educated men of Bengal will burst the bonds of superstition, break through the restraints imposed upon them by bigoted priests and pundits, and assert their right to free thought, free speech, and free action. It becomes the church to see to it that, when that day comes, Christianity, not infidelity, takes the place of a hideous but dead heathenism.

Already, through the influence of English science as taught in the government schools,

from which religion and the Bible are excluded, and by the instructions given by missionaries in their educational institutions and in public preaching, faith in their old superstitions has ceased in the minds of thousands in Calcutta. Thousands and tens of thousands, in appearance and profession idolaters, have no shred of respect for the religion of their ancestors. Policy alone prevents their throwing off even the appearance of faith in Hinduism. Of these, many have rejected their old belief without receiving Christianity; others have an intellectual conviction of the truth of Christianity, but fear to encounter the trials which attend a profession of faith in Christ; others still, (to the praise of the power of God be it spoken!) have had the courage to face opposition and persecution for the sake of confessing Christ before men.

Of the converts, many have been Brahmins, and others are of high standing in society. They have relinquished home, and submitted to the loss of hereditary possessions; have been reviled, chained, confined, beaten, and threatened with death by poison; have been excommunicated and cut off from all social ties by their former associates; and to all this they have submitted, rather than violate their con-

victions of truth and duty. Nor do those who cling to the old belief look upon these things without misgivings.

The baptism of six young men who had been students in the institution of the London Missionary Society at Bhowanipur, in the year 1851, led to a prodigious excitement among the Hindus of Calcutta. These converts were Brahmins, and one of them the son of a haldar or proprietor of the great temple at Kali-ghat—a receiver of the offerings of ten days in the year. The cry of "Hinduism in danger" was raised, and great efforts were made to induce the young men to recant. Failing in this, a grand council of Hindus, including a hundred Bhatta-charjyas, scribes learned in the Shasters and law, was assembled to devise means to arrest the progress of Christianity. But the council failed in all things, except in showing to all men that the work of the Lord had so sapped the foundations of Hinduism in Calcutta, that the most bigoted and benighted idolaters tremble lest it fall and leave them as monuments of a past age and a dead religion.

Let it not be supposed, however, that India is upon the eve of receiving Christianity. It is very difficult so to speak of missionary

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labours as not to convey the impression that almost nothing has been done, or that almost every thing has been done; both impressions are false. It may be truly said that much has been done in some places, but that more—a thousand times more—remains to be done than has been done, or than can be well understood by Christians in England or America. In the single province of Bengal are districts containing seven million five hundred thousand inhabitants, without a missionary; and in other parts of India you may journey through district after district, and province after province, with millions and millions of inhabitants, and find but two or four men, toiling amid the masses of heathenism around them, as if attempting to empty the ocean by buckets-full, or to tunnel the mountains with bodkins. In other places you will find no man at all to shed one ray of light upon the unbroken darkness of false religion. Yet, where labour is put forth, God is blessing it, and will bless it more and more abundantly, until India, in all its vast extent, unites to ascribe blessing and honour and glory and power unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb forever. Even so, come Lord Jesus, come quickly! Amen.